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IT was New Year's Eve once again; the clock in Mr. PUNCH's sanctum was fast "ticking out the little life" of the Year of Grace One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-Six. Big Ben was within measurable distance of announcing, in his sonorous, superhuman-toast-master fashion, the advent of 'Ninety-Seven,—as who should shout over the silent city roofs and towers, "My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, pray silence for your noble guest, the New Year!"—Mr. PUNCH, alone, save for his inseparable TOBY, was loyally engaged in concocting a steaming bumper in which to drink the health of that coming guest, associating it with the honoured name of his well-beloved Sovereign Lady Queen VICTORIA, whose counterfeit presentment, in the sixtieth year of her glorious reign, stood in the place of honour before him.

"Sixty years!" mused England's Mentor. "And *what* years! Her Gracious Majesty eclipses all predecessors, cuts all records, distances all competitors on—not the cinder-path, but that truly royal road, the path of glory!"

"—in our rough island story
The path of Duty is the way to Glory,"

sounded a high, if rather harsh-toned voice at PUNCH's elbow. Mr. PUNCH bowed gracefully to the high-nosed, stiff-stomached, plenteously be-ruffed Tudor Titaness, whom he thus bespoke:—

"Your own unofficial but immortal Laureate, the divine WILLIAM, could hardly have beaten our own ALFRED the Great—TENNYSON, *bien entendu*!—in prettily turning a patriotic sentiment. Nor could

The spacious times of great ELIZABETH
surpass in splendour and marvel the astonishing era of Her who doth indeed

—hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth,
Could give the warrior kings (*or* queens) of old."

"He is right, BESS!" said a smaller but solid and homely-stately figure at the Tudor's side. "Her record beats even ours, as haughty SARAH herself would perforce admit, her mighty MARLBOROUGH notwithstanding. Do you know *me*, Mr. PUNCH?"

"'Thou, great ANNA,' as one poet called thee, art fitting companion for the 'great ELIZABETH' of another," quoted Mr. PUNCH, politely and pertinently.

"Mnemonic miracle!" murmured the Virgin Queen. "Gallant as LEICESTER, courteous as RALEIGH, sage as CECIL! Beshrew me, 'tis verily no wonder our Cousin VICTORIA hath, in her sixty years of sway, surpassed mine in power and ANNA's in splendour, since she hath had *you* as her contemporary and counsellor!"

"The year 1896-7," said Mr. PUNCH, "must be more of an *annus mirabilis* than even that 'Year of Wonders, 1866,' so thrasonically glorified by 'Glorious JOHN,' though then DRYDEN hyperbolically declared that

—all was Britain the wide ocean saw."

"Time hath favoured the third of England's triad of great Queens," said ELIZABETH. "Sixty years! I was allotted but forty-five, and ANNA here only a poor twelve. The Third HENRY merely touched fifty-six, and even the Third GEORGE, with his bare sixty, fell short—how far is 'on the knees of the gods'—of your happy VICTORIA, of whom, as her great Laureate aptly said—

A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen.

"I was never the two former, alas!" sighed the Valorous Virgin of the West, pensively; "but," drawing herself stiffly up, "by the splendour of heaven, I was the latter!"

"Who deniges of it, BETSY"—I mean Bess?" said Mr. PUNCH, slyly.

The haughty Tudor bridled, scowled, muttered something about traitors and the Tower, and seemed about to explode upon Mr. PUNCH as though he were a mere recalcitrant LEICESTER, when "Great ANNA" whispered something in her royal ear, and that verjuicy virginal face broke up into a genial smile.

"ANNA bids me ask you 'What the Dickens you mean?'" she chuckled. "Whatever my demerits, Mr. PUNCH, you can hardly call me a *Prig*! Yet, for the sake of the Season, and its great celebrator CHARLES—another glory of the Victorian Era—I'll forgive you."

The two Queens gazed admiringly at Mr. PUNCH's presentment of the Third, still happily reigning.

"She hath no SHAKSPEARE to illume her stage, and render eternally illustrious her annals," murmured the Tudor, turning tenderly the leaves of a Book of Plays in her royal hand.

"Nor hath she been called 'AUGUSTA'—as I was," said ANNA, caressing her *Spectator* affectionately.

"No!" admitted their host, cheerfully. "But our well-beloved liege Lady hath had that which neither of you was blessed with, which SHAKSPEARE would have extolled and ADDISON admired."

"Beshrew me, what may *that* be?" cried the startled Virgin Queen.

Mr. PUNCH stooped to pat TOBY,—and to hide his mantling blush. "On their own merits modest men are dumb," he quoted pointedly.

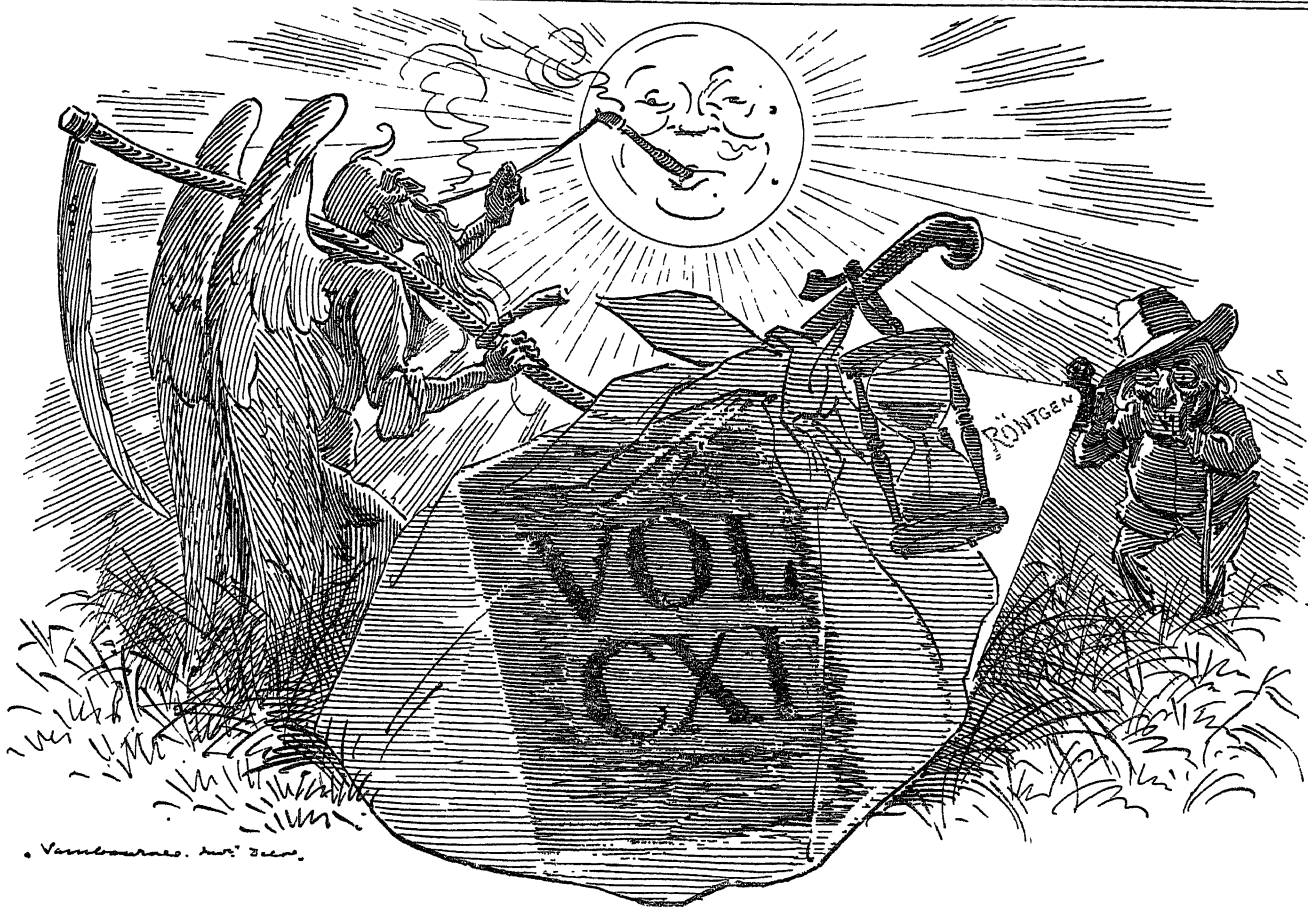
"Marry come up! what meaneth the man?" began Queen Bess, when ANNA again whispered in her ear, and again her somewhat shrewish features relaxed into a smile.

"I suppose you are right, now as always, Mr. PUNCH," she replied. "But, O great Victorian Sage and Scientist, Patriot and Pictor, Champion and Councillor, Pundit, Poet and Wit, have you not a homely proverb to the effect that 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating'?"

"Precisely!" responded Mr. PUNCH, with electric promptitude. "And that is why, to save time, to spare me uncongenial self-assertion, to illustrate to you the matchless glories and graces of our VICTORIA's Sixty Years' Record, to make you love and admire your sister Queen as much—if possible—as I and all my countrymen do; and, finally, to give you both a good time when you get back to the Shades, and tire occasionally even of days and nights spent with SHAKSPEARE and ADDISON,—I hand you, as the neatest of New Year's Gifts, my

One Hundred and Eleventh Volume!"





PRO BONO PUBLICO.

(Page from the purely Imaginary Diary of a Noble Licensed Victualler.)

SORRY I was unable to attend the Irish Tourist Association. However, they are sure to be pleased to hear that "not having been able to make other satisfactory arrangements I have decided to try the experiment of taking the hotel at (suppress place, for fear it might be thought I was attempting to obtain a free advertisement) into my own hands, and hope that in this way I may be able to promote in some degree one of the objects of the Society."

Of course "one of the objects" is to make travellers in Erin comfortable at their inns. Shall call mine the O'Hartington. Nothing like a little local colouring. Now that is all right must get myself up as ideal Irish hotel-keeper. Own toggery will do, I think, with a pipe in my white hat, and a red waistcoat (like the late DION BOURCAULT in the *Colleen Bawn*), just to give the necessary Hibernian flavour.

Must be ready to receive my guests at the door of my hostelry. No reason why I should not have an arm-chair. Got one with plenty of cushions. Made myself additionally comfortable by resting my feet on a foot-stool. Now prepared for all emergencies.

Ah, here come a party of tourists. Take off my hat and wave my hand. Fortunately no ladies, so need not get up. Feel every inch a landlord, but, after all, rather hate superfluous exertion.

"Have I got any rooms?" Why, to be sure I have. Must ask one of my waiters. They are all good fellows. Sure to know all about it. Call for Pat. One of my fellows must be called Pat. "Pat," national name.

My guest rather unreasonable. Wants to know "why I don't get up and take his carpet bag." Of course would be only too pleased, but it looks rather a heavy one, and some other fellow could take it just as well as I could. Most likely better. Dare say I could drag about a heavy portmanteau; but don't know. In point of fact have never tried.

"Why don't I look sharp?"

Now I really think that isn't complimentary. Implies that I

appear to be inactive. True I generally sit with my hands in my pockets, with my hat tipped over my eyes. But why not? Perfectly simple and easy attitude. Calculated to give fullest rest to the body. And if body is not being bothered, best chance for the mind. Intellect can be uncommonly energetic if body has nothing to complain of. Ah, here is Pat. He retires with the tourists. There! Now, if I hadn't taken the hotel into my own hands, what would have become of them?

Suppose I must have been asleep. Hallo! Here come the tourists. Hope they won't bother me any more.

"They want a looking-glass, and curtains to the window." Why, of course. Let them have them, by all means.

They say, "That its all very well to put them off like that, but if I am the landlord of the hotel I ought to behave as such."

Argue with them. What's the use of a row. If they will ask Pat or some other fellow they shall have anything they please. Only don't bother me. Such nonsense.

They say "they have asked Pat to get them the looking-glass and the curtains; but he knows nothing about them, and referred them to me."

Fancy Pat must be rather scanty of resource. However, suppose I must come to the rescue. "Tourists had better order looking-glass and curtains from some local universal provider." Probably some O'Whiteley in the neighbourhood. By all means have what they please; but why bother me?

Thank goodness! They have gone. Enjoy the scenery once more. Very fine. Close my eyes.

Awakened with a start. What's the matter now? Same tourists. They say that "the steak is underdone." Well, why shouldn't it be? Some people like steaks underdone.

They say "they don't." Well, I can't help that. Better go and have dinner somewhere else. Know a first-rate hotel where I frequently feed myself. Give the address and they are off. Capital! Shows how much better it is to take things into one's own hands. Going to sleep again, when Pat informs me that my guests have gone off with their luggage.

Capital! No one in my inn! Further need of waiting in the hall unnecessary. So shall return to the House of Lords.



Lucy S. S. S.

CATCHING A CRAB.

The T-m-s (on bank). "Hullo, STROKE! THAT WAS A NASTY ONE! IF YOU DON'T PAY MORE ATTENTION TO YOUR WORK, THERE MAY HAVE TO BE A CHANGE!"
J-s-ph Ch-mb-rt-n (No. 3, aside). "IF HE CAN'T STROKE THIS BOAT, I THINK I KNOW SOMEBODY WHO CAN!"



THEY GOT TIRED OF HORSES—IT IS WHISPERED THEY ARE GROWING TIRED OF BICYCLES. HOW WOULD IT BE TO COMBINE THE TWO AMUSEMENTS IN THE ABOVE DELIGHTFUL MANNER?

"THE FOLLY OF"—HICHENS.*

EUSTACE was twenty-two when he was beginning to attract attention. People had begun to notice his way of walking down Piccadilly on his hands, and his odd habit of living entirely on the poached eggs of plovers, together with his curious fondness for sweeping crossings on rainy days, giving to every passer-by who deigned to use his crossing a penny or even more, had already caused people to discuss him with a certain interest, even a certain wonder. The medical journals mentioned him often as a case whose peculiarities were not devoid of interest. He affected, one season—was it, perhaps, sincere?—to think he was the Emperor of CHINA, and received visitors in a pig-tail and a fan. During another season, although in excellent health, he refused to leave the asylum even for the ordinary exercise in the grounds, declaring all movement, with the single exception of flying, to be bad form, and unsuited to a gentleman. When he saw a goose standing on its head, he declared it was a swan. He played with air-balls a good deal at this time, and wrote rather curious post-cards to his aunt at Putney. Over the tea-leaves of convention he poured the hot water of originality, the result being a curiously weak and ineffective infusion of eccentricity. Society loves absurdity if it is sufficiently absurd. EUSTACE became popular. The feather of laughter waved in the big black hat of Society. But the garden-roller of science crushed the green hopes of London's budding grass. And EUSTACE fell in love with WINIFRED.

He met her at a fancy ball. It was given to amuse the inmates, and, by way of humouring them, each was allowed to wear the costume of the person, or the object, that he imagined himself to be. The first prize was taken by a gentleman who appeared as a gong, and struck terror into all by striking himself at the hours of meals. Poor EUSTACE dressed himself up as what he imagined himself at the time—a gentleman of the nineteenth century. In the lonely lunacy of his black coat and white tie he felt ill at ease as WINIFRED gazed at him with her big brown eyes. (She was dressed as a bicycle.) He looked very odd in his gloomy, quiet attire amid the picturesque crew.

To WINIFRED, existence was one long search after apricot

* See *The Folly of Eustace and other stories*, published by W. HEINEMANN, and written by ROBERT HICHENS, but we have nothing to do with the other stories.—ED.

jam. She forgot the butter of life, and in doing so too often lost its bread. The silent processes of such a woman's mind! Ah, what great male writer would not give half-a-crown to watch them, as the fisherman, taking a line, watches the struggles of the minnows, or the amateur photographer, snapping his Kodak at the world, watches the development of the plate. WINIFRED was the Bath-chairman of life, dragging Society as a Bath-chair after her, the smart world sitting in it as a weary invalid, cursing the East wind. WINIFRED thought that the Marble Arch turned in its marble archness to gaze at her, and the Albert Memorial blushed a deeper gold as she gazed at it.

Together, they did the oddest things; flew kites, played with Noah's Arks, spread butter-slides, and did crochet-work. Soon, she began to elude him in a maze of imaginary entertainments. She went (or so she said) to every Punch-and-Judy show, fifth night, and public view, moving perpetually in the phantom processes of imaginary society, surrounded by grotesques, mimes, and monkeys. But he, in time, became a bore to her, with his perpetual, rather tedious arguments on radishes and palmistry, and his unnecessarily long letters to the Emperor of GERMANY about the Salvation Army. She grew daily more and more tired of him. Sometimes she wondered, now, if she could remain in the same asylum.

The doctor entered the padded-room with a note. EUSTACE took it, opened it, and read:—

"This is to say good-bye. By the time it reaches you, I shall have left Hanwell. Not alone. I am going, with a keeper, to Colney Hatch. I have seen your portrait in the *Sketch*. It is like you. And your biography. I find you were born in Bayswater.

"How like Bayswater!"

"WINIFRED."

AT THE 'VARSITY CRICKET MATCH.—*Newcomer* (to *Gent in front*). If you would kindly move your head an eighth of an inch, I think that by standing on tip-toe I might be able, between the box-seat and body of that carriage, to ascertain the colour of long leg's cap.

RATHER HARD ON THE VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.—OUR MR. WAGSTAFF, M.P., insists upon describing the withdrawn Bill as a *Horst-ly* failure.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XVI.

Mr. Jabberjee makes a pilgrimage to the Shrine of Shakspeare.

I HAVE frequently spoken in the flattering terms of a eulogium concerning my extreme partiality for the writings of Hon'ble WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. It has been remarked, with some correctness, that he did not exist for an age, but all the time; and though it is the open question whether he did not derive all his ideas from previous writers, and even whether he wrote so much as a single line of the plays which are attributed to his



"It was here," I said, reverently, "that the Swan of Avon was hatched!"

inspired nib, he is one of the institutions of the country, and it is the correct thing for every orthodox British subject to admire and understand him even when most incomprehensible.

Consequently I did cock-a-hoop for joy on receiving an invitation from my friend ALLBUTT-INNETT, Jun., Esq., on behalf of his parents, that I should accompany them on an excursion by rail to Stratford-upon-Avon, where the said poet had his domicile of origin.

And so great was my enthusiasm that, during the journey, I declaimed, *ore rotundo*, certain select passages from his works which I had committed to memory during the salad days of my schoolboyishness, and with such effect that Miss WEE-WEE ALLBUTT-INNETT (who is excessively emotional) was compelled, at times, to veil her countenance in the recesses of a pocket-handkerchief.

Having at length arrived at that hallowed and sacred spot, the very name of which sends a sweet and responsive thrill through every educated bosom, our first proceeding was to partake of a copious cold tiffin.

This repast we ordered at an old-fashioned hostelry, whose doorway was decorated by a counterfeit persentment of the Bard, and I observed that similar effigies were placed above several of the shops as I walked along the streets. These images somewhat resemble those erected to Buddha in certain parts of India, being similarly bald, but terminating—not in crossed legs, but a cushion with tassels. However, I was not able to discover that it is the custom for even the most ignorant inhabitants to do anything in the nature of a poojah before these figures any longer, though probably usual enough before CROMWELL, with the iron sides, ordered all such baubles to be removed. In a hole in the upper wall of the Town Hall there is a life-size statuary of SHAKSPEARE, with legs complete, showing that he was not actually deficient in such extremities and a mere gifted torso; and it is presumable that the reason why only his upper portions are generally represented is, that marble in these parts is too precious a commodity to be wasted on superfluities.

We visited the church, and saw his tomb, and there again was the superior half of him occupied with writing verses on a cushion in a mural niche, supported by pillars. Upon a slab below is inscribed a verse requesting that his dust should not be digged, and cursing him who should interfere with his bones, but in so mediocre a style, and of such indifferent orthography, that it is considered by some to be a sort of spurious cryptogram composed by Hon'ble BACON.

On such a *vexata questio* I am not to give a decided opinion, though the verse, as a literary composition, is hardly up to the level of *Hamlet*, and it would perhaps have been preferable if the poet, instead of attempting an impromptu, had looked out some suitable quotation from his earlier works. For, when an author is occupied in shuffling off his mortal coil, it is unreasonable to expect him to produce poetry that is up to the mark.

When I advanced this excuse aloud in the church, a party of Americans within hearing exclaimed, indignantly, that such irreverent levity was a scandal in a spot which was the Mecca of the entire civilized universe.

Whereupon I did protest earnestly that I meant no irreverence, being *nulli secundus* in respect for the *Genius Loci*, only, as a critic of English Literature, I could not help regretting that a poet gifted with every requisite for producing a satisfactory epitaph had produced a doggerel which was undeniably below his usual par.

This rendered them of an increased ferocity, until Mr. ALLBUTT-INNETT good naturedly took them into a corner and whispered that I was a very wealthy young Indian Prince, of great scholastic attainments, but oppressed by an uncontrollable *naïveté*, after which they all came and shook me by the hand, saying they were very proud to have met me.

Afterwards we proceeded to the Birthplace, where a very gentlewomanly female exhibited the apartment in which the Infant Bard first saw the light. Alack! there was but little light to behold, being a shockingly low and dingy room, meagrely furnished with two chairs and a table, on which was another of the busts. As I came in, I uttered a remark which I had prepared for the occasion. "It was here," I said, reverently, "here that the Swan of Avon was hatched!" At which Miss WEE-WEE was again overcome by emotion.

The room was greatly in the necessity of whitewash, being black with smoke and signatures in lead pencil. Even the window-panes were scratched all over by diamonds, on seeing which, and being also the possessor of a diamond and gold ring, I was about to inscribe my own name, but was prevented by the lady custodian.

I indignantly and eloquently protested that if Hon'ble Sirs, WALTER SCOTT, LORD BYRON, ISAAC WALTON, WASHINGTON IRVING and Co. were permitted to deface the glass thus, surely I, who was a graduate of Calcutta University, and a valuable contributor to London *Punch*, was equally entitled, since what was sauce for a goose was sauce for a gander, and Mrs. ALLBUTT-INNETT urged that I was a distinguished Shakesperian student and Indian prince, but the custodian responded that she couldn't help that, for it was *ultra vires*, nevertheless.

However, while she was engaged in pointing out the spot where somebody's signature had been before it was peeled away, I, snatching the opportunity behind her back, did triumphantly inscribe my autograph on the bust's nose.

In the back-room they showed us where SHAKSPEARE's father stapled his wool, which caused Mrs. ALLBUTT-INNETT to remark that she had always understood that the poet was of quite humble origin, and that, for her part, she thought it was all the more creditable to him to have done what he did do.

We also inspected the Museum, and were shown SHAKSPEARE's jug, a rather ordinary concern; the identical dial which one of the clowns in his plays drew out of a poke, and a ring with W. S. engraved on it, found in the churchyard some years

ago, and, no doubt, dropped there by the poet himself, while absorbed in the composition of his famous and world-renowned elegy.

There were several portraits of him also, all utterly unlike one another, or only agreeing in one respect, namely, their total dissimilarity from the bust.

We likewise saw the very desk SHAKESPEARE used, after creeping unwillingly to school with a shining face like a snail's. I was pained to see evidence of the mischievousness of the juvenile genius, for it was slashed and hacked to such a doleful degree as to be totally incapacitated for scholastic use!

I myself was sprightly in my youth, but never, I am proud to say, to the extent of wilfully damaging my master's furniture! Before leaving, we walked to visit the residence of SHAKESPEARE'S wife, which turned out to be a very humble thatched-roof affair, such as is commonly occupied by peasants.

But, as Mrs. ALLBUTT-INNETT said, it is a sad fact that distinguished literary characters often make most imprudent marriages. Which put me in a wonderment whether she had heard anything about myself and Miss MANKLETOW.

At one of the bazaars I purchased a beautiful Shakspearean souvenir, in the form of a coloured porcelain model of SHAKESPEARE'S birthplace, which can be rendered transparent and luminous by the insertion of a night-light.

This I had intended humbly to offer for the gracious acceptance of Miss WEE-WEE, but having thrust it into a coat-tail pocket, I unfortunately sat upon it in the train as we were returning.

So I presented it as a token of remembrance to JESSIMINA, who was transported with delight at the gift, which she said could be easily rendered the *statu quo* by dint of a little diamond cement.

"THE LIGHT (OPERA) OF ASIA."

THE attraction of *The Geisha* continues. Miss MARIE TEMPEST, as *O Mimosa San*, delightfully coquettish, and singing better than ever. Mlle. JULIETTE NESVILLE, once the French *Miss Decima*, now a brilliant *Juliette Diamant*; and clever little LETTY LIND, with voice as small as her twinkling feet, singing confidentially to most attentive audiences, and charming those among them who cannot catch her words by expressive pantomime and graceful dance. Miss MAUD HOBSON towers above the girls as a Juno among the lesser goddesses. Mr. HARRY MONKHOUSE looks very funny, and would be equal to his looks if he had anything to do or say; but in doing, saying, singing, and dancing, Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT, as the rascally heathen Chinese, takes the tea-house cake. The popular HAYDEN-COFFIN appears as



Daly's Mikado. "I've got no work to do—o—o!"
Savoy Mikado. "Well, I don't think much of him!"

the usual kind of go-as-you-please-semi-comic opera lover of vague purpose and undulating action; and Mr. LOUIS BRADFIELD is gradually gaining confidence in attempting the Arthur-Roberts-cum-Leslie-Playfair manner, out of which muddle it is to be



"Ah, POLLY, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOUR FATHER LATELY. WHAT'S HE DOING NOW?" "SIX MONTHS, PLEASE, SIR!"

hoped he will emerge successfully with an artistic style of his own.

To Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES, who has chosen the caste and placed the piece on the stage most effectively in every way, is its extraordinary success mainly due. Mr. OWEN HALL'S book is light, and decidedly not strong in plot. The lyrics by Mr. HARRY GREENBANK are the best portions of the piece, whilst the music of Mr. SIDNEY JONES leaves nothing to be desired, except that he should have been sufficiently prodigal of his talent to have given the public a few melodies to take away with them. Perhaps what cannot be picked up the first time, those who will return again and again to hear it, may stand some chance of carrying away with them. *The Geisha* will run till she drops; but when that will be would be difficult to say, and very unwise to prophesy.

Japanese atmosphere being conducive to developing a fair hunger—a supper-fare hunger and a most decided thirst—*Happy Thought*: Visit "The Cecil" for supper. The Cecil new to present company, limited to four. From Daly's to Strand. Suddenly we are in court-yard of first-class continental hotel. Most effective entrance: ours, and Hotel's. Visitors sitting about and enjoying the summer night, "far from the madding crowd." *Tableau Vivant*. Expect a chorus. Music heard in distance. Supper ready. Excellent orchestra, invisible, discoursing melodies. We drink and eat, not without a strain—of music.

So "All's well that ends well."

Suggested Signals for the Naval Manœuvres.

Is that Red Fleet in the offing? Cannot be, as carefully arranged before starting that Red Fleet was not to approach Blue Fleet for twenty-four hours.

Why have you got out of your position to larboard of *The Ginger Pop*? Considered the place better from a tactical point of view than the one originally adopted, and acted on my own responsibility.

Resume station instantly: keep to programme. Have obeyed signal: where are we now? Question will be answered in due course on further information being received from Whitehall.



THINGS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

He. "I SUPPOSE, NOW THAT THE LONDON SEASON IS COMING TO AN END, THAT YOU'VE BEEN VERY GAY?"

She. "OH, YES—I HAVEN'T HAD A DULL MOMENT SINCE I SAW YOU LAST!"

BRITON TO BRETON.

(*Punch* to *Le Bon Curé* of Molène and his brave fisher-flock in memory of their services of love in connection with the tragic loss of the "Drummond Castle.")

"ONE touch of nature makes the whole world kin,"

Our SHAKESPEARE said. And English hearts are drawn To "our fair neighbour France," by acts which win

Grateful affection, surely as the dawn Draws the flower faces to responsive glow.

But little less than kin, and more than kind,

The Breton aids the Briton, and must know

By our QUEEN's message how her people's mind

Is moved by that good *curé* and his flock Of kindly fisher-folk to warmest thanks.

Heaven grant that never more in hostile shock

Brethren so bound may meet in armed ranks.

"Under the Shadow of the Cross" there lies

Most precious pledge of mutual love and peace.

"God has no creed!" Oh, aptest of replies!

Abbé LE JEUNE, if national hatreds cease,

Such works of love as yours and those dear, brave,

And loving Breton women's, whose kind hands

Punch fain would grasp beside the island grave,

Shall bear the praise in great sea-sundered lands,

Unsundered else. So, brave BERTHELE, to you

And the good Bretons, Britons gladly send

The grateful thanks for such fair service due,

Clasping those kind French palms as friend grips palm of friend.

"PLENTY OF 'EAU,' BUT NONE FOR SHOW."

MONSIEUR LE REDACTEUR, — Accompanied by several of my brave comrades, I arrived this week in your splendid city of commerce to join in the magnificent demonstration which celebrated the victories of the limpid Water over the cruel and devastating Fire—elements ever at war and encouraged to fight à l'outrance by the bitter memories of tradition and history. All the sympathies of your land are with the aqueous fluid: your island rests upon the planturous bosom of the ocean, your skies are rarely free from a copious supply of tears, and you are never weary of boasting of your amphibious nature, while your great Lord WILFRID is, I understand, the incarnation of old *Père Tamise* filtered and potable.

I imagined then that my eyes would be gladdened by noble fountains—monuments of your cult—arranged in your public squares and verdant parks. Ah! Monsieur, how bitterly have I been undeceived! In that *place* on which you have bestowed the name of some successful skirmish where my nation was betrayed by the perfidious Spaniard, your hero NELSON looks down from an inaccessible pillar, like St. Simon Stylites, on a collection of extraordinary caricatures of humanity, which testify to your sense of statuesque

plaisanterie. But the Admiral also surveys, with complacent stoicism, the gambols of countless *gamins* beside two ignoble and lamentable ponds, defiled with paper and fruit refuse, whence some wretched *jets d'eau*, feebly pointing to heaven, seem to implore the clouds to try and renew their strength. These, I was told, were the most famous fountains in London!

Unable to believe my senses, I inquired of a respectable policeman. He answered me, with the respectable assurance of *un vrai Jean Boule*, that the metropolis was, on the contrary, renowned for its fountains, situated all over its immense area, and that they were devoted not only to the recreation and refreshment of the human race, as well as of horses, cattle, and even dogs. Then I know, that despite his grave exterior, this guardian of the law must be a *farceur*, and I set forth in one of your handsome cabriolets to endeavour to find some specimens of your hydraulic art. Alas! without that success, which every explorer hopes for. My landlord indeed told me that the *grands eaux* of Versailles were fairly rivalled at the Palais de Cristal on certain rare occasions, but that he knew of no other displays. I marvel, I am sad, even after consuming your exhilarating whisky and soda, and I implore you, Monsieur, to remedy this natural disgrace by your estimable influence. Agree, &c.,

JACQUES JOLIVET
(*Pompier de Nanterre*).

WHAT THE GERMAN EMPEROR WOULD LIKE TO SING:—

"In my latest bark I glide
Swiftly o'er the Solent tide."



“ONE TOUCH OF NATURE—”



A TIMELY WARNING

"OH, BY THE WAY, YOU REMEMBER THAT OLD BORE, PROFESSOR DODDERINGTON, WHO TOOK SUCH A FANCY TO YOU ON THE LINKS AT ST. ANDREWS LAST AUTUMN? WELL, HE'S IN TOWN, AND DYING TO MEET YOU!"

"AH—IS HE? WELL, HE WON'T MEET ME IF I MANAGE TO CATCH SIGHT OF HIM FIRST!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW.

(Continued.)

WHEN I left off the story of my brother-in-law, HARRY, in these columns, matters had come to a desperate pass. This astonishing young gentleman seemed to have exhausted not only the discomforts and the luxuries of civilisation, but also all its resources, and there appeared to be no other course open to me but to support him for the rest of my life in various positions that made severe inroads on the balance at my bankers. Alice, of course, was delighted. "I knew," she observed to me, "when I married you that you would always be good and kind to HARRY, that you would take the place of his dear father—and Aunt MARGARET and Aunt ELEANOR knew it too. You mustn't think I am not grateful. I am deeply, deeply grateful to you, and so I am sure is HARRY. See what trouble that boy is taking to oblige you, to fall in with all your wishes. What more can he do?" As HARRY's trouble had for the most part consisted in accepting one after another the various amusements (together with their necessary cheques) that I had thought out for him, I was unable to answer my dear wife with the enthusiasm she evidently expected. "No matter," she said, "some day when HARRY has done something of which we shall all be proud, you will be ashamed of yourself for having ever doubted his capacity."

SOMETHING, however, as I said, had to be done, and I cast about for the means of doing it. I had not made up my mind what it was to be, but in my pleasanter day-dreams I pictured it as something that should finally take HARRY away and dispose of him. It happened just about this time that my old friend Sir GREGORY JOHNSTON came up to London from his place in the East Riding of Yorkshire and paid me his customary visit. Sir GREGORY is one of the bluffest, the cheeriest, and the best of country squires. He has been a member of the House of Commons, but at a recent General Election "those confounded agitators," as he calls his Radical opponents, were too many for him, and since the disastrous day that saw his defeat, Sir GREGORY has retired from active politics, for which, to tell the truth, he never cared, and has devoted himself to his family, to his neighbours, and to the management of his estate. Sir GREGORY, although as a youngster he had kept the dons alive at Oxford, and had afterwards had a short, but coruscating, period of service in the Grenadier Guards, is now a good, prejudiced, steady-going country gentleman of the most pronounced and orthodox type. In his part of the world—I judge by his conversation—the landed interest has been irretrievably ruined for years past, and as a necessary consequence the United Kingdom generally has gone to perdition, has become the laughing stock of foreign nations, so that now "any two-penny half-penny little foreign republic, Heaven help us, has only to show its miserable apologies for teeth, and we grovel, Sir, yes, grovel as if we'd been licked." But *au fond* Sir GREGORY, in spite of his prejudices and his violence, is one of the best and softest-hearted men I know, a man, too, of infinite good nature and admirable cheerfulness.

WHEN Sir GREGORY came into my chambers at the Temple the atmosphere of the place and the whole scene, indeed, seemed to undergo a magical change. In place of the shelf where I keep my law reports I seemed to see a well-kept stable with its stalls neatly covered in straw, plaited and bound at the edges, and a round dozen or so of sleek horses stamping and munching and drawing their head-stall straps with a run through the iron rings, while a tight-trousered, bandy-legged groom, his braces down and his shirt-sleeves rolled up, pulled back the horse-clothes and slapped the resounding flanks of the kindly beasts. My writing-table, with all its briefs, turned into a dog-kennel, and a dairy set itself up in the corner reserved for my textbooks. And over all there floated that combined aroma of cows, horses, dogs, corn, and stored apples which always lingers lovingly over those who spend their Sunday mornings at a country house in making the usual round outside. The impression was only momentary. As it dissipated itself I found myself grasping Sir GREGORY by the hand and interchanging with him the usual questions and answers.

"Look here, my boy," said Sir GREGORY, "you might be very useful to me. I've been trying to manage my confounded estate myself lately, but it's too much for me. Now if you know a young fellow, a presentable chap, of course, a good sportsman, and all that, who could come and help me—do a bit of land-agency, in fact, I should be glad to hear of him. I couldn't give him much in the way of a salary, but there's a good cottage and any amount of—"

But Sir GREGORY never detailed the amount, for before he could go any farther, I had told him that the one man of all others in the whole world who would suit the place, who was designed by nature to be a land-agent, was my brother-in-law, HARRY. At any rate, to cut a long matter short, I shortly afterwards introduced HARRY to Sir GREGORY, who took a fancy to him, and in less than a fortnight HARRY was off to help in managing the estate of Sir GREGORY in Yorkshire.

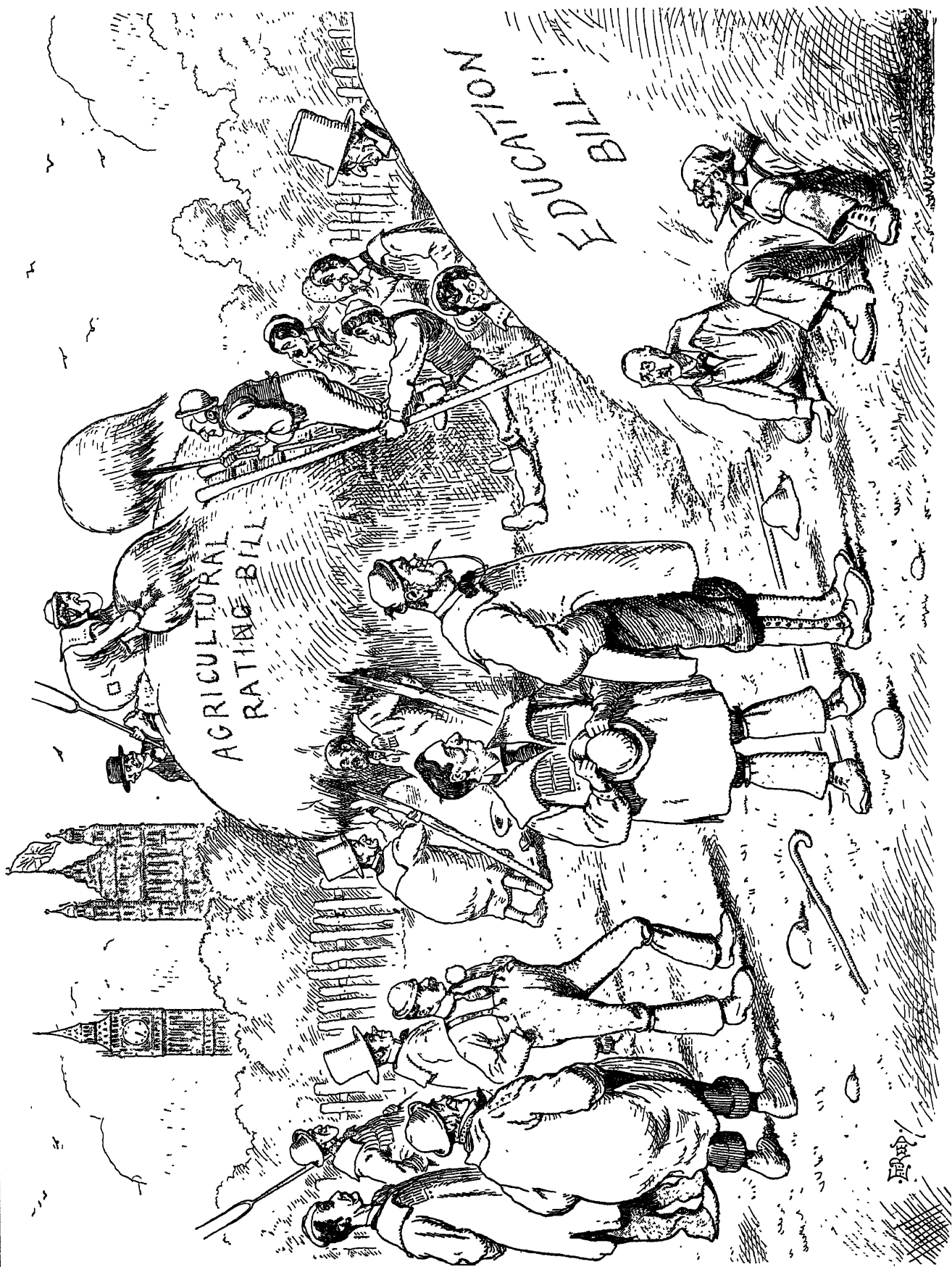
(To be continued.)

FROM OUR OWN WELSH BRER RABBIT.

Unreported. "In the University of Wales," said Mr. GLADSTONE, M.A. ("Master of 'Arps"), "which, as I would not be accused of dropping my 'h's, I would spell 'Whales', there will of course exist a College of 'All Soles.'" ("Hear! Hear!") "While the cultivation of the racial language will be strictly attended to, Welshers will not be allowed to set foot within the precincts." (Cheers.)

H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, speaking in the language of the Principality, said, "Heddyw Rhag bron yuall pa le bob anser iwodd lyk tobe mae yn dda genyf Y mae yn fyw andsov ery sppri wed Blodeno. Tri Hippippoorar fur der altesse Tywysoges!" (Loud cheering, and the degrees were conferred.)

MOST APPROPRIATE ATTIRE.—A "grass-lawn" tennis costume.



PARLIAMENTARY AGRICULTURISTS AT WORK.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mr. Punch on the Popular Impresario.

[Sir AUGUSTUS HARRY GLOSSOP HARRIS (better and affectionately known as "Gus HARRIS") died on June 22, at the age of 44.]

DRURIOLANUS* dead! The town seems duller

For his departure, whose brief, active life

Lent to its grimness gaiety and colour,
And mingled mirth with its sad, sombre strife.

The Public's friend and favourite, hard he toiled

To give it the best rest—of recreation.
By loss undaunted, and by gain unspoiled,
Generous as shrewd, he served his generation

Better than some on loftier levels posing.
Thorough as enterprising and alert,
He lived each hour of that keen life whose closing

Comes to us with a sense of personal hurt.

We might have better spared a greater man,

Though a more genial host or cheerier guest,

More inexhaustible in scheme and plan
To give his loyal Public of the best,
More skilled, resourceful, keenly resolute,
Amusement's motley world will hardly know.

Its debt to him now lost who shall compute?

Actor, inventor, *impresario*;
Sound judge of art as of mere passing whim,

Of music as of modish phantasy,
Of drama as of melodrama, to him,
Showman or Solon of the stage, we're free

To own large debt, and owe most hearty thanks.

It may be long ere such another chief
As good "Gus HARRIS" graces Stage-
dom's ranks,

To whose green laurels *Punch* would add his leaf.

* *Mr. Punch* bestowed upon the great manager the heroic title of "AUGUSTUS CESAR DRURIOLANUS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 22.—"Do you remember this night last year, my TOBY?" said the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, as, having seen Education Bill withdrawn, he permitted himself rare luxury of going out to dinner. "I don't mean the precise day of the month, but this corresponding Monday in June last year. You were good enough to say that my speech to-night, following PRINCE ARTHUR's motion withdrawing Education Bill, was one of the best you have heard since you left the rural retirement of The Kennel, in your Berkshire home, and you add that is the view taken on both sides of House."

"Well, on this very Monday in June last year there was, by strange coincidence, another such scene as we have witnessed to-night, the principal spokesmen being PRINCE ARTHUR and I. House packed from floor to topmost range of galleries; the same throng at the bar; the same long lines in the side galleries; Peers crowding entrance to their seats, like mob at pit or gallery of Haymarket Theatre when *Trilby* is on; the same electric air vibrating through crowded chamber. All



'Bus Conductor. "EMMERSMITH! EMMERSMITH! 'ERE YE ARE! EMMERSMITH!"
'Liza Ann. "OO ER YER CALLIN' EMMER SMITH? SORCY 'OUND!"

the same, and yet a universe of difference. I stood then at other side of table; PRINCE ARTHUR rose from my place on front Opposition Bench. We were the vanquished then, discomfited on unexpected issue. To-day it is PRINCE ARTHUR who is unhorsed. 'Tis I who have had the poignard at his throat.

"All very strange, but marvel of coincidence completed by the concurrence of the days. It was on the third Friday in June last year that we got our great fall, blown out of the saddle by accidental discharge of cordite. Almost to a day twelve months later the most noble, the MARKISS HUMPTY DUMPTY got a great fall over his Education Bill. On the Monday after the cordite explosion, being the fourth Monday in June, 1896, twelve months later to a day, PRINCE ARTHUR makes his great surrender, beaten by what he picturesquely describes as a comparatively insignificant and discredited Opposition.

"It is a very remarkable coincidence,

my good TOBY, and should not be without its moral lesson. Let us, on whatever plane we chance to find ourselves, walk humbly and circumspectly, ever bearing in mind that in the midst of Parliamentary life we are in death."

Business done.—Education Bill, read second time on 12th of May by majority of 267, to-night abandoned in Committee.

Tuesday.—When Mark Tapley accompanied his master to Eden, and discovered that the "city" was a hideous swamp, with here and there a miserable log cabin, the depth of hopelessness was plumbed by Martin Chuzzlewit falling ill of fever. "'Now, Mr. TAPLEY,' said MARK, giving himself a tremendous blow on the chest by way of reviver, 'just you attend to what I've got to say. Things is looking about as bad as they can look, young man. You'll not have such another opportunity for showing your jolly disposition, my fine fellow, as long as you live. And therefore, TAPLEY, Now's your time to come out strong; or Never.'"

Just now the strongest Ministry of modern times has received knock-down



ENCOURAGING.

Curate (who wishes to encourage local industry). "WELL, ADAMS, HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON WITH MY WATCH?"

Adams. "WHY, IT BE NIGH FINISHED NOW, ZUR, AN' 'E DO ZEEM TO GO MORTAL WELL, BUT DANG ME, IF THERE BAIN'T A WHEEL AS I CAN'T FIND A PLACE VOR SUMMOW!"

blow. Have beaten the record in all ways possible to discredit a powerful Ministry. Now is time for MARK TAPLEY, M.P., to appear on scene. Comes forth in person of HENRY MEYSEY-THOMPSON, Bart. House on report stage of Agricultural Rating Bill. Opposition cock-a-whoop after unexpected victory. Ministerialists correspondingly depressed.

"What's it all about?" asks the AMEYSEY-THOMPSON, slapping himself on the breast as was Mark Tapley's wont. "What's happened? I'm just going down to see my constituents, and I'll tell you what I'm going to say to them."

That would have been delightful. Nothing House would have enjoyed more than having MEYSEY-TAPLEY-THOMPSON's speech to his constituents rehearsed. But SPEAKER inexorable. It had, he blandly said, nothing to do with Rating Bill. However interesting pleasure of listening, it must be foregone. So M.-T.-T. sat down with all his music in him. But mere interposition of his breezy presence had same effect as accompanied movements of Mark Tapley. Ministerialists plucked up courage. Opposition drew in their horns. SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY hung his white silk pocket-handkerchief another yard out of his breast pocket, and showed with fuller confidence how the three-card trick of the Rating Bill equally benefits Landlord, Farmer, and Labourer.

Business done.—Rating Bill at report stage.

Thursday.—"No use HENNIKER-HEATON trying to intimidate me by shooting at HANBURY," Duke of NORFOLK is reported to have said. These are brave words. But if HENNIKER isn't soon raised to peerage where he may face JOCKEY O' NORFOLK on equal terms, HANBURY must go there. It's terrible to be pelted night after night with pellets from pillar letter boxes. To-night HENNIKER insisted that HANBURY should, right off, explain why some postmasters charge "*bonheur*" as two words, taking the same iniquitous

course with "alright." Even case-hardened Secretary to Treasury must be touched by cruel disappointment undergone by fellow-creature who, probably as result of sitting up all night, invented word "alright," proffered it as part of a telegram, and found a penny charged for it, instead of a halfpenny as he had hoped.

HANBURY concealing his emotion, gave customary official reply. Thought ordeal over for night. HENNIKER down on him like a shot with another conundrum.

"Why is father-in-law charged as three words, and mother-in-law as one?"

"I was," HANBURY told me later, "going to reply that there is an instinct with a certain class of men that impels them to make as little as possible of their mother-in-law. Might have led to controversy; thought it better to say nothing. But must get rid of HENNIKER. Wonder if he'd accept mission to inspect and report upon telegraph service in Mashonaland? Lines in neighbourhood of Buluwayo and Fort Salisbury just now offer interesting field for man of active habits."

Business done.—Working through report stage of Rating Bill.

Friday.—Sad to watch demoralising effect of Ministerial defeat on faithful follower, JOHNSTON OF BALLYKILBEG. All through his Parliamentary life has kept up fusillade against his compatriots of another faith sitting opposite. Ever ready to beat the Orange drum when need were to drown the music of the Catholic horn. But apparent ferocity only his fun. SARK, who knows them both, always insists that the two kindest-hearted, gentlest-mannered men in House are those redoubtable controversialists TIM HEALY and JOHNSTON OF BALLYKILBEG.

Defeat of esteemed leaders on Treasury Bench has, only temporarily it is hoped, soured BALLYKILBEG's temper. The other night when JOHN DILLON was picturing period of millennium in Belfast, whereat Lord Mayor of the Orange City and the Roman Catholic Bishop solemnly

shook hands over an arrangement of the Corporation Bill, BALLYKILBEG interpolated the remark, "PILATE and HEROD!"

The House shuddered. Last time HEROD was introduced into Parliamentary debate he was followed by pointed reference to JUDAS, leading up to the famous free fight. Members held their breath and waited. Happily nothing came of it. But incident marks the deep stirring of a gentle nature, and shows how men's hearts have been riven by the event of a historic week.

Business done.—Committee of Supply.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A SYBARITE IN A DAMP PARK DEPLORES AN ASSIGNATION AT FIVE A.M.

The nimble minutes fly apace,
And yet you do not keep our tryst;
The bracken springs with sprightly grace
Amid the silver morning mist.
The early bird on yonder lawn
Is sapient gourmet of the wood,
And hails the herald of the dawn
As tried purveyor of his food.

But I have not yet broken fast—
My drowsy vassals kept their rooms
When I descended, and o'ercaust
A scene demanding air and brooms.
We were a merry crowd last night
Neath wit and whiskey's mingled spell—
I say "last night," but morning light
Was breaking ere we bade "Farewell!"

My comrades went to seek their rest
Like foemen weary of the fray—
If snoring of repose be test,
They'll wake refreshed for lunch to-day.
But I have never closed my eyes,
Remembering whom I now shall meet.
The love that time and temper tries,
Is one that makes us long to eat!

Yes! underneath this grand old oak
That seems for something hot to beg,
Where first our faithful vows we spoke,
Those birds suggest a new-laid egg.
That troutlet leaping in the stream
More pleasing would be on the grill;
That cow incites a wish for cream,
And bread is promised by your mill!

Why don't you come? Am I to wait
Till all mankind's restored to life?
Oh, for an omelette *tête-à-tête*,
And fork to dally with a knife!
Oh, for my coffee's fragrant steam,
Unchicoried, a liquid gem!
I'll read your words—great, ghastly
dream!

Your note says, "Meet me Five P.M.!"

A FALL IN LODORE.

["The Lodore Hotel and Falls were put up to auction the other day, but no sale was effected."]

Yes! the same water comes down at Lodore,
Crashing and slashing,
And mashing and bashing,
And hashing and dashing,
And lashing and splashing,
But the moneyed men did not come down
for Lodore!

THE QUEEN AS UMPIRE.—Her MAJESTY has decreed "no ball" at Buckingham Palace this season, so no "long hops" will be in evidence.

FIRE AND WATER.—Surely the International emblem of the Fire Brigades ought to be the pump-kin.



“SANS ADIEU !”

Chartered Co. (to C-c-l Rh-d-s, who looks “rather resigned”). “SORRY WE’VE BEEN OBLIGED TO ACCEPT YOUR RESIGNATION, BUT WE KNOW WE CAN STILL RELY ON YOUR VALUABLE SERVICES. AU REVOIR !”

OPERATIC NOTES.

Wednesday.—Not too big a house for *Mefistofele*, with MARGUERITE MACINTYRE as two single ladies rolled into one, namely, *Margherita* and *Elena*: of course, a double attraction. EDWARD DE RESZKE magnificent as *Mefistofele*. CREMONINI not strong enough for *Faust*. But *Faust* was a rather weak person. BORRO’s opera is a very remarkable work, and the Covent Garden Management is justified, “on this occasion only,” in issuing a printed request to those of the audience who cannot remain till the end, to leave “during the interval preceding it.” But audiences, especially operatic, do not approve of being dictated to. Also, liking to be considered as *habitués*, they flatter themselves they know when to come and when to leave without being ushered in or ordered out. MAGGIE MAC obtained a lovely bouquet. The quartette at end of Second Act was deservedly and vociferously encored. Mas-

terful *Mefistofele-Mancinelli* led his band to victory. *Mefistofele* notable as being one of the very few operas in which there is no part for Mlle. BAUERMEISTER.

Thursday.—*Carmen*. A grand performance. Is there a better *Carmen* than Mlle. ZELIE DE LUSSAN? If so, name her. Watch her by-play, technically known as “business.” It is a study; it is admirable. In the Third Act, M. ALVAREZ scored, not musically, but dramatically, as *Don José*, when, losing his temper with the perfidious light-o’-love *Carmen*, he dashes her to the ground. And how excellent in this situation was ZELIE DE LUSSAN! Scared, as if she were saying, “Well, I am dashed—to the ground! and dazed!” Admirable contrast in appearance is Madame EMMA EAMES, singing charmingly and winning a basket of flowers, handed up by Benignant BEVIGNANI. EMMA acted surprise on seeing this enormous pantomime basket, as who would say, “Lawks! is this for me, poor little me?” With the

Priest of Venus in *La Belle Hélène*, all sensible persons, “friends in front,” exclaim “*Trop de fleurs!*” Perhaps the stupid custom will die out. If flowers are to be given, let it be by spontaneous action on part of audience carried away by some grand effort, and showering on *La Diva* the bouquets (if any, bouquets not being in fashion nowadays) they have brought with them. Mlles. BAUERMEISTER and BRANI very good, especially the former. A better *Escamillo* than Signor ANCONA is hard to find, and his rendering of the Toreador song gained a hearty encore, which ANCONA’s dramatic and vocal merit richly deserved. Altogether a first-rate performance. *Vive Carmen!*

BRITANNIA AT HENLEY.

Oh, I am a wet-bob nurse, I am,
And I know my way by the Gut of Cam,
And the similar Gut of Isis;
And the one, they say, is the source of all
The nautical virtues, great and small,
And the other of all the vices.

But I think at the end of a four-mile show
That a margin of eight mere yards or so
Is a most exceedingly tight one;
And had both been reared on the self-
same ditch,
I’d have certainly backed—well, I won’t
say which—
But certainly backed the right one.

But to-day our friends from the far, far
West,
Shall put, if they can, to a crucial test
The fame of our Old-world fettle;
For when Thames and Isis and Cam com-
bine,
There’s work to be done if they’d take the
shine
From our polished Britannia mettle.

As a matter of faith I’m free to confess
That nothing succeeds like the old success,
In the track of a tried commander;
And with NICKALLS at need to pull them
through,
I pin my hopes to the crimson crew,
To the luck of our loved Leander.

But I pray that the pick of the lot may
win
Through the ding-dong rattle from Faw-
ley in,
When the throb of the heart goes
shorter;
When sister Britannia’s well-known throat
Sends back like thunder her best top-note,
To the yell of the Yale supporter.

They may yell “Yale, Yale!” as they
yelled “Cornell!”
Till they’re black in the face and as hoarse
as—Hades,
On the boom for the bold Uitlander;
But I guess that my best top-note is
worth
A couple of lengths and the inside berth,
To the backers of old Leander.

WHAT SIR TATTON SYKES GIVES FORTH
TO THE WORLD.—That in so far as he is
concerned *La Fleche* may go to—Lord
MARCUS BERESFORD.

RARA AVIS IN TERRACE, NIGROQUE SIMIL-
LIMA CYGNO.—One of the new waitresses
at the House of Commons.

MR. SPEAKER’S (UNAUTHORISED) DEFINI-
TION OF UP-TO-DATE M.P.’s.—Poll-paitots.



THE LOVING CUP AT HENLEY!

Father Thames (drinking to the health of the Yale crew). "HERE'S TO YOU, BOYS! DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU!"



"TO THE RESCUE."

Damsel in distress. "HELP, JACK! HELP! TOMMY IS GOING TO LIE DOWN, AND I CAN'T SWIM!"

THE YACHTING SEASON.

(Examination for a Master's Certificate.)

1. CAN you dance a hornpipe? if so, which? (*Viva voce.*) If dancing unaccompanied by fiddle, whistle the first eight bars of College Hornpipe. Also, dance the three first figures of the hornpipe, announcing the distinctive name of each beforehand.
2. Explain the terms "Ahoy!" "Avast!" "Belay!" Whence derived? Also of "Splice my main-brace." Is "main-brace" a part of rigging, or of sailor's costume? Which? If neither, what? Is "Lubber" a term of opprobrium or of endearment? State varieties of "Lubber." Give derivations of the terms "Bumboat woman," "Marlin' spike," "Son of a sea-cook," "Dash my lee-scuppers!" "Pipe your eye," "Tip us your grapplin' iron."
3. How many Mates may a Sea Captain legally possess at any one time?
4. Is "Sextant" the feminine of "Sexton"?
5. How often do "the red magnetic pole" and "the blue pole" require repainting? At whose expense is the operation performed?
6. Are only Royal Academicians eligible as "painters" on board?
7. Is it the duty of the Surgeon on board ship to attend the "heeling"?
8. In case the needles of the compass get out of order, will pins do as well?
9. At what time in the day, whether previous or subsequent to dinner, is it necessary to "allow for deviations"?
10. Draw a picture of "Three Belles." Give classic illustration from the story of Paris.
11. What rule is there as to showing lights on nearing Liverpool?
12. When in doubt would you consult "the Visible Horizon," "the Sensible Horizon," or "the Rational Horizon"? Give reason for your selection.
13. Can sailors ever trust "the Artificial Horizon"? If so, under what circumstances?
14. Is "Azimuth" an idol, or something to eat?

15. Would "Mean time" always refer to lowering wages or diminishing rations?

16. Presuming you know all about the "Complement of an Arc," explain that of Noah's.

17. Who was "Parallax"? Give a brief sketch of his career.

18. Give example of "Meridian Altitude of a Celestial Object," by drawing a picture of the Chinese Giant who was over here some time ago.

19. Give history of "the Poles." Who was Kosciusko? Is this spelling of his name correct?

20. "Civil Time." Illustrate this term from English History.

21. Can a "First Mate's ordinary Certificate" be granted by Doctors' Commons or the Archbishop of Canterbury?

(On these questions being satisfactorily answered, the next Examination Paper will be issued.)

COMPLIMENTARY CONVERSATION À LA CHINOIS.

(Arranged for the reception of a coming illustrious visitor.)

MAY your Excellency stay in London a thousand years, and be accompanied to all the sights in town every day and night for a century.

China is more civilized and important than all the powers of Europe put together, and the entire British Fleet is not comparable with the smallest junk from Peking.

Your Excellency is infinitely wiser than Prince VON BISMARCK, more accomplished than the German EMPEROR, and quite as astute as the Right Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

The words that your Excellency will speak will be treasured a million times more dearly than the conversation of H. M. the late Sovereign of Persia, and your sojourn amongst us, however prolonged, will be quite as pleasing as the flying visit of the SHAHZADA.

Compared to China, England is but a valley beside a mountain, a small potato near a pie of pumpkins.

But your Excellency understands the proverb, "compliments butter no parsnips," and, as the *Times* sensibly observes, "will like us the better if we do not overvalue either you or your country."



"The Doctor's Daughter. "OH, GILES, I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOU FROM MY FATHER. HE SAYS YOU MUST TAKE SOME QUININE IN ALL THE WHISKEY YOU DRINK." "
 "The Village Toper. "LOR', MISSY, I'D BE FEARED O' DOIN' MYSELF 'A INJURY, TAKIN' QUININE IN SUCH QUANTITIES!"

FINANCIAL ADVICE.

(From the Poppleton College Gazette.)

DEAR JACK,—Business matters have been fairly quiet this week, although prices have fluctuated considerably. Money is less abundant than it was a few weeks ago at the beginning of the term. JONES major, however, one of our most dashing speculators, expects a visit from an uncle at the end of the week, who is not unlikely to furnish him with a fresh supply of capital. It is rumoured that, with the aid of this, JONES intends to create a corner in white mice. As these commodities are very cheap at their present price (two cakes or a pocket-knife), you will do well to purchase as many as possible, with a view to unloading later. Another security that I can honestly commend as a sound investment is KELLY'S Cæsar cribs. They are, I know, at a considerable discount

just now, but the price is sure to advance greatly in a few weeks' time, when the examinations are close at hand. BOHN's gilt-edged ditto are also cheap, but, from the fact that they cannot easily be concealed under the coat, are not likely to do as well as KELLY'S. There has been some movement in catapults, owing to the confiscation of a large number by one of the masters; indeed, they rose $2\frac{1}{2}$ points (from $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $6d.$) on Tuesday. But I cannot recommend them, except as a speculation, for it is not unlikely that the introduction of the cheap home-made substitute will bring down the price with a run. I may also repeat my warning to you to beware of such purchases as Jews' harps and the like. The boom in these invariably is very short-lived, and the rash buyer of any quantity will only be enabled to realise at an enormous loss. On the other hand, I should hold silkworms for a rise.

I must refer once more to the very unsatisfactory report of the Potted Meat Syndicate, Limited. This company was floated, as you will remember, with the object of providing its shareholders with potted meat at tea for the whole term. A very large number of half-crown shares were applied for, but the potted meat supplied so far has been insufficient in quantity and inferior in quality. And now SMITH major and his fellow-directors have issued a further call of one shilling per share! All the shareholders are naturally disgusted at this result, and I hope a searching inquiry will be made into the manner in which these self-elected directors have managed the Syndicate's affairs.

Under these circumstances, the failure to float the School House Pocket-money Trust is not to be wondered at. Its originators proposed to take the pocket-money of every boy in the House for three weeks, in order to provide a grand feast at the end of term. But the chance of any dividends seemed rather remote to the majority of speculators. Trusting that you will find my hints of service to you in your financial transactions, believe me, my dear JACK,

Yours affectionately, TOMMY.

Harriet Beecher-Stowe.

(The Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" died on July 1 at the advanced age of 85.)

["Let us never doubt. Everything that ought to happen is going to happen."—Speech of Mrs. H. Beecher-Stowe on her Seventieth Birthday.]

AH, sunny optimist, whose pen
 Was gay at three score years and ten,
 Would all could share such sunniness!
 But life looks grey, and hope grows chill.
 Yet youth and generous hearts will thrill
 O'er thy Great Book, its large goodwill,
 Its fervour and its funniness.

That book from China to Peru,
 And lands that JOHNSON never knew,
 Thy name and fame have taken.
 A tale that helped to free the slave!
 From Uncle Tom's untimely grave
 Came thoughts that stirred the kind and
 brave,
 And left hate's stronghold shaken.

Let all else pass, words to regret,
 Unwisdom all would fain forget,
 One book, large, humorous, human,
 Abides to move the best in man;
 Of authorship American,
 In spirit cosmopolitan,
 True work of a true woman!

England v. Australians.

Shakspeare's Advice on the choosing of the All England Eleven.

"WILL none but HEARNE or HUNTER serve your turn?"

"[C.] Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V., Sc. 5, amended Cricket version.

A FAMILIAR CRAFT AT HENLEY.—The "open-house" boat.

THINGS TO WHICH CRICKETING MEMBERS OF THE ANTI-GAMBLING LEAGUE ARE ADDICTED.—"Pitch" and "Toss."

PETER THE HERMIT.—The Chairman of the County of London Sessions.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is a little late in the day to mention ARTHUR MORRISON's *Tales of Mean Streets* (published by METHUEN), but personally I find that, at this season of the year, "late in the day," that is the cool of the night, is just the very best time for quiet reading, when the busy man, having "cornered himself" comfortably, can peruse at leisure—without fear of interruption. This was my case—my book-case—after a delightful day on the river in the launch of the WELL-RED DOUGLAS, of that ilk, in the open air, on the lovely river. Then, bodily fatigued, mentally active, I sat down to two stories out of *Tales of Mean Streets*. By this time everyone knows them. The first story, "Lizarunt," is Zola-esque. It is written, however, with a humour that ZOLA possesses not, and it is this quality that saves it from being hideously repulsive. Without knowing from personal experience that the sketch is true to life, the reader feels that it must be so, as such brutality cannot be imagined, or, if imagined, could not be put into dramatic action, or on record. "Horrible, most horrible," as the immortal WILLIE hath it. "But humorous, most humorous," aye, and most Charles Dickensly humorous is the bigamistic story of "That Brute Simmons," which is, as it were, a kind of Enoch Arden tale, admirably burlesqued. However, the book is "connu," and I come in late with my praise. No matter, "Better late than never."

With possibly unpremeditated, certainly effective, art, Mr. FISHER UNWIN, in publishing Mr. FITZGERALD's *Climbs in the New Zealand Alps*, has produced a volume almost mountainous in size, magnificent in get up. The story is worthy of its framework. Mr. FITZGERALD, weary of the comparative commonplace of the European Alps, turned for fresh worlds to conquer amid the grim, little-known sisterhood in far-off New Zealand. Here are still to be found virgin peaks with hoary heads, never caressed by human hand, soaring into clouds which, according to Mr. FITZGERALD's account, continually do rage. Why a man having a moderately comfortable home to dwell in should wish to spend a few nights and days on the top of a mountain, whose attraction is apparently increased by its grim inaccessibility, is a matter my Baronite cannot understand. Mr. FITZGERALD during his ascents of Mounts Sefton, Tasman, Sealy, Haidinger, and other uncomfortable places, was snowed upon, rained upon, blown about, dropped into crevasses, suspended by ropes over fathomless chasms, and, when not thus actively enjoying life, slept in a bag after having had nothing particular for dinner. Temptation to quote far exceeds possibilities of space. But here is a brief passage descriptive of the delights of mountaineering:—

"Our clothes, beards, and hair hung with icicles, while the rope between us was covered with ice, rigid like an iron bar. The mist was so thick that it was at times impossible to see each other."

Through this and other experiences the small party—which, in addition to Mr. FITZGERALD, consisted of a Swiss guide and a New Zealand porter, who chiefly spent his time in getting in the way whether of man or mountain—doggedly, even cheerfully, struggled, winning their way to the desired heights. The narrative is picturesquely told. The volume is enriched by a valuable map, and is illustrated with rarely beautiful pictures drawn from photographs taken on the spot. THE BARON.

A SUGGESTED SPEECH.

["The Poet Laureate will unveil a statue of ROBERT BURNS at Irvine on July 18."—*Daily Papers*.]

GUID FRIEN'S,—Ye ken I canna mak' ye a lang speech, bein' mair a wanchansie mon, ram-feezeled wi' writin', than a skirlin', tapetless glib-gabbet. It's been an awfu' fash tae me, bein' a Southron, tae prepare a' this in your Scottish language, but a's weel that ends weel. It's a bonnie thing tae hae a wee bit quotation whyles, gin ye can, baith Latin an' English. Aiblins ye've read some o' my prose writin', whare ye'll find mony whig-maleeries and whirligigums frae the auld Latin.

Ye maun ken that I'm the Poet Laureate. That's an unco high an' exalted state. Your puir poet BURNS had na sic a paughty title. I wad be laith tae rin him doun, but ye maun ken that he was nae Poet Laureate, like mysel' an' my predecessor. I doubt na but ye've read "*Jameson's Ride*." I'll na fash mysel' tae tell ye o' any mair o' my poems. But BURNS was nae feckless gowk, sae it's a pleasure tae me tae unveil this sonsie statue.

Before I wish ye a guid-e'en an' gang awa', I may say ye've mony guid things in auld Scotland, ye've haggis, an' pibrochs, an' phillibegs, an' parritch, an' banks an' braes, an' monyither vera guid things baith for eatin' an' drinkin', but ye've ne'er had a great Poet Laureate o' your ain. Ah weel, then ye maun be satisfied wi' puir BURNS. There's mony waur.



INFANT AGONIES

Small Boy. "AUNTIE! AUNTIE! HAS GOOSEGOGS GOT LEGS?"

Auntie. "No!"

Small Boy. "BOO-HOO-HOO! THEN I'VE BEEN AND SWOLLERED—A BEASTIE!"

"Red as a Rose is She."

[A fashion paper says that much of the auburn hair now worn is collected from the heads of uncleanly and uncomely women in Germany.]

THOSE lovely locks of true Venetian red,
That catch the sunlight in their carmine skein,
Once decked some ugly peasant's unkempt head,
Sweet auburn! loveliest pillage of the plain!

SOUTH AFRICAN METEMPSYCHOSIS.—It is reported that Mr. CECIL RHODES is becoming haggard. Can the ex-Premier of the Cape have taken on him the semblance of the author of *She*?

ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO ERIN.—Should English tourists act up to recent suggestions and invade Ireland, the incursion is sure to be regarded by the natives as a *tour de force*.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!—Our irrepressible joker writes (from prison) to say that Hen-lay has always been celebrated for its egg-shell boats.



UP TO DATE.

Mamma. "I CAN'T HAVE YOU PLAYING WITH MY PURSE, JACKY. THERE'S YELLOW MONEY INSIDE."
 Jacky (who collects new Farthings). "I'VE GOT YELLOW MONEY IN MY PURSE, TOO, MUMMY!"
 Mamma. "WELL, MIND AND DON'T MIX THEM UP. MINE HAS GOT A MAN ON HORSEBACK ON IT."
 Jacky. "MINE HAS GOT A WOMAN ON A BICYCLE!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

*A Sorrowing Swain at Henley to a Faithless Damsel who has accepted
 Central American Security.*

THE houseboats and the launches are mingled once again,
 Singing, "Heave to! a merry place is Henley!"
 The mandolin and banjo, too, repeat the same refrain,
 Singing, "Ting! tang! a jolly place is Henley!"
 The flowers are more beautiful than e'er they were before,
 They glow upon the river bed, and nod along the shore,
 Each beckons with its petals like a floral semaphore,
 Singing "Well met! 'tis sweet to be at Henley!"

And you, my love, are looking like a water-lily fay,
 Singing, "Grass-lawn's the thing to wear at Henley!"
 You've a hat that is defiant of the Sun-God's ardent ray,
 Singing, "Fair skins must never brown at Henley!"
 You've a skiff, a punt, a gig, and the cosiest canoe,
 Canadian by birth, and it's only made for two—
 So together we will paddle in and out this floating Zoo,
 Singing, "No cares or tears are known at Henley."

There'll be racing, there'll be shouting, but we'll never heed the
 fray,
 Singing, "Pull well! amuse yourselves at Henley!"
 But for us the gentle languor of a listless, loving day,
 Singing, "Dear heart! 'tis thus we'd be at Henley!"
 So if London take Grand Challenge, or the "boys" the Ladies'
 Plate,
 Or if Dutchman, Gaul, or Yankee prove his oar is up to date,
 Yet these contests cannot vie with one—the match for which
 I wait,
 Singing, "Love wins! We're happiest at Henley!"

Last night I left you warbling of the ever constant stream,
 Singing, "Sea foam! I come to thee from Henley!"
 Your voice kept coming back to me like music in my dream,
 Singing, "Sleep on! I slumber, too, at Henley!"

This morning I was wakened with a tonic, not *sol-fa*,
 Caused by the wailing accents of your horrified mamma.
 She says that you have fled with HIM to Nic-a-rag-u-a!
 Singing, "Heigh ho! we've had enough of Henley!"

TIPS FOR FARMERS.

Stick to wheat. It was good enough for your forefathers, and ought to be good enough for you.

Clamour for protection. There is not the slightest chance of your getting it, but it can do no harm to ask for it, and it takes your mind off such comparatively unimportant subjects as rent, compensation for improvements, and so on.

Leave your soil alone. Don't spend money on nitrates or other new-fangled devices for increasing its fertility. If it grows weeds, as it probably does, it can grow other things if it likes. Don't humour it.

Never plant a fruit tree. Fruit encourages birds (and boys) to steal. If anybody suggests jam, tell him "you are not a grocer," and see what he says. The probability is, that he can say nothing in face of such a smashing retort.

Never co-operate with neighbouring farmers, in spite of what Lord WINCHILSEA urges. That sort of thing may suit the poor despised Dane, but not the free Briton. As a rule, the worse terms you are on with brother-farmers, the better.

Eggs are entirely beneath your dignity. So are poultry. So are most other things. You might do a little stock-raising, but only in a casual way. Cows are a nuisance; let nothing tempt you into the absurd "fad" of dairy-farming. It's the sort of thing for milkmaids and milksops, not for you.

Keep no accounts. Never read anything about your business. If the world moves, decline to move with it. You will find this course the simplest, and the Official Receiver a very pleasant gentleman, after all.

"*Maxima debetur pueris*," i.e., "Young volunteers ought to practise with maxims."



NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED.

COSTER ARTH-R B-LF-R. "'ERE Y' ARE! 'NAME YER OWN PRICE! WE'VE GOT TO GO 'OME D'RECTLY!
TAKE 'EM OR LEAVE 'EM!"



A LESSON IN POLITICS.

WHAT ARE TORIES AND RADICALS, GRANDPAPA?"

"TORIES, MY DEAR, ARE PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO HAVE A QUEEN, AND LORDS, AND BISHOPS, AND MORE OR LESS REMAIN AS THEY ARE—WHILST RADICALS OBJECT TO HAVING A QUEEN AND A HOUSE OF LORDS, AND ARE DISSATISFIED WITH EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY, JEALOUS OF ALL WHO ARE BETTER OFF THAN THEMSELVES, AND ARE ALWAYS TRYING TO ROB THEM OF THEIR PROPERTY, AND, IN FACT, THEY'RE A PACK OF INFERNAL ROGUES AND SCOUNDRELS!"

"AND WHICH ARE YOU, GRANDPAPA—A TORY OR A RADICAL?"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW.

(Continued.)

How is it, I have often asked myself, that youngsters of a more or less proved incapacity, turn, as a last desperate resort, to the occupation and calling of a land-agent? The greatest thickhead in the world, supposing him, let us say, to fail after repeated attempts to secure a Commission in Her Majesty's forces, will as a rule tell you that there is something within him that makes him certain he would shine in land-agency. He seems to imagine that the business consists merely in riding good horses, in interviewing an occasional refractory tenant, in shooting, and in paying visits to the Metropolis. Of the keeping of accounts, of the orderly management of a great estate with the hundred details that go to it he never thinks. Only let him be a land-agent, and he sees himself fixed for life in comfortable quarters with good food, and as little to do as is compatible with continued existence.

HARRY, at any rate, had no scruples of any kind. "My dear old man," he had said, when I communicated Sir GREGORY's offer to him, "it's the very thing for me. I always told you that was my line of business. If I don't make things fairly hum

up in Yorkshire I'm a Dutchman." This seemed to me to be hardly the spirit in which such an offer should be accepted, but the great point was that HARRY was disposed of, and there was a reasonable hope that he might really do well in his new position, and cease to be an incubus on me. There were just a few little bills, he had hinted, that he would like to pay off before starting, so as to begin with a clear record. There was, for instance, a rascally cigar merchant who had stuck him with a cabinet of Cabanas, there was a clamorous jeweller who had made a mean insinuation with regard to a writ, there were tailors, bootmakers and haberdashers. The total staggered me, but as this was really to be the last time, I resolved to pay and look as pleasant as I could. ALICE said I had acted as I ought to act, and that it would have been a sinful thing to send the poor boy to Yorkshire with a millstone of debt round his neck. Thus handicapped, she declared, it would not be possible for him to take a real interest in his new pursuit—besides, she had read only last week a distressing account of a market-gardener who had committed suicide because he couldn't pay his rent, and she knew that HARRY had the proud and sensitive nature which was peculiar to all the members of her family, and who knew what might have happened if I had refused to pay. With these and other arguments, all equally convincing and irresistible, did my wife prove to me that I had in paying taken the only course which was open to me as a gentleman and a brother-in-law.

THUS HARRY set off for Halesworthy Hall, and for a time everything seemed to be going well. Sir GREGORY was pleased, HARRY was delighted, and a blessed feeling of relief pervaded all my domestic arrangements. All this was much too good to last, and accordingly, in the fourth month after HARRY's departure, I received from him the following rather startling letter:—"MY DEAR TOM,—Don't be surprised at what I'm going to tell you. The fact is, I never had an idea there was going to be such a mortal lot of grind and sweat about this blessed business. I don't get a single moment to myself, and I had to chuck three good shooting invites all in one week because there were estate accounts to be made up. I never was much of a hand at figures, you know, and Sir GREGORY expects me to know no end about heifers and sheep and things. So I've told him that for both our sakes I thought we had better part. Of course I put it as nicely as possible so as not to hurt the old boy's feelings, because he's a good sort, though he doesn't know a decent bottle of wine from rank poison, and smokes the beastliest cigars in the world. I shall be sorry to leave this place, for there are some very jolly people about, and no end of pretty girls, and the partridges this year are first-class; but after all a fellow must deny himself something, so I'm coming back in a day or two. I hope you won't mind giving me the usual shake-down till something else turns up. I've got my eye on two or three things already. There's a Bicycle Company they want to shove me into as a director, but I haven't made up my mind about it yet, as it wants some looking into. If it's good I shall join. I met a chap the other day who invented a new pedal or something, and he's made a Company of it, and they tell me he's worth a hundred thou. That's the sort of thing that would suit me down to the ground. Love to ALICE. By the way, if you could lend me about a hundred I should be awfully obliged. Things have been pretty expensive here in one way and another. I'm sure to be able to pay you back before the end of the year as I've got a couple of good young horses that ought to fetch three times what I gave for them. See you soon. Ever yours, HARRY.

P.S.—I've got another bit of news for you that'll make you smile, but I'll keep it till we meet."

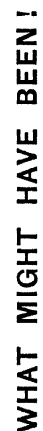
FOUR days afterwards HARRY turned up sure enough, and informed us, with the utmost cheerfulness, that he had been privately married a fortnight ago to the eldest daughter of one of Sir GREGORY's tenants. "Simply a ripping girl," he said. "Can play no end of good comic songs, rides like an angel, and is as pretty as paint." But I didn't seem to be able to smile as HARRY had expected.

(To be continued.)

Question for an Exam. Paper, by a Senior Wrangler in Love.

WHY is an oval figure generated from the section of a cone by a plane cutting both sides of cone, and meeting with the base, when produced like a kiss?

Because it is a lip tickle (elliptical).



WHAT A DIFFERENCE THE MERE ACCIDENT OF PHYSICAL STATURE MAKES IN OUR PUBLIC MEN. TALL MEN MIGHT QUITE WELL HAVE BEEN SHORT AND SHORT MEN TALL !

HYDE PARK ITSELF AGAIN.

(Thanks to the new Code of Rules.)

An end of cant,
And rot and rant,
That made our parks and gardens hideous;
We've heard enough
Barn-stormers' stuff,
Low jests and blasphemies insidious!

Henceforth Hyde Park,
By day and dark,
Exists for recreation decent;
The noisy gangs
Who spout harangues
Are silenced by these orders recent.

What with the screeds
Of rival creeds,
'Twas like a cat show in Kilkenny;
Salvationist,
And atheist,
Each brayed to catch the needful penny.

We'll feel disgust
No more, we trust,
At sot and satyr, crank and vandal.
They're well put down—
No foreign town
So long had stood so grave a scandal!

EXTRACT FROM THE CIRCULAR OF A LARGE
CYCLE MANUFACTURING FIRM.—“We now
do business on the *pro rotâ* system.”

The Apple of Discord.

OBSTRUCTION goes frightfully far, but one
feels

It is fast getting over the border,
When DALZIEL to old Standing Orders ap-
peals
In the interest of Standing Disorder.

NOT A TENDER FOOT.—HENRY ALL-
CORN has been convicted of stealing boots.

LORDS AND LADIES.

(After the Oxford and Cambridge Match.)

As usual, they were there in hordes—
The truth, I am afraid, is
That the attractiveness of Lords
Somehow appeals to ladies!

The spanking drive, the splendid catch,
Good things beyond all mention,
I missed them all throughout the match
Through some “fair” intervention.

The constant bobbing up and down
Of giant hats and feathers,
The unnumbered rustle of passing gown,
The ceaseless flow of “blethers”—

These things make hasty men say “Blow!”
Words stronger they must smother—
Although I heard a parson go
So far as to say “Bother!”

So, though I'm rather fearful lest
Our friendship it may sever,
Let me prefer one small request—
'Tis better late than never.

If, PHYLLIS, you your place must take
Between me and the wicket,
Don't chatter, and for goodness' sake
Sit still and watch the cricket!

THE RESULT OF “ALL-NIGHT SITTINGS.”
—Brooding legislators.



Enthusiastic Briton (to seedy American, who has been running down all our National Monuments). “BUT EVEN IF OUR HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT ‘AREN’T IN IT,’ AS YOU SAY, WITH THE MASONIC TEMPLE OF CHICAGO, SURELY, SIR, YOU WILL ADMIT THE THAMES EMBANKMENT, FOR INSTANCE—”

Seedy American. “WAAL, GUESS I DON’T THINK SO DURNED MUCH OF YOUR THAMES EMBANKMENT, NEITHER. IT RAINED ALL THE BLARMED TIME THE NIGHT I SLEP ON IT.”

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, June 30, 8.20 A.M.—Just come home with the milk. At least, I thought I had, but find it's been here nearly an hour. Which, as SARK says, shows the milk has more sense than I have. SARK has more still. He went home at one o'clock this morning, just as House was settling down to all-night sitting. He says it was the eggs. Last time we had all-night sitting there was nothing to eat between one o'clock and five in morning. At that hour, manager of Commissariat Department took four-wheel cab, made tour of all fried-fish shops in New Cut, brought back four-wheeler full of oily scraps. Doesn't sound appetising; but you should have seen us gobbling them up!

At one o'clock this morning whisper

ran round that manager had taken time by the forelock and eggs by the hundred.

“Eight hundred eggs,” said TANNER, beaming; “mostly fresh.”

It was then SARK cleared out. “We shall see those eggs long before breakfast time,” he said. “There must be an end of supply of argument even on Agricultural Rating Bill. When arguments are exhausted they'll take to eggs. I'm a man of peace, so I'll say good night.”

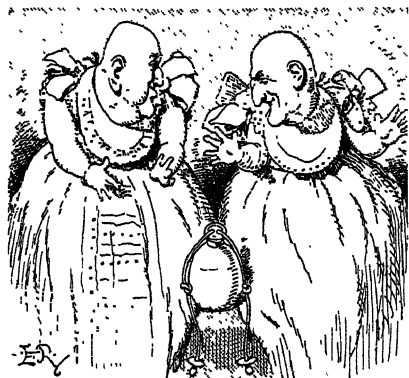
Nothing of the sort happened. On the whole, intensely dull. New Members, who had heard of all-night sittings in good old times, when JOSEPH GILLIS was still with us, and thirty-seven Irish Members were strung up within forty minutes, bitterly disappointed. Only lively person on premises was SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. Sat it all through; from time to time stepped down and stirred the stagnant pool. Once made his brother SQUIRE OF

BLANKNEY quite wild. Twitted him with inexperience.

"I have been a Member of this House as long as the right hon. gentleman," said SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY, looking more than ever like Jove as he turned frowning countenance on his brother agriculturist opposite.

"We were born together," said SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, sweetly.

That upset BLANKNEY altogether. "I beg the right hon. gentleman's pardon,"



"We were born together!"

(Sir W. Harcourt and Mr. Chaplin.)

he roared. "He has the advantage of me by about twenty-five years." Seeing that BLANKNEY was born in 1840, whilst that modest flower, WILLIAM GEORGE GRANVILLE VENABLES VERNON peeped forth from the glades of Newnham Park with other flowers of the Autumn of 1827, the sum won't work. It only shows how young the SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY feels, and how muddled we get at all-night sittings.

"There are," said SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, repeating observation he addressed the other day to CRANBORNE, "two things I envy the right hon. gentleman. One is, his youth, the other, his inexperience."

Business done.—After sitting of seventeen hours, got Agricultural Rating Bill through Report Stage.

Tuesday night.—SARK strangely moved by experience of friend of his from above Gangway. By four o'clock this morning felt he'd had enough of all-night sitting. Happy thought: Go home. Gas still flaring from roof on pallid Members struggling round Clause 9 of Rating Bill. Outside SARK's friend, M.P., found fair, fresh June morning. Thought he'd walk home. Crossed Westminster Bridge as WORDSWORTH did on a September morning when century was a puling chit not quite three years old. M.P. regarding scene recalled the matchless verse:—

This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Cab crossing bridge. After all, a little late, better drive. Walk another time. Hailed cab; man pulled up.

"'Ouse still a sittin'?" said cabby, with gesture of elbow towards terrace, where small groups of Members strolled to and fro sucking eggs.

"Yes," said M.P., pleased at this interest shown in proceedings. "We've had rather a hard night of it."

"D'ye mean to sy," persisted cabby, "that instead of going to yer beds like

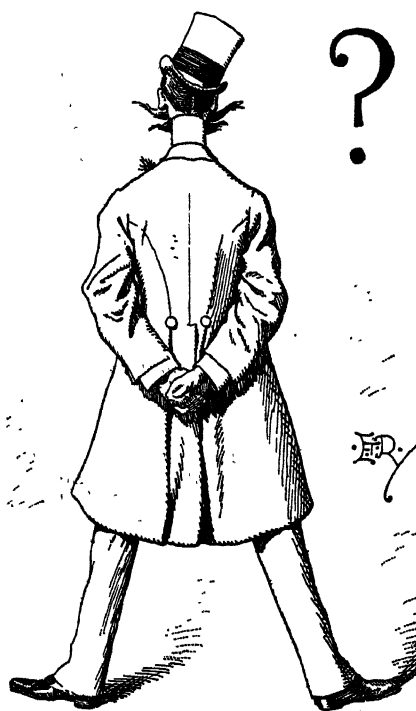
sensible men ye've been a sittin' up all night argyfyng?"

"That's about it," said M.P., smiling.

Without another word cabby jumped down from his perch, made for balustrade of bridge, and before M.P. quite knew where he was he found himself holding on to cabby's left leg, the other, and part of cabby's body, being flung on opposite side, plainly with suicidal intent.

"Most extraordinary sensitiveness on part of cabman," M.P. said to SARK.

"Nothing to him personally, of course; but mere idea of 670 more or less picked men deliberately sitting up all night to make laws for him, his family, and his chums, suddenly striking him, temporarily upset his brain, and he became possessed by irresistible longing for oblivion. Touching incident; same time, wish it had been you or some other Member that happened to cross bridge at moment and want a cab. You've no idea how exhausting it is, early in the morning, having had only two eggs since midnight, to hold on by one leg of a cabman till a policeman saunters up. Moreover than which, when the policeman did come, instead of going home I had to accompany my friend to police-station, and was there bound over to return at ten o'clock and give evidence in case. Hardly in bed when I had to turn out and make my way to police-court. All-night sittings very well; but if PRINCE



"The Member for Sark."

ARTHUR wants another, I hope he'll patrol Westminster Bridge himself."

Business done.—After all-night squabble Board of Conciliation Bill appropriately taken in hand; read second time.

Thursday.—"It would be an odd thing," mused CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, "if, after dropping Education Bill, and carrying Rating Bill through two all-night sittings, the strongest Ministry of modern times should accidentally slip on blotch of cocoa-butter, and break their blessed neck. A year and a week ago this very day

cordite looked as innocent as a quarter of a pound of cocoa-butter. But see what came of it.

Situation certainly not without danger. This not the less effective because, as a once popular domestic commentator used to say, it is "Wropped in mystery." House, which thought it had done with Committee on Budget Bill, found itself once more considering Ways and Means. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER assumed off-hand manner which did not deceive EWBANK KEARLEY. "A mere nothing," said ST. MICHAEL. Been overlooked by predecessors at Treasury; but his eagle eye, surveying scene, perceived that cocoa butter was sliding in without paying duty. Simply proposed to clap on tax.

House puzzled. Margarine it knows, and has heard of what DAVID JAMES used to call "a pat of Dossit." But what this new butter might be, and how it should disturb the whole Budget arrangements was beyond comprehension. KEARLEY seemed to know all about it, but his portentous references only deepened the mystery, added to the perturbation, LOUGH also knew; severely cross-examined CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER as to how many pounds of butter were yielded per hundredweight of cocoa. ST. MICHAEL's painfully halting answers did not reassure Committee. In end resolution agreed to only upon understanding that matter should come up again a week hence. Meanwhile, distinctly uneasy feeling engendered. Possibly only reflex of earlier excitement round Education Bill and Rating Bill. But there it is.

Business done.—Quite a lot.

Friday.—WILFRID LAWSON wants to know under what authority drinks are sold within precincts Houses of Parliament? AKERS-DOUGLAS can't tell him. Has only to do with the fabric; nothing with any mixtures that may be compounded inside. WILFRID LAWSON not to be put off that way. Means to prosecute some one. Thinks now CHAPLIN has got Rating Bill off his hands, he would be the man.

SARK says all very well LAWSON talking like that. But are his own hands quite clean? Is it true that in neighbourhood of Epping Forest there is a public-house called the Wilfrid Lawson Arms? Is the hon. baronet aware of this? Was it done with his knowledge? has it his approval? SARK will put down these questions for an early day.

Business done.—Foreign Office vote taken.

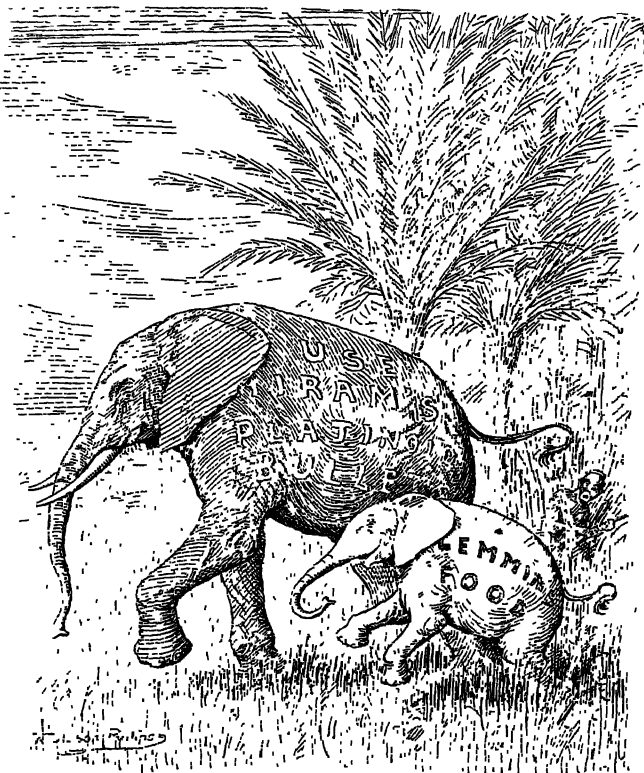
The Short-Story Boom Summarised.

I'll tell you a story all gloomy and gory,
And now my story's begun;
I'll tell you another all sexual pother,
And now my story's done.
(*Mem.*:—All must be scrappy, with endings unhappy,
And void both of Beauty and Fun!)

Punch to the American Pilgrims.

Good luck to the new Pilgrim's Progress!
Hate is a monster, Strife an ogress.
The *Mayflower's* gone, but, with good-will,
Our mutual love may flower still.

A DISTINGUISHED ORIENTAL VISITOR
WITH AN UNPROFITOUS NAME.—LI HUNG
CHANG. *Absit omen.*



REMARKABLE ILLUSTRATION OF THE SPREAD
OF CIVILISATION IN AFRICA.

SCARCELY FIGURES OF FUN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Everybody has a serious side to his character, and I take it that your character (a most excellent specimen of the article) is not the one that proves the exception to the rule. And this being so, I appeal to that side on a matter of the greatest moment to myself and thousands of equally unfortunate ratepayers.

Most kind Sir, I live in a parish named after the patron saint of my native land, with the addition of a well-deserved compliment to the integrity (*id est*, the squareness) of the House of Hanover. It is not because my dwelling is situated in this "most desirable neighbourhood" (as the estate agents describe it) that I select it for notice, but because it is a fair sample of many other localities equally favourable for letting purposes, inclusive of that purpose which lets gold and silver out of the pockets of the habitual residents. Once a year my Vestry send me what they call "an important notice card." My Vestry, no doubt firmly believing in my simplicity, give me not only the dates when I *must* pay my quarterly rates, but casually inform me that if I like I *can* pay the four quarters' rates in advance. Having thus testified to a belief in my child-like innocence, my Vestry take me into their confidence. My Vestry tell me that they have estimated that the ratepayers will have during the year 1896—97 to produce £493,639 9s. 10d.

On learning this, I naturally accept, with cordiality, the 9s. 10d., but kick at the odd, very odd balance of £493,639; and, knowing that I will kick at it, my Vestry proceed to inform me that "they have estimated that they will be called upon to pay £397,658 4s. 1d. towards expenditure over which they have no control." Again, I make no fuss about the "four and a penny," reserving my resentment for "the more than a third of a million." By an act of arithmetic (showing what rapid strides the School Board have been making) my Vestry come to the conclusion that there will be a balance under their control of £94,958 5s. 9d., which will go to pay "the deficiency of last year," and "Paving, lighting, cleansing, watering, and maintenance of roads, for local sewerage, sanitary expenses, &c." No doubt the "5s. 9d." will be exhausted by the "&c."

Having given a general idea of the situation, my Vestry are good enough to enter into particulars. They tell me that I must pay 3s. 7d. in the £ for a Poor Rate, which covers all sorts

of strange items, including "police, and county rates, and charges under London Equilisation of Rates Act," and 1s. 10d. for a General Rate. This latter takes 9½d. in the pound for "General Vestry Purposes," and over a shilling for "School Board Charges." Then, to make up my pleasant little "5s. 6d. in the pound," a penny is thrown in to defray the cost of the Local Sewers' Rate. I don't mind the penny so much. It would have been even welcome if it had come without its irritating five and fivepence. But, alas! it doesn't!

But my Vestry are sympathetic. They say "that they much regret the serious increase of threepence in the £ in the amount of rates for the year." They explain that it is owing "to the requirements of the L. C. C. and the School Board," which they pathetically add "were largely in excess of the amounts estimated." Then, as a sop to public opinion, they sternly insist that "under no circumstances whatever are the men of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade allowed to collect money." They show by this fierce announcement that although they have no control over the L. C. C. and the S. C., they can at least "larn" certain individuals what it is to be "men of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade."

And with this declaration of their rather imperfect independence, they bring their "important notice card" to what, under all the circumstances of the case, may be kindly called a spirited conclusion.

Now, my dear Mr. Punch, I do not believe that my worth is placed at too high a value by any one, but, for all that, I sign myself, with confidence,

AN OVER-RATED MAN.

Address—after Quarter Day—the Workhouse.

SPELL AS YOU PLEASE.

(By Our Cockney Correspondent.)

["Poor spellers will be rejoiced to know that an eminent British philologist, Professor EARLE, believes that the rules of spelling are a great and useless mental tyranny, and holds that literature and true education would be advanced by allowing every person to spell as he liked."—*Evening News*.]

WELL, it's bin a long time coming, but I knowed 'twould come at larst.

The larst bonds from the free neckses of the Britons 'as bin carst.

Britons never, never, never shall be slaves—to spellin'—more! As hemancipation's welcome, though it *might* ha' come afore. "Great and useless mental tyranny!" Perfessor EARLE, old chum,

You may be a filologist; at least, you're not a hum.

Rules o' spellin' is all rubbish, as all clever writers know.

Jest you twig a page o' CHAWSIR,—wich 'e scribbled long ago,—Or a pome of EDMUND SPENSER, and you'll find that neither chap

For wot Skool Boards call good spellin' cares a blessed single rap.

Wy should *we*, then? EARLE 'as 'it it, yus, in once, and no mistyke.

Let us all spell as we like, and let the *heaviest* cop the kyke!

Them "Three R.'s" 'as ruled us long enuff an' oughter 'ave the chuck,

Fussing 'erbout vees, aitches, and sech fair tongue-tanglin' muck.

Wot's the hodd's 'ow words is spelt so as you spell 'em as you choose,

Whether like CHAWSIR, SPENSER, WIKLIFFE, the *Fonetik Nuz*, Or a bloomin' Board Skool bounder wiv 'is harbitrary code?

I say jest "Go as you please, boys," and the spellin' book be blowed!

There is lots of college toppers, and fine lydies, I 'ave 'eard, As know Latin, Greek, and Frongsay, yet carnt *spell*. Now, that's absurd!

Wot the dickens *do* it matter, if you know yer wy 'erbout, Whether you spell hambition with an haspirate or without?

Wy, even good hold SHYKESPERE would ha' funk'd these Skool Bored days,

Seein' 'e spelt 'is grand old nyme a duzzen diffrent ways.

Yah! If you're nuts on libberty and littery ease,

Cry, "Bully for Perfessor EARLE and spellin' as yer please!"

Exam. Question for Tourists' Guide Paper.

MENTION distinction between an incendiary who sets light to a farmer's hay-stack and a passenger by the L. C. & D. line to a well-known sea-side resort? *Solution*.—The one goes to burn hay, and the other goes to Herne Bay.



"SPEED THE PARTING GUEST!"

*J. Bull, Hon. Artillery Company of London (to Brother Gunner of the Ancient and Hon. Artillery Company of Boston). 'AU REVOIR!
I HOPE YOU 'VE HAD A GOOD TIME IN THE OLD COUNTRY!"*

THE NEW CRICKET.

["The first and only principle of the game is that the players should do their best to win it, subject to a strict adherence to the letter, and, if you will, to the spirit of the rules."—Lord Cobham on Cricket.]

"Twixt letter and spirit there ever was strife;
The latter, we know, is the thing that
"gives life";
It certainly would do to cricket,
If, "stooping to conquer," the man with
a bat
Might stand on his head, stop the ball
with his hat,
Or purposely fall on his wicket.

And as for the man with the ball, why, of
course,
The new argument there has equivalent
force.

A trundler judiciously bowling
To give away runs, might send "no balls,"
and "wides,"
Until "Mr. Extras" outnumbered both
sides.

Then the game—as a farce—would be
howling!

Why not play in motley, with comical
masks?

Indeed, "The New Cricket" most cer-
tainly asks

Command, not of bowling, but features.
A good corner-man, with his face painted
black,
(To hide awkward blushes) would beat the
old "crack."

"C. C." would mean "Comical Crea-
tures!"

Mere "playing the game" is confoundedly
slow,

But playing the fool is so fetching, you
know!

And cricketing ought to mean clowning.
Just look at "the ring" when a match is
run close!

How every mouth clenches, how every eye
glows,

How brows are all knit as in frowning!

All silent, all eager, all watching "the
play"

As though 'twere a tragedy! Does that
sound gay?

It might suit top-hatted old "stodges,"
The MYNNS and the BELDHAMS, the NY-
ZENS and OLARKES.

What "modernity" wants now in cricket
is—larks.

And Jeremy Diddler-like dodges.

And who but serene university swells
Should set the example? What matter the
yells

Of the multitude—who may have wa-
gers?

No; let the "New Gentlemen" shape the
"New Cricket,"

And we shall have fun and low farce at
the wicket,

That well might astound mere Old
Stagers!

ENFIN!—The Deceased Wife's Sister
Marriage Bill passed third reading in the
Lords (and Ladies) by a majority of
thirty-eight last Friday. Bravo! This is
another feather in the plumage of that
Early Bird, the Not-to-be-Dun-raven, who
issues forth triumphantly with his bill in
his beak.



"SPARE A COPPER, LIDY?" "VERY SORRY, BUT HAVE ONLY SILVER IN MY PURSE."
"ALL RIGHT, LIDY. I CAN GIVE YOU CHANGE!"

VICE VERSÂ.

OUR strongest of Governments seems to be
doomed

To one of the saddest of fates.
The weight of their Measures was vaunt-
ingly boomed,
But now 'tis all Measures and—*Waits!*

A SHRIEK FROM THE SHIRES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Do you know what
we unhappy country people are now threat-
ened with? The plague has begun down
here near Bristol, in Gloucestershire and
Somerset, and will soon, unless checked,
spread everywhere. It is nothing less
than the *abolition of rural rambles!* For
who would care for a walk through fields if
he might not pick a primrose, or a black-
berry, or a cob-nut? Trespassers are to
be taken in hand by a brand-new co-
operative agency, which removes all trouble
in the matter from the farmer's shoulders,
and places threatening notices, all worded

the same, in every field. The old moss-
grown board about "trespassers will be
prosecuted," which nobody regarded as
serious, will be changed into a real rural
Board of Works! And half our rustic
pleasures will go by that board.

Whene'er we hunt the hazel-nut,
Or drag the brambles down
With blackberries ourselves to glut,
The fine is half-a-crown,

—or very likely twenty shillings and costs!
The youth who breaks hedges shall himself
be broken. Much as we all sympathise
with agriculture, this surely is not the way
to cure agricultural depression—it only
adds to ours. The real defect from which
farmers suffer is—too much (country) side!
Please order these new boards to be taken
down.

Yours appealingly,
INNOCUOUS STROLLER.

THE MOST POPULAR ASSOCIATION AT
STOCKBRIDGE.—The Buy-(straw)-berry
Club, members unlimited.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XVII.

Containing some intimate confidences from Mr. Jabberjee, with the explanation of such apparent indiscretion. Also some notes on the Academy.

BEFORE proceeding to set down sundry critical jots and tittles upon the Royal Academical Picture Exhibition of current season, I am about to whisper confidentially in the gentle ears of the sympathetic reader certain particulars relating to this humble ego of mine.

Since writing my latest contribution I have folded up my tent



"Unaccustomed to dark-complexioned gentlemen."

like an Arab, and silently moved away from Porticobello House, this independent hook being taken under the ostensible and colourable pretext of a medical opinion that the climate of Bayswater was operating injuriously upon my internal arrangements, but the real *causa causans* and *dessous des cartes* being a growing disinclination for the society of select male and female boarders.

Miss JESSIMINA was naturally bathed in tears at the announcement of my approaching departure, although I fondly sought to console her by assurances that my residence in Highbury, Islington, though beyond the radius and of inaccessible remoteness from Ladbroke Grove, should not obliterate her brilliant image from the cracked looking-glass of my heart, and that I would write to her with weekly regularity, and revisit the glimpses of her moony presence at the first convenient opportunity.

I do correspond with effusiveness and punctuality through the obliging medium of a young intimate Indian acquaintance of mine, who does actually reside at Highbury, and has kindly undertaken to forward my *billets doux*.

This stratagem is necessitated by the circumstance that (as a matter of fact) I am dwelling under a rose at Hereford Road, Westbourne Grove, which is in convenient proximity to Prince's Square and the stately home of the ALLBUTT-INNETT family, with whom I am now promoted to become the tame cat.

In Hereford Road I occupy garishly genteel first-floor front

and back apartments at rupees fifteen per week and the Lady of the Land has entreated me to kindly excuse the waiting-maid for jumping with diffidence whenever I pop upon her unpremeditatedly on the stairs, being a nervous girl and unaccustomed to dark-complexioned gentlemen—though, her own countenance, from superabundance of blacking and smuts, being of a far superior nigrITUDE, it is I myself who should be more justified in jumping.

However, she is already becoming the *habituée*, and seldom drops the crockery-ware now—except when I simper with too beaming a condescension.

Certain of my readers will perhaps hold up the hands of amazement at my imprudence in disclosing my whereabouts, and other private concerns, in the publicity of a popular periodical—but there is method in such madness; they do not take in *Punch* at Porticobello House, considering that one penny (or even the moiety of that sum) is more correct value for funny and comical illustrated journalism, while the ALLBUTT-INNETTS, although they see *Punch* weekly do not peruse the literary contents, especially in the season, when, as Mrs. A. I. frequently remarks, they are in such a constant whirl of social dissipation that they have absolutely no time for serious reading.

At first I was severely mortified that—so far as my acquaintances were concerned—these tittlings and jottings should be thus written with water, but I have since made the discovery that my cloud of disappointment is internally lined with precious silver.

Now I will proceed with the criticism of the Royal Academy, to which I lately escorted Miss WEE-WEE and her elegant Mamma. I shall not deny that I was pleased with the majority of the pictures, which are of a magnificent newness and brilliancy, and in frames gilded with a lavish superbitude. But, being many thousand in number, it is obviously beside the question that I am to mention each individually in praise or blame, and I can only single out a few—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*—and at the hazard of Hap.

There was a representation of the "*Besieged City of Mansoul*," apparently in India, and bombarded by Hon'ble BUNYAN in the Holy War, according to the index. Not being desirous of seeming the ignoramus in Miss WEE-WEE's eyes, I averred that I knew it well, and it was captured in the Indian Mutiny, where one of my relations had highly distinguished himself by his official fidelity to the Government.

In No. 3 Gallery there was a picture which Mrs. A. I. said we must not forget to look at, being one of the pictures of the year, and purchased by a request from the Court of Chancery. It was entitled "*The Man with the Scythe*," though by far the most conspicuous characters consisted of a woman and a small feminine child asleep in a chair. My companions agreed that the title was enigmatic, but Mrs. A. I. observed that the child was of a delicate appearance.

Another subject was called "*The Confession*," and presented an individual of a careworn and conscientious type cloaking his eyes with his fingers, while unfolding the harrowing tale of his misdemeanours to a very beautiful but sickish young lady, who was listening with a very proper expression of shocked and fascinated disapproval. But, with all humility, I would suggest that the interest of the picture would be greatly promoted by the Catalogue containing some more definite details of the sin which formed the head and front of his offending.

In No. 6 Gallery was a very fine portrait of a nun in the act of genuflection under a tree, with a good and bad angel in the background. Speaking for this poor self, I did consider the bad angel the more attractive in comeliness of the couple, though Miss WEE-WEE made a smiling reproach of my naughtiness in expressing such a preference.

The adjoining gallery contained a picture which Mrs. A. I. said we must be sure to remember to stop at, being the depiction of the funeral of RICHARD THE THIRD. However, she was of the opinion that for so lugubrious a subject it was not sufficiently sombre, as it was notorious that crimson was not correct Court mourning. Regarding Queen ANNE, I suspect that she has been considerably flattered by the painter, as I have always understood that she was elderly and of a puffy habit, and by no means as pretty as paint. But the painter was probably of the gallant opinion that *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

I was greatly entertained by a picture called "*Alone*," which showed a senile gentleman of rather greedy disposition, who had stolen slyly back with some dogs at the conclusion of a banquet for the purpose of finishing up the leavings, &c.

Also I noticed a curious painting of a youthful connubial couple, who had been, very imprudently, occupying themselves

in blowing large bubbles from a small kind of open boat during a tempest. This was shortly called "*Whither?*" Now *Davus sum, non Œdipus* (if I have employed this particular classical quotation *supra*, its adaptability and universal popularity with scholars must excuse me), but to such a question—the party being totally deficient in oars and sails, and the vessel being further impeded by nude characters of both sexes who were endeavouring to upset it—the answer must infallibly be: To DAVY JONES'S locker!

Another equally fanciful subject was the delineation of a mermaid at the bottom of the sea, who was serving several fishes with drink out of a shell. Now it is indubitably the case that a fish is used as a synonym for a thirsty—but surely it is opposed to common sense to suppose that creatures who are naturally surrounded by unlimited liquid should be under the necessity to sip such refreshment from a shell!

As Mrs. ALLBUTT-INNETT remarked, and I had the honour to concur, it is pitiable that artists should select such impossible subjects as the two above-mentioned, and should take so little pains to observe Nature!

But in one particular I can cordially commend the conduct of the Academy at this Exhibition—they have generously withdrawn their clause insisting upon the deposit of all sticks, umbrellas, *et hoc genus omne*.

This is Enlightenment and real Artistic Progress, and I will venture confidently to predict that it will increase their receipt of custom.

A FLY ON THE WHEEL.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Interviewer.)

"AND how about the railway race to John o' Groats?" I said, as I introduced myself to the cheery skipper of the Starboard route, and fell unasked into his favourite arm-chair.

"Race?" he answered, "what race? Know nothing of any race on our line. Tell me all about it."

"There is a popular impression," I replied, "that you and the Larboard line propose to resume your go-as-you-please contest. That, no doubt, is false. But you will admit that last season your John o' Groats Through Scorcher was getting a little previous in its arrival."

"A faint rumour of this scandal did indeed reach me," he admitted. "But, in the first place, it is not true that we ever raced; and, in the second place, the Larboard began it. We aimed simply to reach the irreducible medium of friction, and to perfect our system of punctuation. We have arranged this year to have only one full stop, and that at the end. For the rest, there will be but two commas and a semicolon."

"Race or no race," I said, "may I ask whether you are conscious of an irresistible public feeling in favour of being turned out on a hard Gaelic platform three-and-a-half hours before breakfast-time?"

"You would never believe," he replied, "how strong a sporting instinct lies latent in the breast of the British passenger. Among busy men who cannot get away from town for more than one consecutive day, there is a growing demand for an hour or two with the grouse at John o' Groats. It is for these that we hope to cater. In the old system, the morning up-train was timed to leave the north long before the arrival of the down. By a careful economy of time, and a more free use of the finer varieties of train-oil, we expect to obtain so handsome a margin on the right side, that a keen sportsman, leaving London the night before, may walk over a moderately-sized moor on the extreme confines of the Highlands, bag a brace or so before the birds are really awake, and get back to town in time to eat them at dinner in the very bosom of his family. And all within twenty-four hours."

"But your locomotives," I interrupted, "will they not suffer from what I may perhaps call the prolonged strain of this *Sturm und Drang*?"

"On the contrary," he answered; "we shall have fresh relays posted along the route. The same machinery—a sort of glorified mail-catcher—that picks the old engine off the line will drop a brand new one in its place. We hope, also, to obviate the difficulty of refreshments in the following way. By an ingenious arrangement of troughs (the Larboard, I may say, will have nothing like it) our passengers will be enabled to lap up buns and things while the train still urges on its unbridled career. A member of our personnel will be present to check off the amount consumed."

"Then, again, we have the advantage in point of gradients."



"Country Barber (affably, to total stranger). "VERY TRYIN' WEATHER THIS SIR. MAKES YOU FEEL AS IF YOU'D LIKE YOUR BODY IN A POND, AN' YOUR 'EAD IN A PUBLIC-HOUSE!"

None of ours so much as approach the perpendicular. I may tell you, in confidence, that a rise of even two feet in three is a strain upon the most willing of locomotives, even when followed only by a second locomotive, two tenders, and a go-cart, the best possible combination for an ideal train."

"If," I said, "you will pardon a suggestion from a mere layman, it has often seemed to me that needless friction is caused by allowing the wheels to come in contact with the metals. Would it not be feasible to ignore the rails altogether, or only bring the train to ground occasionally for the purpose of correcting any lateral aberration?"

"You may be sure," he affably replied, "that this happy idea of yours has not escaped our consideration. By another season we hope to have made experiments in that direction as well as in the use of pneumatic tyres for minimising the shock of these intermittent descents. At present we are engaged over another problem, namely, the best method of dealing with the signalman of the Auld Lights Junction, where the Starboard and Larboard routes converge. It will be within your memory, that one night last year he ran us heavily into a siding while he put the others through. He may or may not have had a trifle on the result. We are anxious, however, not to dispense altogether with signals, as they give employment to a deserving class, and are a popular source of confidence."

"But," he added, courteously, "you must be greatly pressed for time in your profession. I have already detained you too long. Good day."

Not quite, but Something Like it.

Miss Longtooth. I'm so delighted, dear, that the American Artillerymen have come over to England.

Mrs. Quiverly. Why, love?

Miss L. (giggling). Because everyone knows that the Bostonians make the best "hubs" in the world.



SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN (IF POSSIBLE).

Hostess (bringing up the rear with the Duke of Whortlebury). "IT SEEMS A PITY THAT A YOUNG MAN LIKE YOU SHOULD HAVE TO GO DOWN TO DINNER WITH AN OLD WOMAN LIKE ME!"

His Grace. "IT'S ONE OF THE PENALTIES OF HIGH RANK, YOU KNOW!"

HOLIDAY THEORY—AND PRACTICE.

[Dr. LOUIS ROBINSON, writing on "The Science of Change of Air" in the *National Review*, says that the reason why a holiday change does so much good is because man is naturally a nomad, and still keeps up the wandering instincts of his hunting ancestors.]

Quite agree with Dr. ROBINSON. In fact, he seems to have taken my ideas—and without acknowledgment, too! Perhaps due to my never having told anybody about them.

Feel very nomadic to-day. Suggest

Margate to family. Family also nomadic, it seems. Only, why Margate? they ask. Why not some new place—say the Black Forest in Germany. Ah! A forest! Primeval instinct cropping up again. Family unconsciously reproducing passion of arboreal ancestors for tree-climbing. Very interesting. Must write to Dr. ROBINSON about it. Striking confirmation of his theory—or my theory, rather.

Black Forest abandoned—too dear. Then whither? Everybody suggests a different place. Excellent! What could be more nomadic than that? Family,

however, must depart from primitive precedent and all go away together, I fear. Expensive to divide forces. Jolly for nomad ancestors not to have to think of expense. Wonder if, when they changed woods, they paid nuts to a new monkey-landlord? Must ask Dr. ROBINSON what he thinks about it. But isn't what I think equally important? Certainly.

Thought it would be Margate, after all! Old hunting instincts come out wonderfully during search for lodgings. Charges high—perhaps due to elevation at which lodging-house-keepers' ancestors lived. Our landlady delightfully primitive and nomadic—shown by her instinct for appropriating bits of our joints. Evidently her ancestors had flocks and herds of their own. Now she lives on other people's flocks and herds. Must mention her case to Dr ROBINSON—if I write to him.

Fancy I am more nomadic than rest of my family. Feel a craving for Boulogne; and why not Paris? Off by *La Marguerite*. Didn't know how strong instinct was before. Jolly casino at Boulogne—"petits chevaux," too! Must have had very sporting ancestors! Probably they gambled for nuts on tree-tops, because—there goes my last five-franc piece!

Up a tree—more nomadic than ever! Hang Dr. ROBINSON. Why does he start these absurd theories? Pawn watch, and so back. What an ape I have made of myself!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Jilted Etonian becomes amorous once more at the Eton and Harrow Cricket Match.

A VERY long, long time ago—
How long it is I scarcely know—
I met you on a coach at Lord's.
You told me that you'd never seen
A sight so splendid, as this green
Surrounded by such joyous hordes
Of fashionable folk. And you
Were fairest blossom—true light blue—
"Forget-me-not!" was your adieu!

The years rolled on, our ways apart.
I kept the farewell of your heart
Among the things to be redeemed.
Again we met, no longer boy,
I saw you Fashion's latest toy,
And not the girl of whom I dreamed.
But still you wore dear Eton blue,
Though in the scene no longer new.
Forgotten was your first adieu.

And now to-day by that same flag
I see you on the self same drag—
Not younger than you were before.
But always, as you were to me
In that first year—'twas something-three—
Why fix a date, for you and me,
When Time is running up our score?
Life's chances may be very few,
Then why not that sweet vow renew?
You are forgiven—but what's that blue?
Harrovian! Perjured maid! Adieu!

WEATHER STATEMENT.—The heat has been so great that we are informed (on excellent authority) that the 'bus-drivers all over London have been enabled to light their pipes on their own boxes.

A SLEDMERE SONNET.

MATRIMONIAL cares oft are wove in a mesh,
Sir TATTON with Wedlock is shot by *La Flèche*.

A WORD TO THE Y.'s AT HENLEY.—Try again; you will be Yale-fellow, well met!



“JOHNNY GILPIN !”

(MARKIS OF S-I-SB-RY

. . . John Gilpin.)

“THE HORSE WHO NEVER IN THAT SORT
HAD HANDLED BEEN BEFORE,

WHAT THING UPON HIS BACK HE'D GOT
DID WONDER MORE AND MORE.”



A SPARE MOMENT IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Right Hon. J-s-ph Ch-mb-rl-n. "YES; NO DOUBT WE ARE VERY MUCH ALIKE. HE WANTED ONLY THE EYEGLASS!"

HINTS ANENT THE A. H. A. C. OF BOSTON.

(At the Service of those who take down Ladies to Dinner.)

For Maiden just out.—Yes, sweetly pretty uniform. Dark blue tunic with light blue overalls. Picturesque kept. Perhaps they are a little elderly, as they belong to the Veteran Company. Most of them family men. Or at least, have cousins and aunts. Certainly are accompanied by their women folk. Don't know much about them personally, but read an exhaustive description of them in the *Daily Telegraph*.

For Maiden very much out.—Most interesting. Recruited from the best families in America. No doubt plenty of millionaires amongst them. Fancy some of them went over to the United States originally in the *Mayflower*. From this take it that they will be glad to get back and settle at home.

For Wife of a Political Economist.—Ought to do a great deal of good. Create friendly feeling between the two branches of the English-speaking race. Most satisfactory that the expense is not thrown upon the rates. Not certain, however, that ratepayers belonging to the H. A. C. of London will agree with me.

For Wife of a Poet.—Charming idea altogether. Certainly a subject for LONGFELLOW, or the only Englishman worthy to wear his mantle. Quite a pity if the idea is anticipated by the Poet Laureate. Should be more popular than *Miles Standish*. Very touching, the *rapprochement* of the old and the new. "Rule, Britannia," and "Hail, Columbia"; but it is on this occasion that Britannia is the hailing party. Of course this is only the rough idea, but in capable hands the theme might be worked up into something tremendous.

For Widow of a General Officer.—Yes, a fine body of men. But discipline apparently slightly slack. The idea of the rank and file electing their officers, preposterous. Quite true the British army would never have been the British army if its generals had been made in that fashion. Still, the force must be meritorious because HER MAJESTY received them at Windsor.

For sensible Lady of average abilities.—Truth to say, have never seen them. Believe they are quite as interesting as any other body of citizens of the United States. Seem to be more

or less a club. Well, lots of good clubs everywhere. Inclusive of the House of Commons. Quite as good a subject of conversation as the opera, or the Royal Academy, or Hurlingham, or Henley, or Goodwood. Perhaps even better, for during the next nine days (while their visit remains a wonder) the topic will be fresher!

THE MEETING OF THE (HARROGATE) WATERS.

A Tribute from One who has tried them.

AIR—MOORE'S "Meeting of the Waters."

THERE is not in old England a high land so sweet
As that plain where the Eighty (or more) Waters meet,
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the good that they did me shall fade from my heart.

I went there a wreck, with my liver all wrong,
And I left, in six weeks, feeling jolly and strong;
And whenever I'm chippy I mean to go back
To the Old Sulphur Well and the guidance of BLACK.

Don't tell me of Homburg and Aix-la-Chapelle!
The waters of Schwalbach are all very well;
But on good Yorkshire soil I salvation have found,
And Harrogate suits me right down to the ground.

Oh SLINGSBY of Knaresbro'! there's many a saint
Whose halo seems dim and whose memory grows faint;
Who to canonisation had not as much right
As you, first spring-finder, and "eminent knight."

When you dropped—happy hour!—on that old Tewit Well—
(Led, no doubt, by the nose, for those waters will smell)—
That chance treasure-trove did more good to the rice
Than the quarry of which you were doubtless in chase.

Then they cleared off the Hewra-gate forest, and found
That Hygeia in Harrogate dwelt—underground;
And there the dear goddess resides to this day,
Within hail of the Bog-Field, and sight of the Stray.

And there the (medicinal) waters meet still;
Coming goodness knows whence, threading grit-moor and hill,
And bright bubbling up through the grey and the green
In founts more health-giving than old Hippocrene.

There Sulphate, and Chloride, and Carbonate come,
With Ferruginous friend, and Chalybeate chum,
Whom a modern and myth-making Muse well might sing
As nymphs of the fountain and sprites of the spring.

But chemists have killed all our poesy out,
And Sodium Sulphydrate leaves fancy in doubt.
One would gladly indulge dithyrambical games,
Had they pleasanter odours, and prettier names.

But the strong sulphur water of Harrogate—pheugh!!!
You can't call it sweet, if you care to be true.
A pint before breakfast, all hot from the spring,
Does not, at the moment, tempt poets to sing.

Yet Hylas—if "livery"—surely would find
These nymphs, if less sweet and seductive, more kind
Than those of Ionia, who stayed the boy's breath;
For Harrogate's naiads give life and not death.

And that's why with lyrical fervour I greet
That sulphurous spot where the bright waters meet.
And why at the "Crown" in the Maytime I'd dwell,
Within easy reach of the Old Sulphur Well.

Yet it is not that Nature has favoured the Stray,
That niggers there sing, and that minstrels there play;
'Tis not yon *soprano* so strident and shrill,
Oh no—it is something more exquisite still!

'Tis that ROOSE, BLACK, and Sulphur, a trio most dear,
Restored me to health when I felt precious queer.
And I know how the best charms of Nature seem lost
When my mirror reflects me a face like a ghost.

Sweet region of Sulphur! How calmly I rest
Since I drank of the waters which meet in thy breast.
My gratitude, Harrogate, never shall cease,
Since my gout seems all gone and my liver's at peace.



HONEY-MOONINGS.

Angelina. "AND HAVE YOU BEEN THINKING OF ME WHEN YOU WERE AWAY?"

Edwin. "YES, DEAREST. I WAS THINKING ABOUT YOU SO, ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK YESTERDAY AFTERNOON!"

Angelina. "HOW SWEET OF YOU, DARLING! DO TELL ME HOW AND WHAT YOU THOUGHT!"

Edwin. "WELL, MY OWN ONE, I THOUGHT HOW FOND YOU WERE OF LOBSTERS—AND—AND I HAD ONE!"

A BIRTHDAY CARD.

Punch to a G. E. M. of purest ray serene.

[Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN was sixty on July 8.]

THREE score, my dear JOSEPH! Dear me, you don't say!

So chirpy you look, and so youthful! Well, here's "Many Happy Returns of the Day."

With heartiness earnest and truthful! Three score! Well, you've scored all the way, my dear boy;

Like GRACE, you're a stunner at scoring.

A long not-out innings *Punch* hopes you'll enjoy (Although the Boer bowling is—boring).

You're growing a G. O. M., too, bit by bit.

Time brings the best rider a cropper. May you ne'er by your brethren be left in the pit,

And never play "Joe in the Copper."

We won't call you "Old Joe," you don't look the part, Though you "kick up before and behind," too.

You'll yet, I've no doubt, play with excellent art,

Jeune Premier—when you've a mind to. Meanwhile, oh, you Grandest of *Elderly* Men,

You honour to Britain and Brummagem, May you shine as clean-cut up to eighty, and then

E'en to envious foes, you'll become a G. E. M.!

NOT INDICTABLE FOR PERJURY.—A visitor to St. James's Hall may safely swear that White is black.

TENNANTS FOR LIFE.—The Member for Berwickshire and the Lady Inspector of Factories.

LIGHT LITERATURE.—Books read in bed by night.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Aida, with the dotlets on her one "i," failed to draw the people away from such outside shows as Henley (just clearing off), the Indian Exhibition, *où l'on dîne*, the Crystal Palace Gardens, the terrace of the Star and Garter, Richmond, and, indeed, from any other place where one can remain out of doors on a tropical summer night and breathe as much of the balmy as is to be obtained by Londoners of moderate means and healthy aspirations. VERDI's Egyptian pickle opera appropriate to season, but season not satisfactory to light tenor, very light tenor, LUGIGNANI by name, who came out as *Radames*. EDWARD DE RESZKE fine as *Ramfis*, or "Rum phiz," on account of his "make-up." ANCONA was fiercely barbaric as *Amonasro*, and Signor ARIMONDI, in English 'ARRY MUNDY, a good king, which it is ever difficult to be. POOR MAGGIE MACINTYRE, as *Aida*, conscientiously made up to represent a character in Egyptian pottery of the period, "looked the part," that is, if *Aida* was intended to look like that: but the part itself does not suit her. Madame MANTELLI came out vocally and dramatically strong. No opera perfect without Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, and here she is as "*Una Sacerdotessa*," probably the happy wife of some still happier Egyptian curate. Beaming BEVIGNANI never worked harder to achieve success, and succeeded. On Tuesday, July 14, appear again JOHNNIE and NEDDY DE RESZKE. Then they're off, and are "heard no more" (SHAKESPEARE) this season. *Sic transit*.

After Henley.

WELL rowed from start to finish, oh, ye gallant youths of Yale! With such brave bid for victory 'tis no disgrace to fail. There was a time when Britons felt hope flopping down to zero. If the winners were "Leanders," sure each loser was a "Hero."

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.—Fancy "Twenty Brass Bands," all in full blow, competing for a prize at the Agricultural Hall. This was announced for last Saturday, and the struggle for life continues till Tuesday, July 21. On a very hot day get a ticket for the windy side of London.

WHEEL AND WOE.—A Brooklyn inventor has patented a cycle-hearse.

A PERSON WHO NEVER EARNS HIS DAILY BREAD.—The Loafer.

ITALIAN POULTRY.—Some of the tough bipeds imported from King HUMBERT's kingdom to this country are believed to be the results of the lays of ancient Rome.

ONE WHO NATURALLY OBJECTS TO FIRE BRIGADES.—BURNS, M.P.

CRY OF THE TRAVELLING SMOKER.—*En briar root!*

OUR NO-BALL GAME!

(Cons for Cambridge Cricketers.)

Question. When is a ball not a ball?

Answer. When it is a "no ball"!

Q. What is the narrowest possible win?

A. A win by a wilful "wide."

Q. What is the difference between the letter and the spirit of the laws of sportsmanlike cricket?

A. A "wide" difference!

Q. What American novel is likely to be popular with Light Blue Cricketers?

A. "The Wide, Wide Whirled!"

Q. What is the Light Blue version of the celebrated True Blue couplet?

A. "Let good old cricket laws and customs die, But leave us still our new no-ball-ity!"

HORTICULTURAL INFORMATION.—The antithesis to the fir-cone is the pine-apple.

THE GOD OF EGYPTIAN SPECULATORS.—Jupiter Mammon.



A NICE POINT.

The Lady Erymtrude. "WELL, I CERTAINLY DO NOT INTEND TO GO ANOTHER YARD!"

The Lady Dorothea. "AND I CERTAINLY INTEND TO GO ON!"

The Ladies E. and D. (together). "WHICH DO YOU INTEND TO DO, MAJOR?"

[*The Major (an accepted authority on etiquette) hasn't the faintest idea.*]

SHABBY IN OUR "BABBY."

(*The Average Briton to Mr. Balfour.*)

OH! BALFOUR, you are brave and smart
(Though self-dubbed a mere babby);
But meanness grieves the Briton's heart,
And gives the laugh to LABBY.
There's scarce a Briton in the land
But feels your reasoning flabby.
To make poor India pay a part
Of rich BULL's debts is—shabby!

Your argument seems little worth,
'Twas thus we lost the Yankee!
The policy of the chill (Lord) NORTH
Won't suit our East,—no, thankee!
JOHN BULL has blundered in his time,
Been greedy, grasping, grabby;
But blunder bumbles into crime
When 'tis unjust—and shabby.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 6.—Pretty to see DON JOSE on Treasury Bench just now whilst his esteemed colleague, GEORGIE HAMILTON, was tracing all the sorrows of the Soudan back to action of Cabinet in 1880—85. In those far-off days our Colonial Secretary was a leading spirit in the Cabinet of Mr. G. A Government—so G. H. described it—responsible for the necessity, year after year, of sending large expeditions to the Soudan, leading to nothing but profitless bloodshed, involving heavy burden alike on Egyptian and British taxpayer. Fortunately, at this moment, DON JOSE was fast asleep; arms folded over tranquil

breast; faint smile hovering over gently closed lips.

"Hush!" said SARK, when I nudged him, pointing, as did JOHN MORLEY a little later with more emphatic gesture, to propinquity of the Ministers. "You know that pretty legend which explains the cause of a babe sometimes smiling in its sleep? 'The angels are talking to it' they say. I think the angels are talking to DON JOSE."

Perhaps they were. All we heard was GEORGIE HAMILTON uplifting his voice in denunciation of the Cabinet of 1880—85. And that, SARK admits, is quite another thing.

JOHN MORLEY, when he spoke, fitted the cap on heads of DON JOSE and the statesman who at the time alluded to was Marquis of HARTINGTON, specially responsible as Secretary of State for War for operations in the Soudan. Duke of DEVONSHIRE, in accordance with his genial habit, came in too late to hear this passage. Was in his place over clock a quarter of an hour later, in time to hear ghosts of his former self summoned from vasty deep of blue books to confront his present colleagues, and condemn their action in charging India with cost of troops recruited for the Soudan. No one looking at impassive face surveying House from seat in gallery immediately over the clock would imagine that its owner had remotest interest in personage whose written words were cited and commented upon. The House, its interest quickened by presence of the Duke whilst the Marquis was quoted, pricked up its ears.

His Grace, after listening for a while, became unaffectedly bored. He yawned

whenever JOHN MORLEY, mentioning "Lord HARTINGTON," proceeded to quote from his speeches or despatches. Soon his head drooped on right shoulder. Convenient to his elbow was division of bench between Peers' Gallery and that set apart for Foreign Ministers. As J. M. continued, the Duke laid his head on his hand, and in full view of crowded House he slept—slept so soundly, that; unlike his colleague on Treasury Bench, he was undisturbed by problematical visits from the angels. If on sultry July night House of Commons cared to know what the Marquis of HARTINGTON thirteen years ago said about wisdom and equity of charging on Indian revenue expenses of Indian troops serving abroad, they might stay awake and listen. As for the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, he publicly fell asleep.

Business done.—Attempt to relieve India from Soudan war charges defeated by majority of 85 in House of 465.

Tuesday.—The Right Hon. JEMMY LOWTHER came down to-day in high spirits. Budget Bill in Committee; LLOYD-GEORGE had put down amendment exempting from duty tea grown in any part of HER MAJESTY'S dominions. Here was a rift of sunlight in a long sullen sky. If it was not Protection it was, as oratorical Member once said, opening the door to the thin end of the wedge. JEMMY not the man to miss an opportunity. He would put his shoulder to the door and help to drive the wedge further in.

It proved a night of disappointment. First of all, enough to break spirit of ordinary man, LLOYD-GEORGE proposed to withdraw his amendment. There, at least, JEMMY had the whip hand, and used it.

Did Committee suppose that having prepared lecture nearly an hour long, taking as text particular amendment on the paper, that because amendment not moved his speech would not be made? If he might not deliver it on amendment being moved, he would set forth every word of it on motion for leave not to move amendment.

In this effort grievously hampered by action of kinsman in the Chair. Time was when the LOWTHERS all hung together—at least, as many of them as were caught by gentry in whose cattle they had taken a personal interest. Now, J. W. LOWTHER, in Chair of Committee of Ways and Means, from time to time interrupted speech of J. LOWTHER, standing at corner of bench below Gangway, and insisted he should confine his remarks to certain narrow line. JEMMY, in the largeness of his heart and fulness of his knowledge, wanted to range all over the tea table. J. W. said he must strictly confine his attention to his own particular cup of tea. Ribald House uproariously laughed when from time to time the LOWTHER in the chair solemnly rose and in gravest voice called to order the LOWTHER below the Gangway.

JEMMY an old Parliamentary hand; knows all the ropes; intimately acquainted with procedure. Finding one hole stopped, the old fox got away in another direction. Sight of COURTNEY reminded him of Cobden Club dinner. Cobden Club suggested Free Trade. Why not discuss speeches at Cobden Club dinner? Hardly started when Chairman up again. More hilarious laughter on benches opposite. JEMMY harked back to tea; had scarcely stirred his first cup when Chairman down on him again. By this time had nearly got through his notes; so with indignant

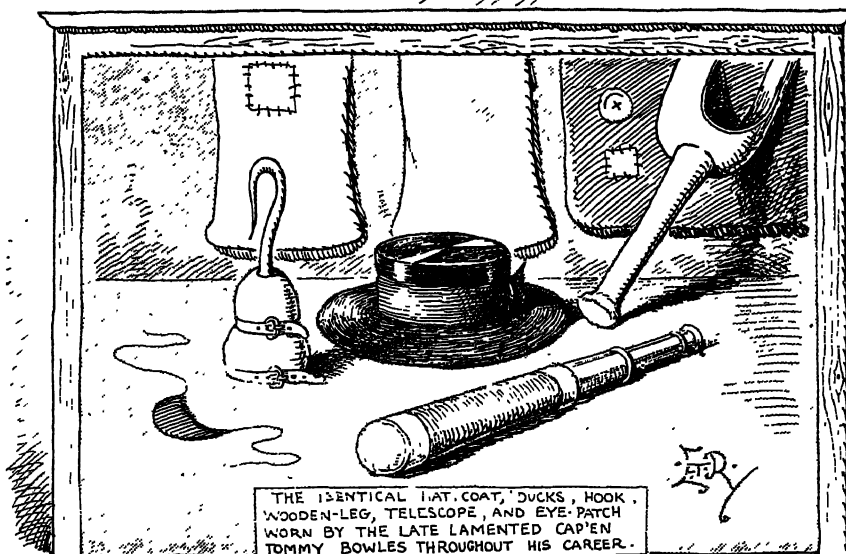


Tied to Tea!
(Mr. Jemmy Lowther.)

fling at rules of debate that "would not permit him to approach question fair and square," he finally sat down.

Business done.—Budget Bill discussed.

Thursday.—Budget Bill again; talk of all-night sitting, but with thermometer at 82 in shade doubt whether the thing will work. With exception of coolness suddenly sprung up between SQUIRE OF MAL-



"Objects of National and Historic Interest!"
(Exempt from Duty.)

WOOD and his sometimes faithful follower, DR. WALLACE, the only cool thing in view from the SPEAKER'S Chair is the CAPTAIN. He has shipped his ducks; slewed on coat of cool grey; rigged a fan from the hal-yards of the bent spar that serves him for a right fist; whilst others fume and fret in tropical heat, he, in the very wantonness of luxury, pulls his trowser well up the length of his wooden leg, and smiles at the Chairman of Ways and Means.

The CAPTAIN, whose knowledge of finance is extensive and peculiar, has taken active part in debate on Budget now drawing to its close. On Clause 16, which exempts from estate duty works of art which appear to the Treasury to be of scientific interest, he posed Committee with suggestion that laid bare weakness of clause. His old comrade, who used to rank as PRIVATE HANBURY, now represents Treasury in House of Commons.

"Fancy," said the CAPTAIN, waving his hook in dangerous proximity over head of Secretary to Treasury reclining on bench below, "my hon. friend here having to decide whether or not my portrait is of historic interest!" Committee affected to laugh, but the seriousness of the position was not to be disposed of by sniggering over it.

Business done.—Budget Bill through Committee.

House of Lords, Friday.—Deceased Wife's Sister Bill down for third reading. (SARK says he never heard of a deceased wife's sister named BILL. But they don't know everything down in the Channel Islands.) House crowded in anticipation of lively debate and critical division. Bishops in abundance. The McCULLUM MORE not been here lately. Comes down to-night, and to audible delight of bishops fulminates against proposal. An eloquent speech, but confess I never see his Grace now without thinking of what an Oban innkeeper said to me when I was last autumn in those parts waiting for the express to the South.

"The Duke of ARGYLL," he said, "is in a verri deeficult poseetion, whatever. His pride of intellect will no let him associate with men of his ain birth, and his pride of birth will no let him associate with men of his ain intellect."

Business done.—Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister Bill read a third time by majority of 38.

COMMON OR GARDEN RHYMES.

FLOWER AND WEED.

By my side in a shady garden bower
I have all that a man can need—
The last new book, and a sweet fresh flower
(Which are both "just out"), and a weed.

My book lies idly upon my knee,
And I hardly pretend to read,
For the flower is all I care to see—
Though I also love the weed.

If to burn and be burnt be the heart's desire,
Then mine is fulfilled indeed;
For the flower sets all my heart on fire,
While I—set fire to the weed!

And "Dick, you old chimney, that's
number three!"

I hear, yet I do not heed;
But I smile at the flower that smiles at
me

Through the smoke of the burning weed.
So I while the summer hours away,
From all worry and trouble freed,
And the only boon from the Fates I pray
Is—"Give me flower and weed!"

For it's my belief that a garden nook—
Most certain of all true creeds—
Is the place where flowers their sweetest
look,

And the place for burning weeds!

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL.—In playing *The Liar*, Mr. BOURCHIER seems to have struck the right note. *The Liar* is to go into the evening bill, and then Mr. BOURCHIER will, we hope, "Foote it" to a pretty tune.

BEFORE MR. JUSTICE DAY.—Wonderful how clear the most misty case becomes when Day-light is let in on it.

THE CONSTANT MEAL OF ILL-ASSORTED COUPLES.—Tiffin.



MELTING MOMENTS.

(Temperature 95° in the Shade.)

Friend. "HOW DOES THIS WEATHER SUIT YOU, OLD CHAP?"
Bankrupt Proprietor. "OH, DOWN TO THE GROUND! YOU SEE, I'M
IN LIQUIDATION!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW.

(Concluded.)

WELL, there was no blinking the fact. HARRY was married, and loud were the lamentations and indignant the snortings of all his tribe of aunts when the news pervaded to their ears. Now at last, they declared, the boy was ruined: all his previous escapades were merely the conventional sowing of wild oats, from which a youth of his gifts, spirit and lineage might have been expected to reap an abundant crop of success. But this marriage was too terrible. HARRY might have allied himself to rank and wealth, for a lad of his looks and family could have aspired to any alliance outside the circle of royalty—but a tenant farmer's daughter! No, the boy had made himself impossible, and henceforth—so they affirmed in effect—they were no aunts of his.

HARRY took the ostracism decreed against him by his aunts with perfect calmness. The old cats, he said, had never done anything for him, and he didn't care two winks of a sparrow's left eye-lid what they thought of his actions. If they didn't care for his missus they would just have to lump it, and after all, she could give the whole lot of them a hundred-weight and a beating for looks and manners, and that was all he was going to trouble his head about. So HARRY was codicilled out of several wills, and accepted, with his wife, an invitation from my wife to stay with us for a week or so while they looked out for nice cheap lodgings in a quiet part of the town, and settled what they were to do for a living. For ALICE, I must say, behaved like an angel to her brother. "I will never give HARRY up, no, never," were her words. "If he were to commit a murder I would hide him, and now that he has really done a fine action, as well as a sensible one, I mean to stand by him

more than ever. That girl will be the making of him, you'll see if I'm not right. All he wants is a feeling of responsibility, a sense that someone depends upon him, and who could give him that better than a wife? You know how often you've said yourself that you could never have got on without me, though I'm sure I know little enough of your horrid old law-books, or your stupid cases—and I'm sure it'll be just the same with HARRY, if we can only get him started. And with your influence you must be able to get him something." Thus did the wife of my bosom address winged words to me, and hence it came that we shortly afterwards received the visit of the young couple.

AND NOW, as Mr. RIDER HAGGARD says, a strange thing happened. I must confess that I had looked forward with some apprehension to my first meeting with Mrs. HARRY, and my wife—though she would have gone to the stake, or suffered herself to be torn with red-hot pincers rather than admit it—was not without her share of nervousness. For after all, when a young man has never in his life deviated into a wise action, one is not inclined to credit him with any special discernment in so momentous a matter as the choice of a wife. And somehow or other, the idea associated in my mind with a farmer's daughter was of a clumsy, heavy, buxom, blooming, and not too refined girl. But the reality was totally different. In place of the common displeasing vision we had conjured up we saw a modest, charming, and extremely pretty girl, dressed simply, but with perfect taste, and of a style of address and manners that would have fitted her to take her place in any society. After she had been with us for half an hour I was won over to her side for good and all, and my wife, as she embraced her for about the eighth time, cast a triumphant look at me, as much as to say, "didn't I tell you so all along, and will you ever dare to doubt my foresight again, and aren't you really rather foolish ever to have thought ESTHER would be anything but delightful?"

As for HARRY, he was fonder of his wife and prouder of his own cleverness in having captured her than I could have conceived it possible for so giddy and thoughtless a young man. "Look here, old man," he said to me, with considerable solemnity, "of course I know I've played the fool all my life, but that's over now. I'm going to buckle to like beans, you see if I don't. Something must turn up, and whatever it is I'll take it, and ESTHER will help me, bless her heart, right through. You don't know what ideas that girl has got, she's full of 'em. Why, I'm a baby to her." Never was praise better deserved, for certainly ESTHER was as practical as she was pretty and fascinating, and her quiet influence began to have an extraordinary effect on HARRY in curbing his extravagances, and reducing his ideas to the level of his means.

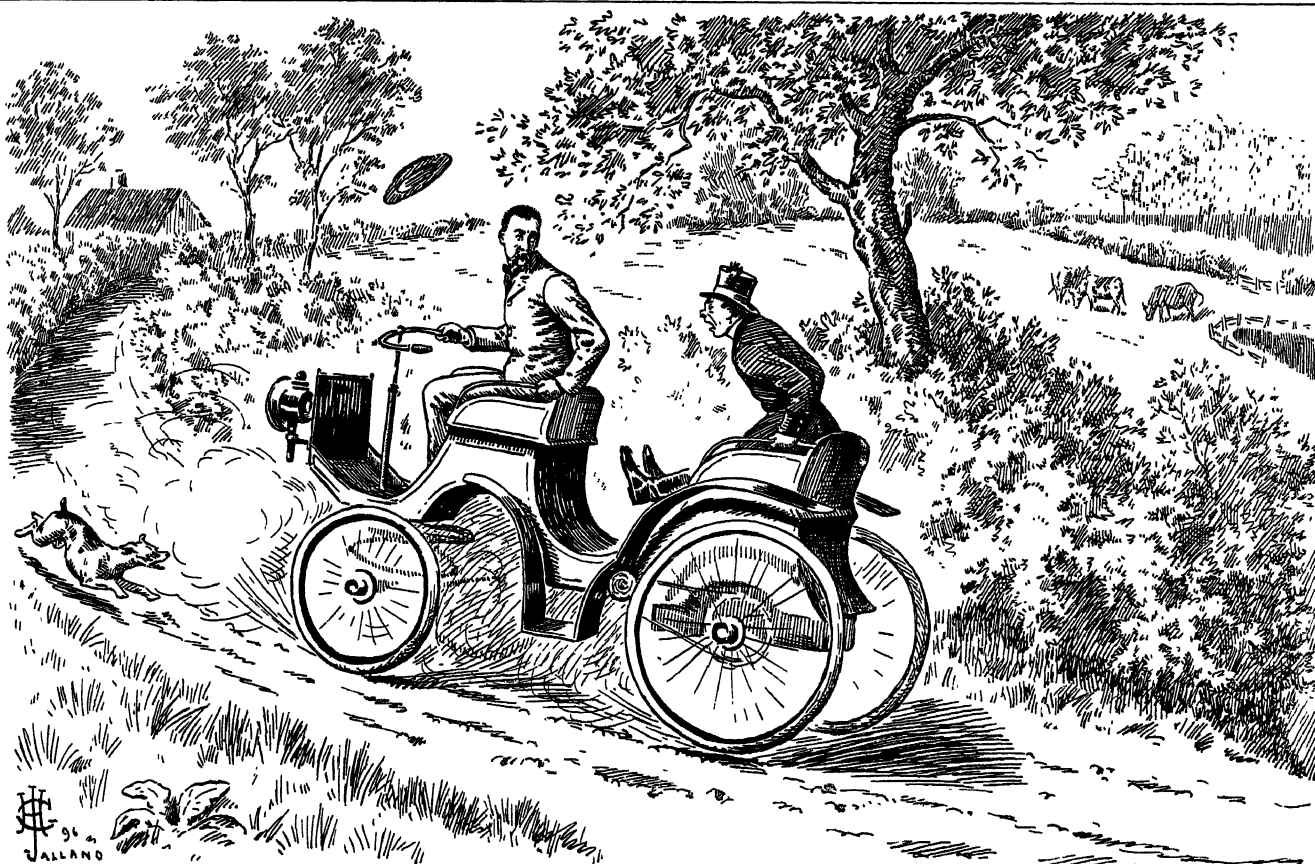
I AM sorry to have to end this little story in a happy way—but truth compels. The secretaryship of the Bucephalus Club fell vacant about this time, and the Committee of that great institution were inundated with applications for the post. It had been my good fortune on one occasion to be able to render a considerable service to the Bucephalus, and for some years I had had a place on the Committee. I took up HARRY as my candidate, worked for him, canvassed for him, wrote letters on his behalf, and, in the result, secured his triumphant election. The defeated minority hinted darkly at a job, but HARRY has justified me and his other supporters. No better club secretary exists. He is punctual, courteous, and a model of secretarial industry, and, further than that, I don't suppose there is a happier couple in London than HARRY and ESTHER. Their wants are moderate and their means are sufficient. I do not wish it to be inferred that I recommend everybody to get a seemingly ne'er-do-well brother-in-law married to the daughter of a tenant-farmer. All I can say is, that in this particular case the experiment has been an unqualified success, and must for ever stand to the credit of womankind.

TRILBY's poor tootsies have ceased to run on the boards of the Haymarket, but she now reappears in a West Australian mining venture, not in company with *Svengali*, but united to *Little Billee*. The Mining Co. is known as "The Ivanhoe Consols Amalgamated, Trilby, and Little Billee," so that O my eye Trilby is in excellent company with THACKERAY's *Little Billee* and SCOTT's *O-my-I-vanhoe*. If "Our Trilby," or rather "Trilby Mine" has the success of the book, the speculators will be fortunate.



TOO MUCH FOR HIM!

Hercules (the rival Strong Man, to Arthur Balfour, the Giant). "WHAT! CALL YOURSELF A GIANT, AND NOT LIFT THAT LITTLE LOT!"



DECIDEDLY UNCOMFORTABLE.

AWKWARD POSITION OF MR. NEWFANGLE, WHO, WHEN HALF-WAY UP A STEEP HILL, DISCOVERS BY THE SUDDEN RETROGRADE MOVEMENT OF THE AUTOCAR THAT THE MOTOR HAS BECOME EXHAUSTED.

MR. PUNCH AT A GARDEN PARTY.

A Plea for the Birds to the Women of England on the Princess Maud's Wedding Day.

AN Eden à la mode! Nature's charms and Fashion's code

Sweetly blent!

Manners "smart" and pretty frocks. Sure there's nothing here that shocks Calm content.

Beauteous women and brave men! It would tax a modiste's pen

To portray

Culture and chiffons fine under summer's hyaline

Gathered gay.

Yon's a popular princess, in a most delicious dress,

Smiling sweet;

And the daughters of the land, gentle, gracious, bright and bland,

Mix and meet.

And the dresses, ah! the dresses! Man his impotence confesses

At their sight.

Man may epics pen, or plays, but the sumptuary maze,

Rainbow-bright,

His descriptive power transcends. What a charm the frou-frou lends

To the scene!

Modish music is the sound of soft raiment rustling round

'Midst the green

Of the leafy summer bowers, and the summer-scented flowers.

And the plumes!—

Ah!—the plumes! There comes a thought with grave melancholy fraught, Which o'erglooms

All the gladness of the time. Can a cold, inhuman crime

Throw its shade

O'er a scene so bright as this? It is like a serpent hiss

From a glade

Flower-decked and softly fair. O'er that young girls golden hair

Float the sprays

From a slaughtered egret torn! Fashion rules they must be worn.

She—obeys!

Yes, despite the sweet princess—whom to-day we toast and bless

On her bridal,—

There they wave. And can it be Nature's protest, Pity's plea,

Still fall idle?

Punch would whisper in your ears, stately dames and pretty dears,—

Whom he loves,—

That from forth MAUD's marriage-morn egret plumes should be foresworn.

Dainty doves,

Darlings, to deck whose forms nesting birds in countless swarms

Fall and bleed,—

Use your own brown tender eyes. Heed not Fashion's selfish lies.

Rather heed

Punch and kind Sir WILLIAM FLOWER! Gentle heart is dearest dower

For a maid.

How the birds your vow will bless! Never mind the claims of dress,

Or harsh trade,

Think of all the woe and pain of the birds in myriads slain

Near their nests,

Just to make your head look smart, at the cost of your kind heart.

Love's behests

Scarce should want such seconding. Let the egret be a thing

Never worn

O'er an English maiden's tresses! That's a vow which, while it blesses

You, will crown our dear Princess's Marriage-morn!

A Constant Reader's Question.

SIR,—All over the country as I go along the lines, and ever reading between them, I see "Somebody's Little Liver Pills" advertised everywhere on boards displayed in various fresh fields and pastures new. Are these places "the Congested Districts" just now attracting the attention of our legislators? And is this the Parliamentary method of dealing with them?

Yours,

VIATOR.

TO GAZE ON THE ECLIPSE.—MR. MUDLER thinks, he says, of going out with GAZE's special cruise to see the collapse of the sun in August.

AT BISLEY.—During the past fortnight our rifle rangers have been Bisley engaged.

SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD COMPANIES.—The Real "Mining-gain Troupe."

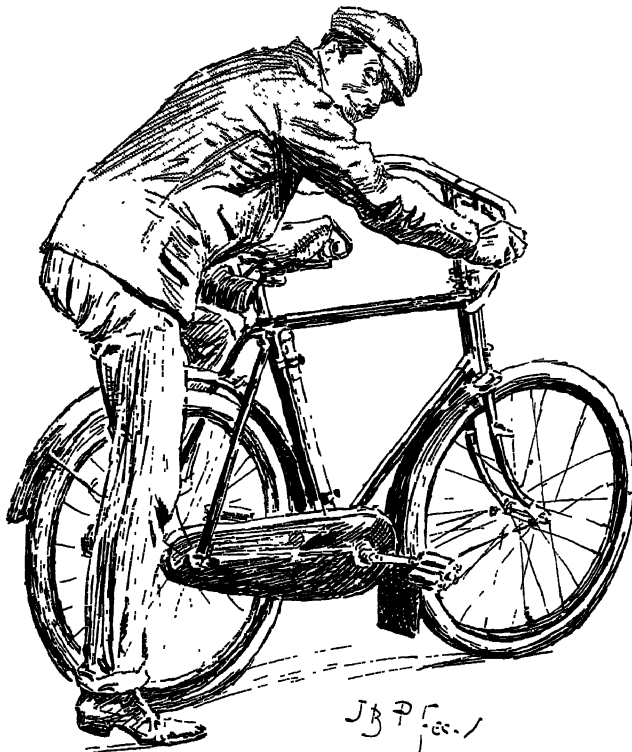
JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XVIII.

Mr. Jabberjee is a little over-ingenuous in his excuses.

SINCE shaking the dust off my feet at Porticobello House, I have not succeeded to pluck the courage for a personal interview with Miss JESSIMINA, and my correspondence, duly forwarded per Mr. BHOOBONE LALL JALPANYBHOY, of Highbury, has consisted mainly of abject excuses for non-attendance on plea of over-study for Bar Exam, and total incapacity to journey due to excessive disorderliness in stomach department.



"Ascended his bicycle with a waggish wink in his eye."

This, unhappily, at length inspired her with the harrowing dread that I was on the point of being launched into the throes of eternity, if not already as dead as Death's door-nail, and so, with feminine want of reflection, she performed a hurried pilgrimage to Highbury.

Now, whether on account of the beetleheadedness of a domestic, or Baboo JALPANYBHOY's incompetency in the art of equivocation, I am not to say—but the sequel of her inquiries was the unshakable conviction that I had not struck root in the habitation from which my letters were ostensibly addressed.

And in a subsequently forwarded letter she did reproach me pathetically with my duplicity, and accused me of being a fickle—by which I was so unspeakably cut up that I abstained from the condescension of a rejoinder.

Next I became the involuntary recipient of another letter in more intemperate style, menacing me that with a hook or a crook, she would dislodge me from the loophole in which I was snugly established, and that several able-bodied boarders were the hue of a full cry in pursuit.

Since Hereford Road is in dangerous proximity to Ladbroke Grove, I was sitting tight in my apartments on receipt of this grave intelligence, with funk in my heart, and the Unknown hovering above me, when my young friend HOWARD ALLBUTT-INNETT, Esq., arrived with his bicycle, like a god on a machine, and, perceiving the viridity of my countenance, inquired sympathetically what was up.

At first, being mindful of the excessive liveliness with which he had bantered my residence in a boarding-house of such mediocre pretensions, I was naturally disinclined to reveal that I was in the plight of troth with the proprietress's daughter, but eventually I overcame my coyness, and uncovered the pretty

kettle of fish of my *infandum dolorem*, and my ardent longing to hit upon some plan to extricate myself from the suffocating coils of such a Laocöon.

"My dear old chap," he said, kindly, after I had unfolded the last link of my tale of woe, "I will put you up in a dodge that will perform the trick. Don't see the young woman, or she will get round you with half a jiffy. Write to her that you are not worthy of a rap, and no more a Prince than I am!"

Hearing his last words, I started, and did, like the ghost of *Hamlet* Senior, "jump at this dead hour," being convinced that young HOWARD had found out (perhaps from Hon'ble CUMMERBUND) that my title was a bogus, and anticipating that, if he divulged the skeleton of my bare cupboard to his highly genteel parents, I should infallibly experience the crushing mortification of a chuck out.

However, I hid the fox that was nibbling my vitals by inquiring, in a rather natural accent, what he meant by such a suggestion.

"Are you such an innocent, simple old Johnny, Prince?" he said, with reassuring *bonhomie*, "as not to catch the idea. Do you not know that European feminines in all ranks of society—alack, even in our own!—are immoderately attracted by anyone possessed of riches and a title—or of either of the two? As an *au fait* in the female temperament, I shall wager that it is nine out of ten that if you spoof this mercenary young minx into believing that you are merely a native impecunious nonentity, and not to be shot at with powder, she will instantaneously drop pursuing such a hot potato."

To this speech (reported *verbatim* to best of my ability) I did shake my head sorrowfully, and reply that I greatly feared that JESSIMINA's devotion to this unlucky self was too severe to be diverted, or even checked, like a cow that is infuriated or *non compos mentis*, by the mere relinquishment of such tinsel and gewgaw wraps as a title or worldly belongings, having frequently (and that, too, prior to our engagement) protested her preference for very dark-complexioned individuals, and her vehement curiosity to behold India.

But he, as he ascended his bicycle with a waggish wink in his eye, repeated that I might try it on at all events.

Still, I could not induce myself to adopt his spoofish strategy, for I reflected that, though it might convince her that I was unmarriageable, it would only increase her fury and the vengeance of her champion boarders. So at length I composed a moving epistle, as follows:—

INCOMPARABLE—THOUGH LACKADAISY! INACCESSIBLE—JESSIMINA!

Poet SHAKESPEARE has shrewdly observed that "a true lover never did run a straight course," and the sincerity of present writer's affection is incontestably proved by his apparent crookedness of running, and keeping dark outside the illuminating rays of thy moon-like countenance. The cause is the unforeseen cataclysm of a decree from my family astrologer or *dowryboghee*, whom I have anxiously consulted upon our joint matrimonial prospects. [MEM. TO THE READERS.—*This was what young HOWARD would term "the bit of spoof." I am no ninnyhammer to consult an exploded astrologer!*] *Miserabile dictu!* the venerable and senile pundit reports that such an alliance would infallibly plunge us into the peck of troubles, since the sign of your natal month is the meek and innocent Lamb—while mine is the more ferocious Lion!

A very slight familiarity with Natural History, &c., will show you the utter incompatibility of temper between such an incongenial couple of animals, and the correctness of said astrologer's prediction that it must infallibly be the Lamb who would be whiplanded in the unequal conflict.

In consequence, though I am beating the floor with my head as I write, and moistening the carpet with the copiousness of my lachrymations, I must bid you the final and irrevocable adieu and *au revoir*, since I am unwilling to act as a selfish. Think of me as "a prince out of thy star," to quote the reference of SHAKESPEARE's character, *Polonius*, to *Hamlet*, under precisely similar circumstances. You will please forget me *instantly*, and accept this as my last solemn so-long, which I utter on the threshold of preparation for the stern and dreaded ordeal of Bar Exam. In frantic haste,

Your ever faithful and broken-hearted Baboo,

HURRY.

P.S.—No answer required.

But after an interval of a very few posts, in spite of my strict injunctions to contrary, I got the answer that she was deeply touched by my self-sacrifice, and had never loved me more. Having been brought up in a Christian disbelief of all astrology, she was not in fear of my "dowrybogey" or any other native bogies, and nothing should part us, if she could help it.

She added, that I had been seen about Westbourne Grove recently.

On receipt of this touching and beautiful communication I was again in the stampede of panic, and realised that I must have immediate resort to some stronger description of "Spoof."

It is calamitous that I cannot find a card up my sleeve with the single exception of my young friend's HOWARD'S dodge, which I fear will prove too filamentous.

However, a faint heart never got rid of a fair lady!

PEN AND PATTEN IN THE WORLD OF SPORT.

[We suspect that this article must have been intended for one of our sporting contemporaries. But, as it came to this Office, we have seized the opportunity of adorning our columns with it.—ED.]

IF FAITH the elements were not of the most favourable sort at the late Henley Regatta. Sunshine there was, but

Rude Boreas blew with blustering force,
Fav'ring the Bucks side of the course.

Thus the poet hath it in memorable words. But the stalwart sons of England blenched not. When was a gallant "wet-bob" known to quail in face of odds? Let the "faddists" and "spoilsports" take heed to the lesson conveyed by the glorious race between the lads from New College, who in the Oxford "Mays" had secured the proud position of "dux" of the eight-oared races, and the "brilliant" of the famous Leander Club. 'Twas in sooth a battle of giants when

Stantes in puppibus altis

the coxswains swayed the yoke-lines of their frail galleys, and urged their crews to renewed efforts. As the witty French marquis put it on a celebrated occasion, "*rien succède comme le succès*," and no saying of greater aptness can be drawn from the "*arcana*" of "*res gestæ*." My congratulations go to the "Novi-collegians" not less than to the tried and trusted representatives of the "premier" Metropolitan Boat Club on a splendid race. But "*revenons à nos moutons*."

Egad the "Antipodean" wielders of the willow go from strength to strength. 'Tis not easy to see why foolish carpers should ever have set them down as an aggregation lacking in any of the necessary merits of a magnificent team of first-class "dry-bobs." 'Twill be remembered, that from the beginning I never held with such, but cautioned our cricketers against the national vice of under-estimating the market value of their doughty antagonists from the "under-world." Still, with our veteran champion and such "sports" as the dusky little Prince "RANJIE," we can "take up arms against a sea of troubles," and by giving them the necessary opposition, bring them without difficulty to a satisfactory termination. So mote it be. And here a whisper in your ears, good Sirs. Whatever may betide, *play the game* as 'twas handed down to us by our sires.

Of many other notable events I must speak anon.

VIEUX BLEU.

"FIFTY LITTLE DOCTOR BOYS."

["Fifty young doctors have started work in the tenement-house district of New York, under direction of the Board of Health. They are part of the usual summer corps of physicians who are instructed to look out for violations of the sanitary laws."—*Evening Paper*.]

YOUTHFUL New York medicos, zealous, smart, and fifty,
Told the slum folk how they could be good, and clean, and thrifty.

Several street larrikins much preferred being naughty—
Hurled some half-bricks jovially—and then there were forty.

Other aborigines resented being called dirty—
Rolled the doctors in the mud—and then there were thirty.

To each Sawbones quoth his friend—"Mind, *festina lente*!"
But a whiff of lively germs reduced their ranks to twenty.

Twenty leeches with their lancets bled some Irishmen
Coming straight from Tammany—and then there were ten.

For their fees—in gold—the ten did their patrons dun;
The Silverites got hold of them—and then there was none!

LATEST FROM ST. STEPHEN'S.—Welsh music on the Terrace in summer will be succeeded by Welsh rabbits in winter, and possibly poached eggs for the Anti-Game Laws M.P.'s.



"'T WAS WHISPERED IN HEAVEN."

(Hottest Day, Tuesday, July 14.)

First Swell (languidly). "HOW ARE YOU?"

Second Swell (still more languidly). "'OT! VE'Y 'OT! TOO GREAT TROUBLE TO ASPIRATE!"

A CASE FOR SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I know that you have a tender heart, and therefore I implore you to bring my sad complaint to the notice of the public, who, I believe, buy your paper. I don't always, for I read your charming effusions at the most convenient Free Library. But the Free Libraries are of no use to me in my distress, which is, that last Wednesday evening I arrived at Richmond (in Surrey, not Yorkshire) and wanted to buy some comestibles for dinner, but, alas! was unable to do so owing to an early closing movement, of which I was quite unaware, as I had just come from Harlesden, where the same idea prevails on Thursday. To-morrow (Friday) I am going to Staines, and possibly this day may be selected by the inhabitants for their weekly junketings.

I really cannot object to the young men and women, who so courteously attend to our wants, appropriating every sixth day as well as Sunday for their amusement, but I do ask their employers round about London to fix on the same date for this relaxation. Then, again, I notice that the butchers—always so prodigal of fat and bone—have apparently formed an association for putting up their shutters on Mondays. Is this because New Zealand lamb and mutton are not delivered on Sunday? I have no wish to offend the susceptibilities of these gentlemen, or, indeed, of any other traders, but a little time-table of their various movements would be so convenient to

Your faithful servant,

MARTHA MACKITTLE.

(A housekeeper of fifty and three years' service.)

A SIMPLE DOMESTIC QUESTION EASILY ANSWERED.—Q. "What's to be done with our flies?" A. "Catch 'em alive, oh." N.B.—Some flies turn out to be "growlers" when captured, but always eventually succumb to the attentions of the Stick'it Minister.



"TRAIN UP YOUR PARENTS THE WAY THEY SHOULD GO."

"YOU KNOW PAPA HAS BEEN ASKED TO PLAY IN THE 'FATHERS AGAINST THE BOYS MATCH?'"

"YES, MOTHER. BUT I HOPE THE BOYS WILL WIN THIS YEAR. IF THE FATHERS WIN AGAIN THEY'LL BE SO BEASTLY COCKY!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

MASSNET's *Manon* in French, and the thermometer down to a pleasantly low degree, filled Covent Garden on Thursday night with a right royal crowd. Madame MELBA was the most fascinating of *Manons*. Her exquisite voice was heard to perfection in the beautiful music. A monster basket of flowers was presented as a tribute to her charms. Then it seemed as though some one had taken

Mr. Punch's hints on floral offerings, for a small ordinary buttonhole bouquet was also handed up. M. ALVAREZ is always an artist, but although *Des Grieux* will not be one of his very best parts, it was a fine performance. PLANCON was impressive in his masterly way as the usual mournfully moral operatic father. M. ALBERS was a little stiff for an *insouciant Lescant*, but he sang well. M. GILBERT was amusing as *Guillot*, a regular robust, gay dog. And of course the

beaming BAUERMEISTER was charming. For the rest, the energetic MANONELLI, hard at it as usual, kept his orchestra splendidly together. No doubt the reply to the question, "Was a success scored by *Manon*?" would be (in excellent French), "*Mais, oui.*" But to give proper point to the answer, the opera would have to be pronounced "*May non*," in spite of its introduction in July.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

AN OLD SMOKER SOLILOQUISES.

I sit surrounded in my den
By tokens of the Now and Then.
They tell of days when baccy jars
Were meet companions of cigars;
When cigarettes were voted trash
Not worthy of cremation's ash;
When meerchaum's coloured face evoked
A certain draw for him, who smoked;
When Latakia's fragrant bloom
Would mix with bird's eye's rough perfume.

Here is the fragrant jewelled pipe
Whose stem exhales the "cherry ripe,"
Whose amber mouth-piece back to me
Brings kisses of a Northern She!
And here the merry black dhudeen—
(Yes! then I loved you, dark colleen!)—
And there that hookah's fatal coil
Reminds me how my blood would boil
To see you flirt! What futile trouble,
You were not worth the hubble-bubble!

In fair Bordeaux you worked that case
With silken cord and golden lace,
A kind of net that held me, dear,
For just a quarter of a year.
'Twas something like that velvet bag
That's filled with cavendish and shag.
I valued it all gifts above,
And knew in smoke it told of love,
An emblem of the purest heart—
The bill came in. I had to part!

Just underneath those Afghan spears
There hangs a case of "Cavaliers,"
Poor little things of common clay,
But records of a splendid day.
My ancestor—God! save his name,
Unknown to proud historic fame!—
Was with his fellows smoking those
When burst on them a troop of foes!
The Roundheads called the fray a fight,
But every slaughtered loyal wight
Had died face-front—his pipe alight!

Away with memories of the past!
I sat not down to blow this blast,
But rather to bring present things
In touch with Nicotinian rings.
You—(not the "you" of other days)—
Have often bade me mend my ways.
Well, this I am prepared to do,
Provided that the mender's you.
My "Reina," will you deign to grace
A "weed" grown at proverbial pace?

A CHANGE OF SIDES.—Mr. BEERBOHM TREE last Wednesday spoke his farewell in his old theatre the Haymarket, and in the course of next year will reappear on t'other side of the road, where once stood Her Majesty's Opera House. We trust this is a step in the right direction. At all events it is the transplanting of a pop'lar Tree. *Floreat!*

WHY is a miser necessarily an offensive personage? Because he is too near to be pleasant.



“THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM!”

Mr. Punch (drinking to the Princess Maud of Wales and Prince Charles of Denmark, quotes from the immortal Bard)—

“AND IN THE CUP AN UNION SHALL HE THROW.”

* * * * *

“IMPORTING DENMARK’S HEALTH, AND ENGLAND’S TOO!”



LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AMUSE.

She. "I WANT YOU TO COME AND DINE WITH ME, BUT I SUPPOSE YOU ARE SO MUCH ENGAGED JUST NOW. HOW MANY DEEP?"

He. "I REALLY DON'T KNOW. SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY IS THE EVIL THEREOF."

THE POLITE PILFERER.

["The brigands were polite and almost gentlemanly. Their chief was well educated."—*Evening Paper*.]

MY VERY DEAR SIR,—I hope you will not be surprised at receiving a letter to which so suggestive a signature as the one I have adopted is attached. I would respectfully remind you that in your youth you were a member of the profession to which I have the honour to belong. I think I may safely say that we both were ornaments to our calling. You represented the old school with your *bâton* and fun, while I suggest the new with my skeleton keys and courtliness.

I write to you to propose that the companions of our fraternity should take a leaf from the note-books of our foreign colleagues, and imitate them in politeness.

I will assume that a successor to CLAUDE DUVAL (a most charming person, but, unfortunately, of French origin) wishes to enter a house with a view to replenishing his empty coffers in the customary fashion. With a proper regard to avoiding giving unnecessary trouble to the servants, he passes the front door without either ringing the bell or knocking. Of course, as his visit will be paid at night, when the household will be asleep, if he can come and go without attracting attention, so much the better. But should he be so unfortunate as to disturb the master of the mansion, then he should show that he was capable of being as considerate as businesslike.

"Pray do not be alarmed," he would reply, in answer to a question relative to his business to be present; "I will not stay more than a few moments. I want the jewellery and the plate,

and any cash that may be lying about. If you kindly give me your keys, I think the incident will pass off quite pleasantly."

If the master of the mansion is unreasonable, and threatens an alarm, then the visitor would have to adopt a sterner tone.

"Pardon me, but I think it only right to warn you that I carry a revolver. I would most reluctantly put you to personal inconvenience, but if you force me to shoot you I must."

Then while the visitor was searching the safes and emptying the cash-box he might carry on an interesting conversation with the master of the mansion, discussing the rise and fall of shares, were his involuntary host a stock-broker, or ecclesiastical architect if he happened to be a bishop.

"And now I think I will look into the library," the visitor would say, "and pray let me know if there are any volumes—such as school prizes and the like—that you would wish me to exempt from my seizure. Believe me, I am not grasping, and appreciate the claims of sentiment."

Thus, what is coarsely called "house-breaking," might be refined into a really inoffensive, if not absolutely pleasant, occupation.

And now I have to ask your pardon twice. I will beg of you to allow me to conceal my address, as I have no wish to give unnecessary trouble to the authorities of New Scotland Yard. Secondly, I would apologise for withholding my real name—as again I have no desire to put the police on the alert. You will allow, however, that the *nom de guerre* I append, if imaginary, is, at any rate, refined and appropriate. Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM CHESTERFIELD DE SYKES.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IT is sad to think that *Weir of Hermiston* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) should be added to the list of works which, like *Edwin Drood*, and the unfinished window in Aladdin's Tower, unfinished must remain. If STEVENSON had made choice of the moment at which he should lay down his pen, he could scarcely have bettered that to which the finger of Fate pointed. As he confesses in various letters, he held this last book to be his best. It is not seemly to dispute with the dead, and the legacy is rich enough to gratify any taste. In the editorial note (a difficult piece of work admirably done) Mr. SYDNEY COLVILLE sketches, upon the authority of the novelist, the course he had intended the story should run. It is a powerful plot, though my Baronite thinks the conclusion of *Archie and Kirstie* marrying after all, and going off to America, commonplace to the point of anti-climax. Had he lived, STEVENSON would doubtless have devised something better than that.

THE BARON.

AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS.

(A Story of the last American Invasion.)

RIP woke up with a start. He looked around him, and found a solitary individual watching him.

"Where am I?" was his natural question after his long rest.

"The same old place," was the quiet reply.

"Dear me!" said RIP. "It seems to me, stranger, that you speak the American language with a very English accent."

"Because I happen to be an Englishman."

Then RIP asked after a number of his old friends. He was fairly intelligent, and allowed for a generation or two, and took an interest in their descendants.

"Some of them been to Henley!" he exclaimed. "And others to London! How's that?"

Then the Englishman informed him that the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston had joined their comrades, the Honourable Artillery Company of London, and that the Yale Boys had been on the banks of the Thames.

"Then," concluded the Britisher, "there's an American school-boy cricketing eleven playing a series of matches against their cousins on the European side of the Atlantic."

"Well, to be sure!" cried RIP. "We all seem to be going back to the old country."

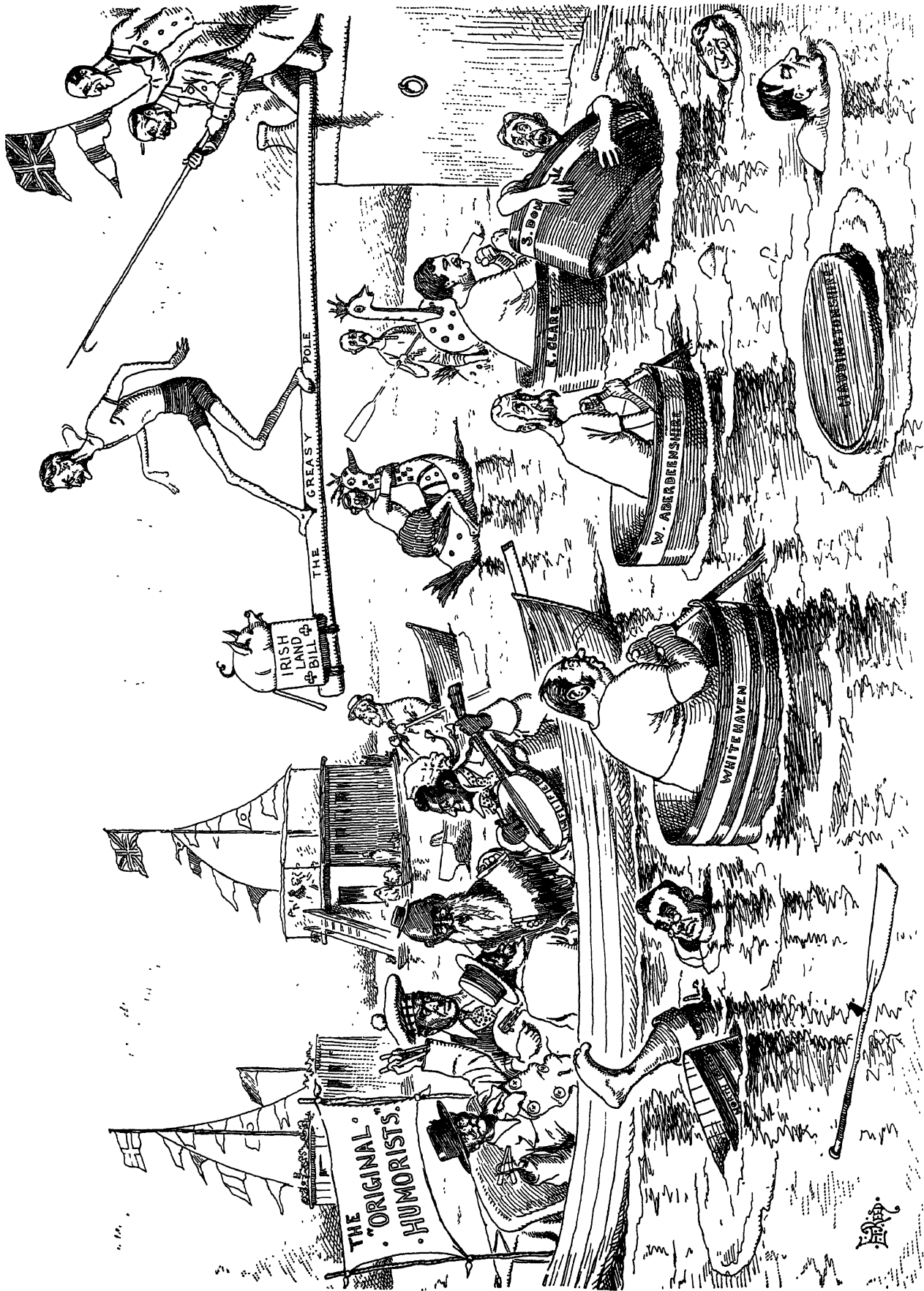
"Yes," acquiesced the stranger. "There are a tidy number of Americans in Great Britain just now."

"Well, I shall go myself," said RIP. "Come with me."

"Well, thanks, no," answered the Englishman. "As all your people have left your country uncared for, I may just as well keep an eye on it until they come back again."

"That's what I call neighbourly," cried RIP.

And so they parted.



A PARLIAMENTARY REGATTA.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 13.—Rather disappointed just now. Things pretty dull in House. Even CAWMELL-BANNERMAN can't endow debate on Scotch Rating Bill with gleam of fancy or glow of humour. Does his best. Makes House once more regret he takes so little part in debate. Comes in "only as a Uitlander," as he said, the other night.

"Fatal mistake about CAWMELL-BANNERMAN—at least, as far as House and country concerned—is," says SARK, "that he is too well off. If he'd been brought up on a pound a week, and had to earn whatever more was wanted, he would have been Prime Minister to-day."

That not the particular disappointment of moment. Custom long worn off its edge. It's R. G. WEBSTER who has put me out. Looked forward this afternoon to cup of tea with him on Terrace, a cigarette, and a soul-lifting conversation. But RICHARD GRANT has other fish to fry. Has for some time had the Navy in his eye; taken note of inadequacy of men to ships.

"The dockyards," as he epigrammatically puts it, "can mak' a belted ship, a *Magnificent*, a *Majestic*, and a' that. But they can't make a crew."

Wandering about the wharves and docks of East St. Pancras, meditating on the gathering of ships under all flags that fill its courts and by-ways, the distinguished Member dreamed a dream. Its main feature was an apparently endless company of trained blue-jackets, a hundred thousand strong at least, who, by the magic of a short service system were ready to man more ships than could be built at Chatham Dockyard, even when CHARLIE BERESFORD was in command. At question time, to-night, R. G. asked JOKIM what he thought of it.

"If," answered JOKIM, evidently struck by prospect, "the hon. Member will draw up a scheme by which a thoroughly competent reserve may be provided at a very slight additional cost, and without impairing the efficiency of the regular Navy, I—shall be glad to consider it."

There spoke the cautious official, the prim First Lord of the Admiralty, with the ligatures of red tape drawing in his shapely waist. House laughed, but R. G. not discomfited.

"I'll do it," he said. "As CARNOT organised victory for France, so shall R. G. WEBSTER reorganise the Navy for Great Britain. TOMMY BOWLES thinks he knows a hand-saw from a marline-spike. I frankly admit I don't. But I'll let them see that I have in me the re-making of the British Navy. So if you'll excuse me, dear TOBY, we'll take a cup of tea together on another occasion. I would now be alone with my thoughts."

Business done.—Second reading Scotch Rating Bill.

Tuesday.—In Parliamentary relations there is no circumstance under which racial supremacy of Irish is more triumphantly asserted than when a Bill is to be obstructed. They sowed the seed through ten years following 1875; but all cannot grow the flower now. The Welsh have tried it; so have the English. To-night the Scots are at it. All by comparison fail.

Scotch Members resolved to prevent Rating Bill passing this Session. Situation complicated by circumstance that



"GENTLEMEN, I AM READY TO ADMIT THAT HIS CAREER IN THE PAST HAS NOT BEEN FREE FROM BLEMISH—"

Government offer them with Bill £200,000. Thing to do is to take the bawbees and leave the Bill. Inspired by this noble aim, Scotch Members close up their ranks; number off every man, with a speech in his knapsack. That was just what the Irish Members used to do in palmy days under PARNELL, when chuckle of JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR echoed through the Chamber. The speeches are, moreover, excellent, full of pith and point. But somehow the thing won't work. Scene last night and to-night recalls an episode in the home life of the earlier Prince ARTHUR:—

When MERLIN sang in ARTHUR's hall
A week on end, with metrical
Exactness, his phenomenal
Insistence did the knights appal:
They yawned ever more and more.

So with us when Scotch Member succeeds to brither Scot.

Our PRINCE ARTHUR, out of luck of late, has had one stroke of good fortune. Through these two nights of Scotch debate he has been in grip of influenza fiend. Other Members, whom fickle fortune has overlooked, take the law into

their own hands, and stop away. The Terrace thronged; House almost empty. Lord Advocate, soothed by RENSHAW's monologue, goes to sleep on Treasury Bench. Rather dangerous position in circumstances. His sole companion Solicitor-General for Scotland. All right if falling over in his sleep he chances to bend to the right. There FINLAY's stalwart shoulders will obstruct his fall. On other side, space of emptiness. But trust a Lord Advocate to know what he's about. Taking in situation at a glance, GRAHAM MURRAY flung right arm along Bench to right. A slight influence, but sufficient to determine side on which his still youthful figure, lapped in sleep, would fall. Ruse succeeded admirably. He bumped Solicitor-General occasionally. But House spared pain of discovering Lord Advocate, by sudden lurch, prone on Treasury Bench, what time debate was going forward on second reading of many-syllabled Rating Bill.

Business done.—Scotch Rating Bill read second time.

Thursday.—GERALD BALFOUR going to spend his holiday in County Clare, a por

tion of Ireland always invested with peculiar interest for the wandering Saxon. Years ago, Sir PAT O'BRIEN, now gathered to his fathers among the earlier kings of Ireland, alluded to an hon. Member opposite as "the young sea serpent from County Clare." *SPEAKER* objected on point of order. "Then, Sir," said PAT, with gracious wave of his hand, "I withdraw the sea serpent."

In later Parliaments, County Clare maintains its pre-eminence of peculiarity by continuing to send WILLIE REDMOND to Westminster. To-night more is heard of County Clare, deepening Chief Secretary's interest in his forthcoming visit. It appears that through vast tracts of the country is upheaved a backbone of rock on which famishing cattle graze, off which a starving peasantry scrape the mere crumbs of a living. To-night in Committee on Irish Land Bill TIM HEALY moves amendment designed to obtain for those grim wastes, locally known as crag or mountain farms, such benefits as the Bill confers. Attorney-General for Ireland put up to answer TIM with legally phrased *non possumus*. It's all a matter of intention, he argued. If a crag farm be let for pasture purposes, it will, *ipso facto*, come within scope of the Bill. If not, it is already excluded. "All a matter of intention," he repeated.

"What!" cried TIM, in tone of magnificent scorn, going, as usual, straight to heart of matter, piercing trappings of legal subtlety, "does the hon. and learned gentleman mean to say that any one intended to be born in County Clare?"

Committee broke into quick burst of laughter at the quaint fancy underlying this flash of humour, with its picture of the unborn babe surveying Ireland, debating with itself whether it would be born in County Clare, or whether it would favour some other locality. The Member for Sark, who chances to be in grave mood, says the conversation, interpolated for a few minutes in a long night of wrangling, shows afresh how close are the sources of tears and laughter. To his mind, nothing has brought home more sharply the hopeless difficulty of the Irish question than this limelight view, momentarily cast on walls of House of Commons, of the crag farms of cruel County Clare, a district of which Cromwellian settlers bitterly said it had not wood enough to hang a man withal, water enough to drown him, or earth enough to bury him.

Business done.—In Committee on Irish Land Bill.

Friday.—Another night with Ireland. Proceedings disclosed fresh injustice to that hapless country. As TIM HEALY was discussing Education Vote his eye accidentally fell on figure of CORPORAL HANBURY, half asleep on Treasury Bench opposite. Occurred to him he would call him "BARABBAS." No particular reason why he should; but name came to his lips; so he out with it.

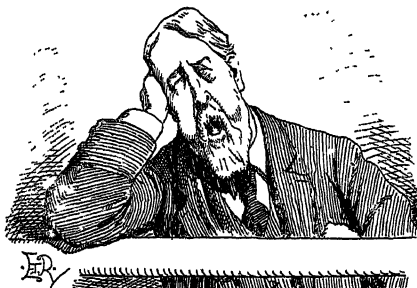
What does Chairman do but call him to order!

TIM, above all things logical, poses Chairman with question. "The Secretary for the Colonies," he said, "was allowed to call Mr. GLADSTONE 'HEROD.' Why should I not call Mr. HANBURY 'BARABBAS'?"

Why not? Or, to put it in another way, why should he? Chairman, at loss for answer on same strictly logical lines, took refuge in authority. Insisted TIM

should withdraw "BARABBAS," which after a struggle he did. But the whole thing showed how uneven-handed is justice in House of Commons, how there is one law for rich England and another for poor Ireland.

Business done.—Irish votes in Committee.



The D-ke of D-v-nsh-re during the reading of the M-q-r-s of H-rt-ngt-n's speeches.

SCIENCE AT SEA.

[Report of higher *viva voce* examination for rank of master.]

SCENE—*Examination Room; high, long, dirty windows; smell of ancient whitewash; Examiners at green-baize table consult conflicting notes; solitary chair posing in centre; pale clock ticking laboriously. Enter suddenly astute youth, broad chest, broad face, broad boots. Examiners hastily conceal notes and reflect with much gravity.*

Senior Examiner (sternly, to astute youth). You wish, I understand, Sir, to be further examined—(pompously)—for the higher posts of your profession?

Astute Candidate (acquiring chair). That is so.

S. E. (wisely). Ah! Well—er—(consulting notes)—you are steaming ten knots, head to wind—er, on the port tack, that is—when suddenly, as the fog lifts, you see a large rock, right a-head. What do you do?

A. C. I should stop the engines.

S. E. Yes. (Acutely.) But suppose the engines are unmanageable, and will not stop?

A. C. (hesitatingly). Oh! well, in that case, I should of course instantly withdraw my previous order and allow them to—er—continue to revolve!

[*Examiners smile approvingly.*]
S. E. Precisely. That is a clever answer. But remember you are nearing the rock; what will be the next order?

A. C. (wildly). Hard-a-port.

S. E. Why a-port?

Second Examiner (waking up, suddenly). Why not?

S. E. (hurriedly, glaring at Second Examiner). Oh!—er—yes; hard-a-port; quite so, exactly. But your rudder, at this juncture, unfortunately becomes immovable; what then?

A. C. Well, then—(hedging)—I should endeavour to do my duty by acting as circumstances might dictate.

S. E. Bearing in mind—?

A. C. That by every effort in my power I must endeavour to avoid the rock.

S. E. Do you then consider that, under the circumstances, there would be the smallest chance of your being able to effect this?

A. C. (decidedly). Not the slightest.

S. E. That is very good. You seem to have entirely mastered the situation. You run, then, on to the rock. What will be your next duty?

A. C. To close the water-tight doors.

S. E. Why do this?

A. C. To keep the water in.

S. E. In?

A. C. Exactly so.

S. E. (sarcastically). In what?

A. C. (promptly). In the sea.

S. E. What would chiefly impel you to take this course?

A. C. My knowledge of physics, which teaches me that no body of water, however large, can be in more than one place at one time.

S. E. How would this knowledge influence your action?

A. C. It would confirm me in the belief that if the water were kept in the sea it could not at the same time be in the ship.

S. E. A water-tight door, then, is never regarded as having kept water out?

A. C. Never among seamen.

S. E. And the theory that water-tight doors are useful for keeping water out may be regarded as exploded?

A. C. Entirely.

S. E. Ah! that is very satisfactory. (Pause.) Well, now, Sir, suppose you are in a sailing vessel that will neither wear nor stay, on a lee-shore in a gale of wind. What would you do?

A. C. Let go an anchor.

S. E. But your cable parts; what would you do then?

A. C. Let go another anchor.

S. E. But the bottom is rocky, and you find no holding ground; what then?

A. C. (rising slowly from his chair). I should then endeavour to compose myself to sleep.

S. E. (hard on scent, and not noticing movement). But, owing to the noise occasioned by the storm and the excessive motion of the vessel, you find that you cannot sleep. What would you do?

A. C. (desperately, and backing out of room). Sing a little hymn.

S. E. But, my dear young Sir, your anguish of mind is such that you cannot even remember a little hymn. What would you do then?

A. C. (disappearing through door). Let her go ashore and be d—d.

S. E. But suppose—'M, thank you. That is very satisfactory indeed.

[Scene closes.]

Mem.—Full marks.

"A BOON AND A BLESSING."—It is well known to all readers of DICKENS that "Todgers's could do it when it liked," and so can the L. C. & D. line when it is really in earnest about whisking the jaded Londoner down to Ramsgate, dropping passengers at important intermediate stations, as it now does by starting from Holborn at 5.10, St. Paul's at 5.12, and reaching the breezy coast at the sensible hour of 7.5, punctually, giving landsman and yachtsman ample time for a stroll before dinner at 8. This is doing us all a good "Service," and one which should bring in "L. S. D." to the "L. C. & D."

MUSICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL.—Among the first pieces played by the Austro-Hungarian Orchestra was SMETANA's *Der Kuss* (The Kiss). It needs no German to tell us that "the kiss" is not infrequently looked back upon as "the kuss."



L'ART D'ÊTRE PETIT-FILS.

'GRANDPA, DEAR—IF I WERE YOU I'D SAY 'THAT BOY LOOKS THIN AND PALE!' AND I'D GET HIM A PONY.'

REAL HOLIDAY THOUGHTS.

IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE

PREPOSTEROUS of guard to put more than one person in a second-class carriage in weather like this. Yet if I had tipped him, he would have locked it like a shot. Railway company ought to put down such bare-faced corruption. Rather wish I *had* tipped him, now.

Anyhow, it is consoling to think that my Gladstone bag, on the seat beside me—and which I shall *not* move—makes that jackass who has just got in thoroughly uncomfortable.

My moral right to turn an ordinary compartment into a private saloon carriage would be recognised by every traveller who was *really* a gentleman.

Why that selfish, long-legged idiot opposite me, who looks like a half-starved "scorcher," won't keep his splay feet under his seat so as to allow me room to stretch my legs, I can't imagine.

Papers are cheap, so I shan't offer that consumptive-looking female in the corner one of mine. She should get one for herself.

Wish I hadn't accepted this invitation to those stupid bores, my Folkestone cousins, for a "fortnight at the sea-side." They ought to be jolly grateful for my condescension in visiting them.

In going through that long tunnel, I of course put up my window, but people at other end left theirs open! Lazy smoke-cured pigs!

By her movements I am positive that the lady with all the packages is going to get out at the next station. Must be

deeply occupied with a leading article, or I shall be obliged to soil my hands and make myself still hotter by opening the door for her.

The corner youth has brought out sandwiches and a flask! Why *can't* his master arrange to keep him at school all the holidays—with canings twice a day? What humbug it is giving boys any holidays!

Guard (the beast!) has shoved in a rank third-classer at last moment! I admire the democracy in the abstract, of course, but that does not prevent my thinking them loathsome and disgusting nuisances in the concrete. Thank heaven! He has taken his seat next to the consumptive female. Not to me.

(At the end.) How completely inconsiderate it was of any of the people who have been my travelling companions to-day ever coming into existence at all!

Con. for a Cricketer.

MISS NELLY sits cool in the cricketer's booth, And watches the game, about which, in good sooth,

Her curious interest ne'er ceases. She now wants to know of the flannel-clad youth,

However the wickets can well be kept smooth,

When she hears they are always in creases!

NOTE BY OUR MAN OUT OF TOWN.—Watering places—resorts where the visitor is pumped dry.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A man-about-Town is enthralled by a Clergyman's Daughter at a Country Fête.

For me no damsel prone to frown
On simple manners, country ways,
Whose chief delight is life in Town,
And Bond Street goal of all her days!
Whose knowledge of all sylvan scenes
Is bounded by the Goodwood boughs,
And deems seafaring pleasure means
To lounge upon the Lawn at Cowes.

Give me the girl bred up like you,
Beneath a Rectory's peaceful shade,
With many friends, yet known to few,
The model of an English maid!
Demure, not prim, beloved by all,
By instinct good, by nature kind,
The belle of every county ball,
Yet dear to every village hind!

How quaint to watch your artless airs
When circled round by ardent swains!
Your modesty disarms their stares,
Their compliments are empty strains!
I do not blame their boorish bliss,
'Tis meet that such a farce should be,
Since I've the greatest joy in this—
Your sweetest smiles are kept for me!

Too well, Blue Eyes, I understand
The glances from those bashful orbs.
You're treading on a sinking sand
That quakes and shivers, then absorbs.
Ah! little innocent, too late
The truth you'll know, but never rue.
I vow I cannot overrate
The interest I take in you.

"What Jones!" (a brutal Army thing).

"So glad!" (of him I hate the sight).

"Yes! come to hear FLO FANTAIL sing

'Miss Peccadillo's Last Good Night!'

"Which is the songstress?" "There she is!

Not seen her? Why, she's all the rage!"

"That lady there?" "Yes! A l biz."

"A parson's daughter on the stage!"

AVIS AUX VOYAGEURS.—In anticipation of the installation of the Premier as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, the Hotel at Dover, named after this puissant marine official, has been renovated, beautified, done up entirely, and thus saved from being "done up" altogether, by the Gordon Hollanders (Limited). The Messieurs HOLLAND—the amiable pair representing nominally the Double Dutchmen—are now in command of the coast at Margate, Dover, and, for ought we know, several other points. Of course, the chief cook in each of their seaside hotels is a *Gordon Bleu*.

A POSSIBLE CHANGE OF NAME.

[It is stated that during Goodwood Week Chichester becomes the *rendez-vous* of the worst scoundrels in the kingdom.]

SHAME that this old cathedral town
Should swarm with rogues, who come to pester!
'Twould ill become its fair renown
If Chichester were dubbed *Cheatchester*.

MOTTO FOR A FLAGELLATING SCHOOLMASTER.—*Semper hidem.*

A ROYAL GRANT.—The Secretary of the R. Y. S.



DOCTOR BISMARCK.

The Doctor. "HUM! LOOKS NICE! BUT—I'VE GOT NO PATIENTS NOW."

["Prince BISMARCK has been made Doctor Medicinæ Honoris Causâ by the University of Jena."—*Daily Papers.*]



OVER THE TRACES.

Mrs. Pogers. "NOW THEN, PETER, JUMP OUT AND PUT THAT TRACE AND REIN RIGHT! LOOK SHARP, TOO!"
[Peter wishes to goodness he had bought his Wife an Autocar instead of that tricky Tandem.]

WORK AND WAGES.

(Some Thoughts on Patriotism, Poverty, and Pay, suggested by the pitiful story of Mary Ould, of Peckham.)

"I have to buy my own material and pay my fare (2d.) in fetching and carrying back work. I worked till ten o'clock at night from Saturday to Thursday, and at 3d. per coat earned 3s."—*Evidence of Mary Ould, of Peckham, tailorress, before Judge Emden at Lambeth County Court.*

Most learned economists, sages serene,
 Who enlighten the State on Supply and Demand,
 Such facts form a fine object lesson, which seen,
 And fairly thought out, may astonish the land;
 Your fine-spun abstractions a sedative prove
 To such as can scarce see the thing through the sign;
 But flesh-and-blood facts rather roughly remove
 The idea that your "law" is scarce less than divine.
 Ninepence a dozen, three farthings per coat,
 For buttonhole work which may take you an hour
 For each garment! It fetches a lump to the throat—
 Unless stern-faced Science has rendered you dour.
 Picture the place out at Peckham where sits
 That poor MARY OULD with her needle and thread!
 She must envy the fly which at liberty flits;
 She must envy the darksome repose of the dead.
 The clothes-maker "has to cut things very fine,"
 And fine does he cut them in truth, and, indeed,
 As fine as the almost invisible line
 Between death and such life as the needle-slaves lead.
 Conceive the dull room and the piled tale of work
 To be drudged at all day, slowly lessening down
 As the morning glow fades into evening's grey murk;
 And five days of such labour may earn—half-a-crown!
 And these are the coats worn in "JAMESON'S Raid!"
 Glory to-day must be gained "on the cheap."
 Like "heroes" we fight—in the interests of trade,
 And trade pays its servants like this! Blood will leap
 To the cheek at the thought that our soldiers are clad

At the cost of our white woman-slaves in such way.
 With patriot fervour the idle go mad,
 Sleek wealth does the shouting, poor toilers the pay!
 Short sighted sentiment vainly essays
 With rose-water sprinkling to sweeten foul lives.
 Life is not moulded by lyrical lays,
 Compassion with commerce half hopelessly strives.
 But is there no heart in old England rebels
 Against starving our toilers to feed full our glory?
 There's surely no patriot bosom but swells
 With anger and grief at poor MARY OULD's story.

PLAYING WITH COLD WATER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—May I make a suggestion? During the hot weather, why should not those of our dramatic companies still sojourning in London remove from their present quarters to the swimming baths? There would be plenty of room to rig up a stage, and the audience, appropriately garbed, might watch the performance from the tank. When a play became wearisome the spectators could take a dive, but plunges, of course, would only be allowed between the acts. Yours sincerely,
 A PITITE IN A MELTING MOOD.

P.S.—With the thermometer at ninety something in the shade, I may insist that only managers need keep their heads above water.

THE MAIL SERVICE TO NEW YORK.—The New York correspondent of the *Times* takes the British Post Office officials to task for sending mails by slow boat *Britannic* when "the *St. Paul* would have delivered them two days earlier." Evidently the *St. Paul* ought to be the boat for carrying "epistles."

PRINCE BISMARCK has been made "Doctor Medicinæ Honoris Causâ" by the University of Jena. Will he now be called on by prescriptive right to advise the Emperor as to the "Diet"?

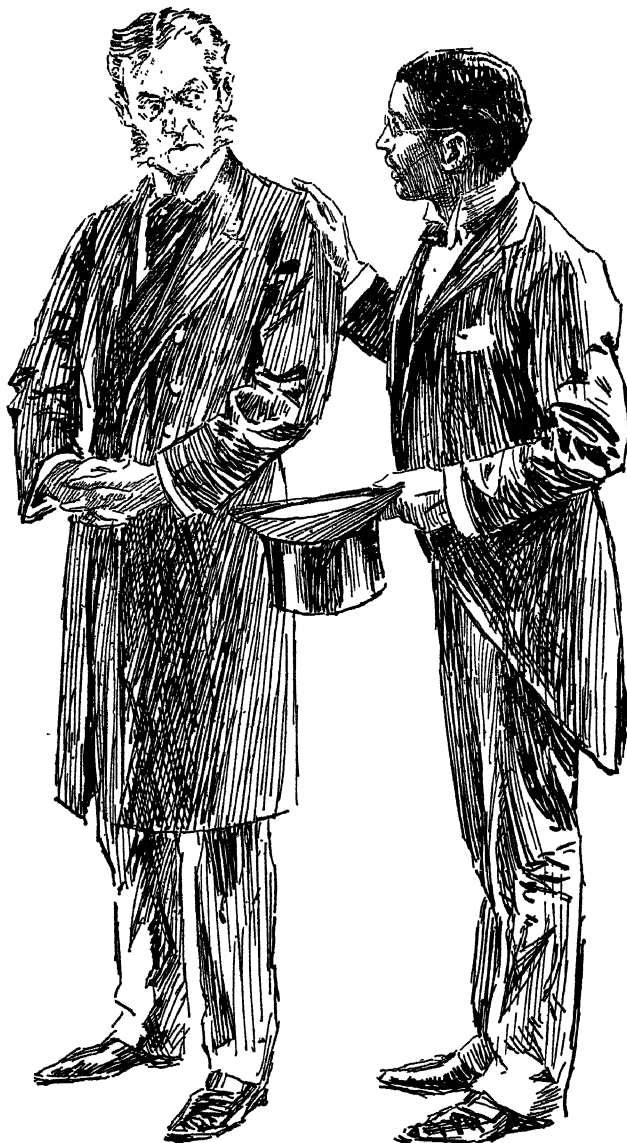
JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XIX.

Mr. Jabberjee tries a fresh tack. His visit to the India Office and sympathetic reception.

IN my last I had the honour to report the total non-success of my endeavour to nill my betrothal on plea of astrological ob-



"Pitch it strong, my respectable Sir."

jections, and how I was consequentially up the tree of Embarrassment.

I have since resolved that honesty is my best politics, and have confessed to Miss MANKLETOW in a well-expressed curt letter that I am only the possessor of a courtesy title, and, so far from rolling on the rosy bed of unlimited rhino, am out of elbows, and dependent upon parental remittances for pin-money.

For corroboration of said statements I begged to refer her politely to my benevolent friend and patron, Hon'ble Sir CUMMERBUND, Nevorn Square, South Kensington; to whom I simultaneously wrote a private and confidential note, instructing him that if any young female person was to inquire particulars of my birth, origin, &c., he was to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, especially making it clear that I was neither a tip-top Rajah, nor a Leviathan of filthy lucre.

The rest (up to present date) is silence; but I have confident hopes that the manly, straightforward stratagem suggested by

my friend, young HOWARD, will accomplish the job, and procure me the happy release.

I am now to pass to a different subject—to wit, a visit I paid some time since to the India Office. The why of the wherefore was that, in conversation with the ALLBUTT-INNETTS, I had boasted freely of the credit I was in with certain high grade India Official nobs, who could refuse me nothing.

Which was hitherto the positive fact, since I had never requested any favour at their hands.

But Mrs. ALLBUTT-INNETT stated that she had heard that the reception-soirées at said India Office were extremely enjoyable and classy, and inquired whether I possessed sufficient influence to obtain for her tickets of admission to one of these select entertainments.

Naturally I had to reply that I could indubitably do the trick, and would at once proceed to the India Office and interview one of the senior clerks, who regarded me as his brother.

So, after procuring a *Whitaker Almanack*, and hunting up the name of one of the most senior, I cabbied to Whitehall. Inside the entrance I found an attendant sitting at a table absorbed in reading, who rose and inquired my business, and upon my statement that I desired to see Mr. BREAKWATER, Esq., on urgent business, courteously directed me up a marble staircase, at the top of which was a second attendant, also engaged in brown study—for the attendants appear to be laudably addicted to the cultivation of their minds.

He informed me that I should find Mr. BREAKWATER's room down a certain corridor, and proceeding thither, I stopped a clerk who was hurrying along with his hands full of documents, and represented that I had come for an immediate interview with Mr. BREAKWATER on highly important matters.

He demanded incredulously whether Mr. BREAKWATER expected me.

This elevated my monkey, and I retorted, haughtily, that I was the bosom friend of said Mr. B., who would be overjoyed to receive me, and, following him into a room, I peremptorily demanded that he should inform his master without fail that Baboo JABBERJEE was there.

Whereupon, with the nonchalance of a Jack in an office, he rang a bell and desired an attendant to usher me to the waiting-room.

There, in a large gloomy apartment, surrounded by portraits of English and Native big pots, I did sit patiently sucking the golden nob of my umbrella for a quarter of an hour, until the attendant returned, saying, that Mr. BREAKWATER could see me now, and presently showed me into the aforesaid private room, where, behind a large table covered with wicker baskets containing docketts and memoranda, *et hoc genus omne*, sat the very gentleman whom I had recently taken for his own underling!

Formerly I should have proffered abject excuses, but I am now sufficiently up in British observances to know that the only necessary is a frank and breezy apology.

So, disguising my bashful confusion, I said, "I am awfully sorry that I took you, my dear old chap, for a common ordinary fellow; but remember the proverb, that 'appearances are deceitful,' and do not reveal a thin skin about a rather natural mistake."

Mr. BREAKWATER courteously entreated me not to mention the affair, but to state my business briefly. Accordingly I related how I was a native Bengalee student, at present moving Heaven and Earth to pass Bar Exam, and my intimate connection with the distinguished Bayswater family of the ALLBUTT-INNETTS, who were consumed with longing for free tickets to an official *soirée*. I then described the transcendent charms of Miss WEE-WEE, and my own ardent desire to obtain her grateful recognition by procuring the open sesame for self and friends. Furthermore, I pointed out that, as an official in the India Office, he was *in loco parentis* to myself, and bound to indulge all my reasonable requests, and I assured him that if he exhibited generosity on this occasion, the entire ALLBUTT-INNETT family, self included, would ever pray on the crooked hinges of knees for his temporal and spiritual welfare.

He heard me benignantly, but said he regretted that it was not in his power to oblige me.

"You are not to suppose," I said, "that I am a native TOM-DICK or HARRY. I am a B.A. of Calcutta University, and candidate for call to Bar. *In additum*, I am the literary celebrity, being especially retained to jot and tittle for the periodical of *Punch*."

Mr. BREAKWATER assured me earnestly that he fully appreciated my many distinguished claims, but that he was under an impossibility of granting my petition for an invite to the annual

summer *soirée*, owing to the fact that aforesaid festivity was already the *fait accompli*.

"How is that?" I exclaimed. "Have I not read in the daily press of a grand *durban* to be given shortly in honour of Hon'ble HUNG CHANG?"

"But that is at the Foreign Office," he objected; "we have no connection with such a concern."

"The Foreign Office would be better than nullity," I said. "I will tell you what to do. Write me a letter to show to the head of the Foreign Office. You can state that you have known me intimately for a long time, and that I am deserving of patronage. Hint, for instance, that it is impolite to show favouritism to one Oriental (such as a Chinese) rather than another, and that you will regard any kindness done to me as the personal favour to yourself. Pitch it strong, my respectable Sir!"

He, however, protested that any recommendation from him would be a *brutum fulmen*.

"You are too modest, honoured Sir!" I told him, seeing that flattery was requisite; "but I am not the ignoramus of how highly your character and virtues are esteemed, and I can assure you that you are not so contemptible a nonentity as you imagine. Listen to me; I am now to go to the Foreign Office, and shall there assume the liberty of mentioning your distinguished name as a reference."

With benevolent blandness he accorded me full permission to go where I liked, and say anything I chose, recommending me warmly to depart immediately.

Seeing him so well-disposed, I ventured, on taking my leave, to pat his shoulder in friendly facetiousness, and to say, "It is all right, old boy. Remember, I have complete *bond fides* in your ability to work the oracle for me successfully." Which rendered him *sotto voce* with gratification.

But alack! at the Foreign Office, after stating my business and sitting like Patience on a Monument for two immortal hours, I was officially informed that the Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was not in, and that all the Private and Under Secretaries were equally invisible.

This, I must respectfully submit, is not exactly the correct style to conduct a first-class Empire!

THE CELEBRIET AT HOME.

(A Literary Interview—Latest Style.)

It was with awe and reverence that your interviewer climbed the topmost staircase of a certain house in Bayswater, and with a shortness of breath, due not only to the length of the ascent, but to the consciousness that in a few moments he would be standing in the presence of perhaps the greatest genius of the age. Barely seven years old, Master TOMMY TITTLEBAT has already electrified the world by his matchless lyrics, and his "Rocking-Horse Rides" and "Dejection: a Sonnet on the absence of Jam at Tea," are already familiar as household words.

At the top of the staircase stands a beautifully carved wicket-gate, which serves at once to exclude the tumultuous rush of editors who come to clamour for contributions, and also to prevent Master TITTLEBAT, in an excess of poetic zeal, from attempting to slide down the banisters. At my approach, however, the portal was flung open, and, escorted by a polite nursery-maid, I was ushered into the sacred shrine of the Muse, the nursery wherein the seven-year-old poet resides. A glance round the room suffices to assure you of the artistic taste of its occupier. On the walls hang some truly exquisite works of art, extracted from the Christmas numbers of the illustrated papers. Even more precious are certain other sketches scattered about the room, for these are richly coloured by Master TITTLEBAT himself, and reveal the fact that you are in the home of a painter as well as of a poet.

I had barely time to glance at these, when a succession of loud yells from an adjoining apartment told me that the poet was close at hand, and, apparently, that he was vexed by one of those trifling worries which a highly-strung temperament feels so severely. From the fragments of dialogue that reached me, he seemed to be arguing a point with some vehemence. "I *shan't*, Eliza! . . . I tell you I *shan't*!" . . . "Hush, Master TOMMY—going on like that with a gentleman to see you and all!"

At this moment the door was flung open, and Master TITTLEBAT appeared. Disdaining the formalities of an introduction, he began:—

"I'm a genius—the *Daily Chronicle* says I'm a genius—and



AMBIGUITY.

Scene—A HIGHLAND FERRY.

Tourist. "BUT WE PAID YOU SIXPENCE EACH AS WE CAME OVER, AND YOU SAID THE SAME FARE WOULD BRING US BACK."

Skipper. "WELL, WELL, AND I TELLED YE NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH, AN' IT'LL BE NO MORE THAN THE SAME FARE I'M WANTIN' THE NOO FOR BRINGIN' YE BACK."

yet they wont let me go on the Serpentine by myself and be a pirate! Have you," he added, brushing away a not unmanly tear, "got such a thing as a chocolate about you?"

I regretted that I could not oblige him, and endeavoured to turn the conversation by inquiring about his literary works.

"Oh, I've done lots of new poems—lots," he answered. "One about a lead soldier whom I squashed; and one about a caterpillar, only it wouldn't rhyme properly. And then there's one all about papa. He calls me 'a little prig,' you know, so I've written a sit—no, a sat—What's the proper word?"

"A satire?" I suggested.

"Yes, that's it—all about him, and it's going to be printed in the *Twinkler*. Won't he be wild, just!" And the poet danced with the delight of anticipation.

"Any more?" I asked.

"Well, I was just thinking one about Eliza, but it's not done. I wish I could write it with ink, but ink does make such messy blobs, you see. It begins like this:—

"I don't like not enough butter
Upon my bread,
I don't like having to stop playing
And go to bed;
But if you want to know
What I like least,
It's the nurse with the fuzzy hair they ca ELIZA—
I hate the beast!"

"Master TOMMY!" cried the indignant young woman, "come away at once. You shall go to bed this instant. Using language like that about me to the gentleman, indeed!"

And thereupon, in spite of his well-directed kicking, she carried off the poet by the scruff of his neck, and the interview came to a close.



THE HAT OF THE PERIOD.

Hyde Park Loafer. "WANT A GARD'NER, MISS?"

AMIENS' SONG AT THE HAYMARKET.

UNDER the BEERBOHM TREE
 'Twas fine to see *T'ril-by*,
 And hear the mellow note
 From DOROTHEA's throat.
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall you see
 A *Sven-ga-h*
 Time cannot stale or wither!

But TREE's ambition's grown
 To have a house—his own—
 Where he can play with ease
 Great parts, and greatly please.
 SHAKESPEARE, go thither, thither!
 There shall you see
 Our BEERBOHM TREE
 As *Hamlet* in high feather!

If that do come to pass
 Our TREE will be first-class,
 Risking his wealth and ease
 The Public for to please.
 Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame!*
 There shall you see
 Our BEERBOHM TREE
 Match the Lyceum's fame!

* An invocation to call playgoers into a (dress) circle.

AN oppressed-by-the-heat poet, "a second *Dried'un*," writes thus:

"Thirty days hath September,
 August, June, July. Remember."
 But at present he can't get beyond July.
 "Drink, pretty creature, drink."

AN ENCORE VERSE.

(To Poe's Poem of "The Bells.")

HEAR the blatant scorchers' bells!—
 Biking bells!

What a tale of torment tintinnabulant
 each tells!

On the air of day and night,
 How they fill us with affright!
 For we never know the way the things
 are coming, left or right.

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 All about and all around!
 She who vends the "pennywinkle,"
 They who "watercreases" sprinkle,
 Call 'em brown—though they are yellow—
 And their merits blare and bellow,
 Have a less cacophonous sound.

Keeping time—erratic time
 (Like to ALFRED AUSTIN's rhyme).
 How they come in phantom hosts,
 Like a lot of "scorching" ghosts!

How they burst from shadowy nooks
 Like to pedal-pounding spooks,
 On the elderly pedestrian all alone!
 And the people, ah! the people,
 Who come spinning down the steep hill,
 And feel glory in a broken limb or dislo-
 cated bone

When belonging to a "duffer,"
 Or a mere non-biking "buffer"!
 Oh, those bells, how much we suffer
 From their squealing
 When the inconsiderate idiot devotes
 himself to "wheeling."

Oh, those bells!
 And the hideous yahoo yells!
 Shout *plus* tintinnabulation which unmu-
 sically swells

From the bounders who are sounders
 Of the blaring bikers' bells,

Of the bells
 Oh, the discumbobulation and the mad-
 dening aggravation,
 And the ditherum-engendering, scorch-
 ing conflobustication
 Of bike bells!!!

WHAT THE WILD WAVES ARE SAYING.

THAT the lodging-house keepers are on
 the look out for the weary Londoners and
 their boxes.

That the sea breezes will attract all the
 world from the Metropolis to the coast.

That Britons should prefer Ramsgate,
 Eastbourne, Scarborough, and the like,
 to Dieppe, Dinard, and Boulogne.

That paterfamilias should remember,
 when paying the bill, that a two months'
 letting barely compensates for an empty
 house during the remainder of the year.

That the shore is a place of recreation
 for all but the bathing-machine horse.

That the circulating libraries are
 stocked with superfluous copies of un-
 known novels waiting to be read.

That, finally, during the excursion sea-
 son, 'ARRY will have to be tolerated, if
 not exactly loved.

ON DIT.—Rt. Hon. A. B-L-F-R is editing
 a new edition of SHAKESPEARE. He has
 already amended one line, which is now
 to be thus read:

"The course of business never did run smooth."

HISTORICAL (ENGLISH) NOTE ON "FOOD
 AND FEEDING."—The Tudors, especially
 "HENRY T" (not Sir HENRY THOMPSON,
 à propos of "food and feeding"), tho-
 roughly enjoyed stakes and chops.



“THE WANING OF THE HONEYMOON.”

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR Balfour (*to himself*). “WHAT! IS SHE TIRED OF ME ALREADY?”

[An amendment on Clause 24 of Irish Land Bill was carried against Ministers by 99 against 86, on Wednesday, July 22.]



SECOND NATURE.

IT IS THE GREAT AMBITION OF LITTLE JONES (OF BARGAIN AND SALES, THE DRAPERS) TO BE TAKEN FOR AN ARTIST; BUT UNFORTUNATELY HE CANNOT BREAK HIMSELF OF THE HABIT OF PUTTING HIS PENCIL BEHIND HIS EAR!

DARBY JONES ON GOODWOOD.

HONOURED SIR,—Once more I append the lyrical result of my researches into the future. Goodwood needs no bush, so I at once get into my running rhymes.

Here 's my principal tip, and I give it with zest,
With ROTHSCHILD'S all sportsmen their cash should invest.
In the Stewards an Ugly look out I can see,
Scratch a Tartar and p'raps you 'll find Lady Sophie.
And in one race at least 'tis a pound to a pin
Mr. HARRY McCALMONT has something to win.
And again do not afterwards say 'twas a fluke
When a nice little stake is picked up by a Duke.

By following my advice, no backer need get left in the Oof-birdless Grove. I need scarcely say that I shall be found on the old familiar spot with the latest cue in hand, and shall look out for my friends during the hour of rest on each day, when I shall supply them with many winning hazards. "The glorious vintage of champagne," I may remind my patrons, is always first favourite with your obedient servant,

DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I have reason to believe, honoured Sir, that certain valuable testimonials, addressed to myself, are now lying at your office. Please forward, carriage paid.

[The only testimonial received here was a thick oak stick, labelled "Please lay this over DARBY JONES'S back." D. J. can therefore call and receive the same under the conditions annexed.—ED.]

FROM OUR IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (STILL IN PRISON).—*Question.* Of what fish is the Emperor of Russia most fond? *Answer.* Czar-dines.

REAL DOG-LATIN.—*Cave Canem!*

LAST OPERATIC NOTES.

Thursday.—The season draws to a close. Next Tuesday, ere these few lines which end our record shall have appeared, the curtain will have been rung down on the Operatic Season of 1896. A good season if not a great one; a sad one to all who knew and appreciated our one and only DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS. To his energy the opera for many years has owed its success. He gave us English, Italian, German, French Opera; he was a cosmopolitan revivalist, and to him we owe the very pick of European celebrities on the operatic stage. DRURIOLANUS has shown the way; others may follow, and successfully, in his footsteps.

To-night, *Don Giovanni*, with excellent, though not an ideal, caste. Signor ANCONA is the *Don*, not perhaps all our fancy (and experience) painted: but still, just now it would be difficult to find a better representative of the traditional "wicked nobleman." Madame ALBANI, vocally and dramatically powerful as the unfortunate *Donna Anna* (whom the *Don* ought never to have cast off, as did she not invent the *pommes Anna* which made his table so famous?), gained a grand encore. There were no "floral tributes" offered—at least, "not when I saw it," as *Horatio* says.

Miss (or as in the bills, "Mlle.")—but why "Mlle.," as the young lady is not a Frenchwoman?) MARGUERITE MACINTYRE is a fine *Elvira*, physically and vocally; but she represents this unfortunate victim of the lively *Don Juan* as gifted with so keen a sense of the humorous as to prevent her from ever being really angry with her inconstant and undevoted lover. When she sings of her woes there is a "naughty little twinkle in her eye," as of one who still has pleasant memories of a happy past, and who has not altogether renounced the idea of trying her luck again, if only she can secure the volatile *Lothario* all to herself. Far am I from saying that this conception of the character is not the right one: I am inclined to agree with Miss MAGGIE MACINTYRE, on the ground that, probably, she knows best. I decidedly like her reading of this character. She has evidently arrived at it after close study. Only, if this be the character, MAGGIE might have thrown into it a little more action, and have given even greater piquancy to the humorous slyness of the quietly lark, but apparently very proper, *Donna Elvira*.

Tother MARGARET (not "MARGUERITE"), namely MARGARET REID is not *Zerlina*. Signor RINALDINI better than ever as *Masetto*. Signor CREMONINI "quite a nice young man" as *Don Ottavio*; and ARIMONDI a most distinguished personage, whether as the *Commendatore* alive, or as the statuesque ghost. Signor PINTI-CORSI, as *Leporello*, is "funny without being vulgar," but his humour does not make me go beyond a "quiet chuckle."

Vive la Compagnie! Bon soir la Compagnie! Et au revoir to Signorini BEVIGNANI, MANCINELLI, and "all the talents" of 1896.

SHAKESPEARE TO A WORTHY COMMON COUNCILLOR.

"Heavens keep old BEDFORD safe!"

Henry the Sixth, Part I., Act iii., Sc. 2.

SUMMARY OF LORD ROSEBERRY'S ADMIRABLE SPEECH ON BURNS.

"For a' that, an' a' that,
A man 's a man for a' that,"

and, as the faithful GRIFFITH observed to Queen KATHERINE,

"Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water."

So sometimes, when due north, we put a little whiskey in it. But Lord ROSEBERRY has found the real happy medium through which to view the poet. Will his lordship favour us with some more "where that came from" on BYRON and SHELLEY?

To Balbus of Birmingham.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN late laid it down as a law
That the Government cannot make bricks without straw.
Most true! But 'tis worthy of note in that quarter,
That Ministers cannot bind bricks without mortar.
If adhesiveness fails there may be a great fall
In what lately seemed like a Great Party Wall!

A SINGULAR AND VISIBLE PROOF OF THE QUEEN'S GARDEN PARTY.—One of the horticulturists employed at Buckingham Palace.



FASHIONABLE AND SEASONABLE.

WHERE TO SUP AL FRESCO IN THE HOTTEST WEATHER. THE "WELKOME CLUB."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE was a time in recent history when GEOFF HORNEY was the most important man in Europe. It was in the early days of 1878, when, in command of the British Fleet, he proceeded to the Sea of Marmora with instructions to pass the Dardanelles whether the Turk pleased or didn't, and steam up to Constantinople. The East of Europe was at the time strewn thickly with gunpowder, on which a spark alighting would, as a Member of the House of Commons once said, have let slip the dogs of war. Everything depended on the tact and judgment of the Admiral in command of the British Fleet. It was a serious trial, from which HORNEY came out triumphant. In his "Life," written by his daughter, Mrs. FRED EGERTON, and published by BLACKWOOD, the stirring story is simply told. The veil is lifted from Cabinet Councils, Ministerial vacillations, cold fits succeeding hot, and the other way about. HORNEY was, above all things, a man to be trusted, a sea captain of a type which, never failing in the British Navy, will keep it invincible as in DRAKE's time. Mrs. EGERTON makes no attempt at fine writing. The annals of her father's work are as simple and straightforward as was the life they record.

It occurs to me that *The Vanished Emperor* owes his existence to *The Prisoner of Zenda*. The surmise may be erroneous. I wish, however, that the idea of this romance, entitled *The Vanished Emperor*, published by WARD, LOCK & Co., had occurred to the author of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, instead of to Mr. PERCY ANDREA, who wastes his own and his reader's time on two-thirds of the book. Everything up to chapter twelve might easily have been told in a single chapter, or at most, in a couple. From the twelfth chapter up to the eighteenth and last, the story is told with considerable dramatic power, though marred as is the first part by tedious dialogues and apparently muddled-headed explanations. Well stage-managed, the scene of the Council of Royalties, the surrounding of the palace by the revolutionary mob, and the sudden arrival of the Vanished Emperor, would bring down the curtain on the third act to tumultuous applause.

THE BARON.

LAW AND TIME.—A "watching brief" must have much to do with second-hand information.

BRUNCH V. BLUNCH!

ACCORDING to the *Lady*, to be fashionable nowadays we must "brunch." Truly an excellent portmanteau word, introduced, by the way, last year, by Mr. GUY BERINGER, in the now defunct *Hunter's Weekly*, and indicating a combined breakfast and lunch. At Oxford, however, two years ago, an important distinction was drawn. The combination-meal, when nearer the usual breakfast hour, is "brunch," and, when nearer luncheon, is "blunch." Please don't forget this.

'Tis the voice of the Bruncher, I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again!
When the clock says it's twelve, then perhaps I'll revive,
Meanwhile into bed yet once more let me dive!

The last meal I had was about 3 A.M.;
I'm a writer, so please don't such habits condemn!
This cross between supper and breakfast I'll name,
If you'll let me, a 'suckfast'—and 'brupper's the same!

Later on, too, a similar mixture I make,
And of 'five o'clock tinner' at seven I partake;
The term's *à propos*, for the fare is tinned meat,
With tea for 'ontray' and lump sugar for sweet.

While the small hours get larger I'm fit as a flea,
The sunrise I'm cheerfully ready to see,
With 'blunch' for to-morrow, and no trains to catch,
I don't need to repose with unseemly despatch.

Beauty sleep is a thing that ne'er troubles my head;
When the cock has done crowing I turn into bed,
Then peacefully dream of the virtues of 'blunch',
And, on waking, I rise and indite this to *Punch*!

Lost Telegram to Mafeking.

Wire.—"Finish Railway to Buluwayo."

Reply and inquiry.—"Why?"

Answer per wire.—"To make 'Road-easier.'"

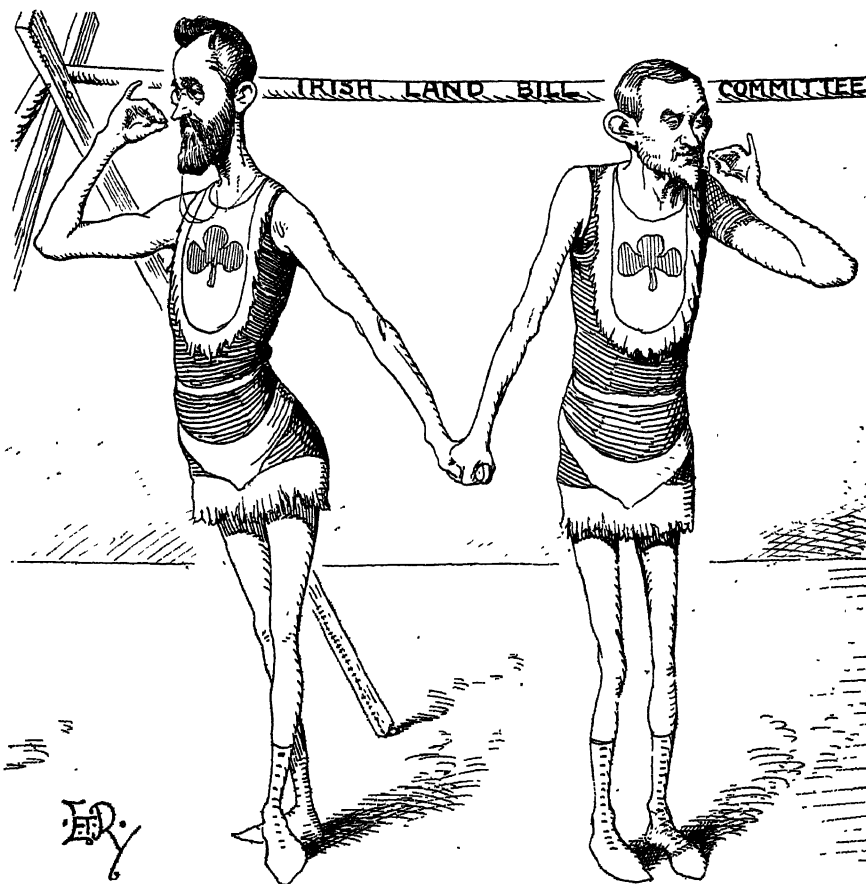
[** Suggested by clerk, "If telegram delayed and somehow gone astray, wasn't it probably originally something about making *Raid easier*?"]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 20.—The Thanes fly from PRINCE ARTHUR. He sits on the Treasury Bench with a gallant smile on a worried face; they cluster below the Gangway and "say things." Colonel SAUNDERSON strategically aggravates situation by wearing an aggressive sky-blue scarf. This sheds ghastly pallor over face of CARSON sitting near him. Even makes WARING and SMITH-BARRY look like ghosts of their former selves. With reckless chivalry the Colonel stretches his warlock defiantly across his shapely head. If anyone wants his scalp, and can take it, don't let them say that he placed them at a mean disadvantage by giving them nothing to hold on by.

For years he has fought his countrymen on the Benches opposite. Now the adversary is parted only by the breadth of the Gangway. It is his once-loved but now lost leader PRINCE ARTHUR against whom the sharp point of his well-proven blade is turned. The Colonel, like another warrior (*Major Bagstock* to wit), is tough. But as he stood up to-night, and amid unwonted cheers from Radical throats announced his intention to vote against Government resolution to suspend Twelve o'Clock Rule for rest of Session, his voice faltered. An unwonted sigh trembled in his manly bosom. It is bad enough for CARSON, in the last Parliament PRINCE ARTHUR's prize new Member. But CARSON is a lawyer, accustomed to find himself in divers and occasionally contradictory moods of honest conviction, according to the terms of his brief. SAUNDERSON is a soldier, bred in habits of discipline. For him to mutiny,



The Brothers HEALY make their bow after their marvellous performance in Committee.

and life-long habits. But the call of duty is inexorable.

"I could not love thee, Prince, so much,
Loved I not Honour more."

Thus the Colonel murmurs to himself, gazing with dimmed eyes on LUCASTA, lounging with ill-affected ease on the Treasury Bench. Then, like LUCASTA's lover, he "goes to the wars."

Business done.—Twelve o'Clock Rule suspended for rest of Session.

Tuesday.—TIM HEALY spent thoroughly agreeable night. Irish Land Bill in Committee. TIM, with his back to the wall, fighting the whole lot of them, landlords, Ministers, and Chairman of Committees. Sometimes when things flag he leaves protection of wall and dashes in among them. The crowd close round him; begin to think you'll never see TIM any more; when dust flies up; fragments of CARSON darken the sky; the Irish Attorney-General's coat is split right up the back; GERALD BALFOUR's hair is ruffled over his pallid face. Then TIM steps out of the *mêlée*, breathing a little hard, but otherwise incommode. Puts on his glasses and looks up fresh references from erudite authorities designed to frustrate the landlords' knavish tricks and make them fall.

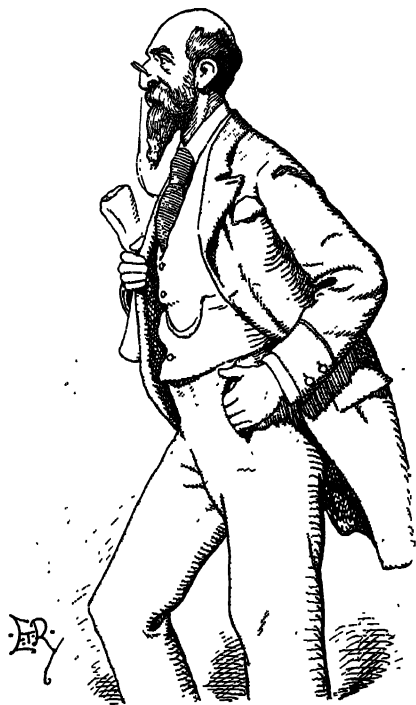
A marvellous spectacle of indomitable courage, ready resource, perfect mastery of subject. Soon after dinner CARSON threw up sponge. No use moving amendments, he said; clear they wouldn't be accepted. If they were, Ministers went back on their decision. So CARSON stalked forth; but TIM stayed on to end,

apparently as tireless at two o'clock in morning as he was fresh at four in the afternoon.

"I never watch TIM on the warpath," says PRINCE ARTHUR, "without feeling grateful for the present disposition of things. Suppose Irish party united as it was in PARNELL's time, with TIM, having rubbed off some of his angularities of temper, their leader. In such case, even with our majority touching three fifties, Ireland would get pretty much what she wanted. *Divide et impera.* They divide and we rule."

Business done.—Pegging away at Irish Land Bill.

Thursday.—A better fellow than ROBERT THRESHIE REID, commonly called BOB, the House of Commons does not contain. Sorry to hear of his having taken a step that arrests, at full tide, an honourable and prosperous career. All done in a moment of pique, which makes it more remarkable on part of so level-headed a man as ex-Attorney-General. It's SARK tells me about it. Not sure I should believe it on any other authority. All arises out of private Bill which BOB found time to draft, and over whose Parliamentary fortunes he watched with more than paternal solicitude. Got it as far as Committee Stage. Expected it to run through unopposed in last half-hour of Wednesday sitting. When who should turn up and put spoke in wheel but HENRY FOWLER! Had it been TANNER, BOB wouldn't have minded. But a former colleague, an esteemed friend, a man not usually given to vagaries, it's that which



"The Waring of the Green."

to go over bag and baggage to the enemy, is a grievous wrench to inborn instincts

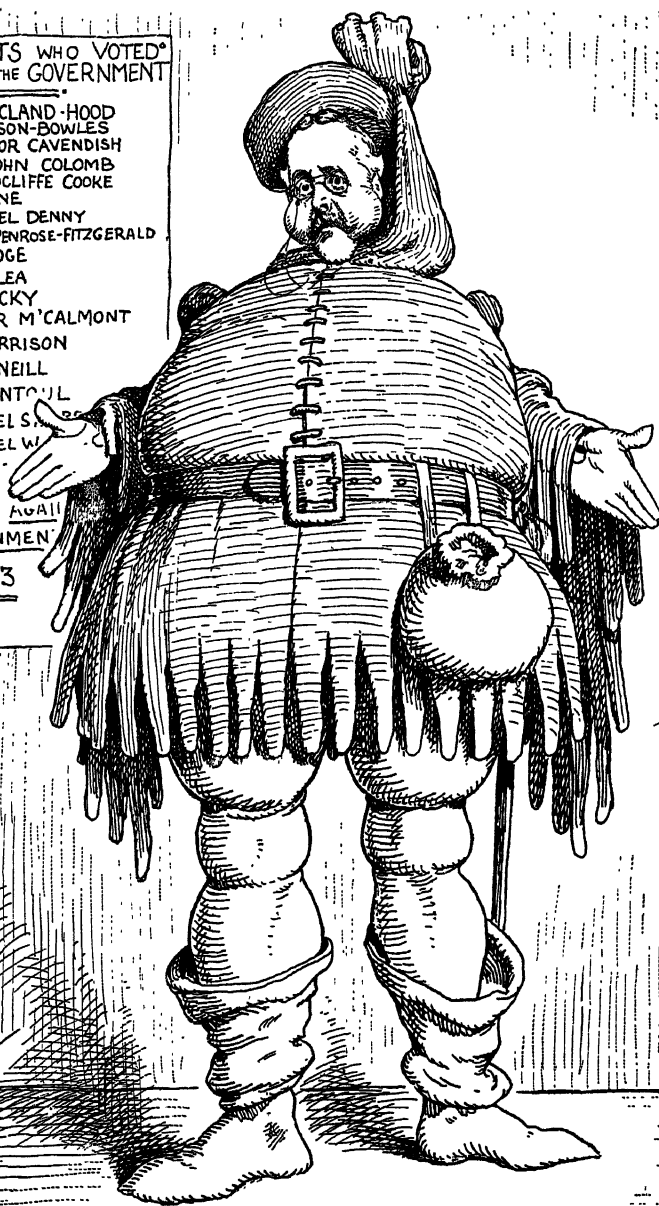
**UNIONISTS WHO VOTED
AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT**

SIR A. A. CLAND-HOOD
M^r GIBSON-BOWLES
M^r VICTOR CAVENDISH
SIR JOHN COLOMB
M^r RADCLIFFE COOKE
M^r DANE
COLONEL DENNY
SIR R. PENROSE-FITZGERALD
M^r GEDGE
SIR T. LEA
M^r LECKY
MAJOR M^r CALMONT
M^r MORRISON
M^r O'NEILL
M^r RENTON
COLONEL S.
COLONEL W.

MAJORITY AGAINST
GOVERNMENT

13

JULY 22^d.



Mr. Balfour (disguised as Falstaff). "Call you that backing of your friends?"

has suddenly but irrevocably convinced Bob REND that Parliamentary life is no proper sphere for him.

Action with him follows promptly upon decision. A week ago a prominent Member of the House of Commons, a leader at the Bar, he has now quitted the busy scene and settled himself down in dour but dulcet Dumfries. Has taken the Woodbank Hydropathic Establishment, and hopes, by civility and close attention to business, to merit continuance of past favours. Paragraph in all the papers states that his first guest is the ex-Premier. So like Lord ROSEBURY; always ready to help a friend in practical way. Bob is of course new to the hydropathic business. May be expected to be a little awkward at first with the wet pack. Can hardly in a week have mastered all the details of the management of a large

establishment. That will come in time. It's a good send-off to have Lord ROSEBURY. Still it's an odd move, and I hope Bob will not find cause to regret it.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill through Committee.

Friday.—PRINCE ARTHUR rather in low spirits to-night. Things still, on the whole, not going well. Bad enough to be defeated in the division lobby. But to have DON JOSE and ST. MICHAEL dining out and simultaneously setting about to crack him up as heaven-born leader of House of Commons is worse still.

"Call you that backing of your friends?" says PRINCE ARTHUR, looking as like Falstaff as nature will permit. "A plague upon such backing."

One gleam of sunshine is the passing through Committee of Irish Land Bill. At one time seemed hopeless endeavour.

Success largely due, as TIM HEALY graciously acknowledged, to tact and unfailing good temper of brother GERALD. Reflex of this happy state of things over Committee to-night. Irish votes through on stroke of midnight. So all go home; some to bed.

Business done.—Irish Estimates through Committee.

WHAT TO WEAR ON YOUR WEDDING DAY.

(By a Confirmed and Cantankerous Celibate.)

MARRIED in white,
You have hooked him all right.
Married in grey,
He will ne'er get away.
Married in black,
He will wish himself back.
Married in red,
He will wish himself dead.
Married in green,
His true colour is seen.
Married in blue,
He will look it, not you.
Married in pearl,
He the distaff will twirl.
Married in yellow,
Poor fellow! Poor fellow!
Married in brown,
Down, down, derry down.
Married in pink,
To a slave he will sink.
Married in crimson,
He'll dangle your whims on.
Married in buff,
He will soon have enough.
Married in scarlet,
Poor victimised varlet!
Married in violet, purple, or puce,
It doesn't much matter, they all mean—the deuce!

VOICES FROM THE SHADES.

SCENE—*The Immortal Grove.* PRESENT—*The Bards of the Majority.*

First Poet. "Take him all in all—

Second Poet (interrupting). Stay, WILLIAM. Quotation (especially from one's own work) is not permitted.

First Poet. But did you ever see the like? Did you hear his speech?

Second Poet. Yes; it was rather rough upon poor ROBBIE. But there's the danger of anniversaries.

First Poet. But surely such a thing was never done before?

Second Poet. Very probably; but unless he be promptly quashed, it's precious likely to be done again.

First Poet. Poor ALFRED! What a successor!

Second Poet. Poor ROBBIE! What a laudator!

First Poet. Well, pity it is true; but BURNS at least has a new epitaph.

Second Poet. He has! That after the hundred years he has been patronised by ALFRED AUSTIN!

[Scene closes in upon much lamentation and some hilarity.]

IN THE TRAIN.

Would-be Swell (to affable countryman (a perfect stranger) whom he wishes to over-awe). Couldn't leave town before. Had to wait for the royal wedding.

Affable Countryman. Indeed! I suppose the tips are very handsome on such occasions? I hope you did pretty well, Sir.

THE ANTITHESIS TO HORSE PATHS—Cowes Roads.



A BITER BIT.

"BY THE WAY, SNOOKSON—I'VE GOT A BET WITH MY FRIEND BROWN HERE ABOUT THAT SATIRICAL POEM OF YOURS IN THIS WEEK'S *GADFLY*; I SAID I COULDN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME SEE ANY POINT IN IT, AND HE DECLARES THERE IS NO POINT. NOW, WHICH OF US TWO IS RIGHT?"

MEMS. FOR COWES REGATTA WEEK.

1. OBJECT to paying more than five pounds a night for a frowsy attic with no carpet.
2. Never dispute fares with cabdrivers or boatmen. The best plan is to offer your purse to the Jehu or waterman, and ask him to help himself. This saves wrangling.
3. In event of calling on a friend at the R.Y.S., be sure and speak to the signalman at the gate with your hat or cap in your hand, and be servile in your manner, otherwise this Lord High Functionary may order your instant execution by means of the Commodore's pop-guns.
4. On the other hand, if you drop in at the London Yacht Club, do not forget that the building was erected for the benefit of the local aristocracy for fifty-one weeks in the year, and during seven days for the convenience of honorary members.
5. If you wish to make yourself popular with the ladies, take a wet retriever or poodle on to the Parade about 5 P.M.
6. Always suppose that every man you meet in a peaked cap and blue serge owns a yacht. If you have one of your own allude to it deprecatingly as "my little tub."
7. If fond of practical joking, suggest to any American acquaintances that the gates of Osborne are always open. But after their visit keep out of their way.
8. As the German Emperor is not coming to Cowes this year, state openly that His Majesty is an intimate friend, and imply that you are watching his interests. Sternly refuse to take any parties to inspect *Meteor*. State with truth that you have no authority to do so.
9. Make a point of inquiring daily at the Post Office if there be any letters for you addressed to the *Spoof* (or whatever

name you select for your cutter, schooner, or yawl). The postal authorities have little to do in Regatta week, and will like visits from yourself and similar querists.

10. The same idea can be worked out at the Marine, the Fountain, the Gloster, or any other hostelry.

11. On the day of your arrival tip all the itinerant minstrels. Thereafter you and your neighbours will never want for music minute by minute.

12. If a numismatist, buy a handful of the tokens in use on the Floating Bridge and send them to the British Museum.

13. If fond of meditation or mushrooms, travel by the Isle of Wight railways. You will have ample time to indulge in the former, and to pick the latter.

14. On Firework Night, charter a boat, and play at being Lord CHARLES BERESFORD at the bombardment of Alexandria. Your experience will be quite as exciting as that of the gallant commander of the *Condor*.

15. Feed yourself how you can and when you can. You will only get a chance now and then.

16. Always remember, that to a native of the island you are a miserable "overner" despatched from the mainland for his sole profit. He will therefore treat you as the spider does the fly. Why blame him? In one short week he manages to squeeze enough sustenance to enable him to bask in the sunshine of Fortune for three hundred and fifty-eight days.

THE MODERN BLACK FLAG.

(Fragment from a Romance that, in spite of recent comments, it is hoped will never become a reality.)

"THE engines are disabled, Sir," said the lieutenant, saluting his captain, "and we are within reach of the curse of the seas."

The commander uttered an exclamation of horror. He would have given any to dismay had he not been a brave man.

"Well, Mr. MAYNE BRACE, we must trust to every stitch of canvas and run before the wind."

"Aye, aye, Sir;" and the boatswain piped all hands to obey the necessary orders.

Then for the space of half an hour every glass was directed towards the shore. Would the good ship, *Court Capel*, escape the clutches of the much-dreaded craft to which the second officer had recently referred? Would she outsail the boat that had been called "the curse of the seas"? During thirty minutes nothing of moment happened, and then a small vessel put off from the shore.

"Crowd on more sail," cried the captain, "we have a good start and we may yet weather them."

The sailors obeyed the new direction with alacrity. The masts bent under the weight of the strained canvas. Never had such an effort been made before.

"From what are we attempting to escape?" asked a passenger, who, in the palmy days of the nautical drama, would have been rudely called "a lubberly landsman."

"We have no time for idle conversation, Sir," replied the master; "but as you are curious I will tell you." And then he gave the desired information.

"But surely you are mistaken!" exclaimed the passenger. "The men who form the crew of that boat are the pride of the English-speaking race. They risk their lives battling with the stormy seas. They are heroes, every one of them!"

"If you had read some recent articles carefully you would have learned, Sir, that such a view is erroneous. Salvage is the principal aim of the glorious crew. They may be brave, but they are also businesslike. We must not let them board us or their claim for compensation will be enormous."

The *Court Capel* sprang on like a greyhound. The ship advanced by leaps and bounds. The crew were grave and anxious. They knew their captain was a determined man, and would rather sink his ship than surrender.

"If worst comes to the worst," he murmured, "run the vessel on to a sunken rock and we sink together. It will be cheaper in the long run."

But fortunately there was no necessity for so extreme a course. The boat became smaller and smaller, and was at length scarcely visible.

"What was she?" asked another of the passengers. "From what have we escaped?"

Then came the reply, uttered in a tone of satisfaction: "We have escaped the lifeboat!" And with this the captain closed his glass and feared no longer.

VACATION CRICKET.—A Member of Parliament on the stump.



THE WANDERINGS OF LI HUNG-CHANG;

OR, THE LATEST LEGEND OF THE WILLOW-PATTERN PLATE.

(See p. 63.)



A STRONG RECOMMENDATION.

Dealer in Welsh Cobs (to bucolic buyer). "Now, GUV'NOR, WILL YOU BUY THAT ONE? A HEXACT MODEL OF THE PRINCE'S 'OSS PERSIMMON!'"

THE WANDERINGS OF LI HUNG CHANG;

OR, THE LATEST LEGEND OF THE WILLOW-PATTERN PLATE.

At a cursory glance you may say to yourselves,
"That's the old willow pattern so long on our shelves!"
But there you're mistaken, for modernisation
Has touched e'en that plate; but as some explanation
Seems needful to make it quite clear, I'll begin it,
If you will oblige me by waiting a minute.
If dished by this plate, I'll explain, as a chorus,
One or two knotty points in the picture before us.

SONG.

AIR—"The House that Jack built."

(During the Song the Enchanter points to the different portions of the Plate referred to, beginning in the middle.)

These are the travels of LI HUNG CHANG!
There are the Krupp shots all hung on the trees,
That wibbledee, wobbledee, go in the breeze;
And there is the Teuton, who's quite in a pet
That orders for hundred-ton guns he can't get,
Or pocket the profits he hoped to have made
Out of the increase of commerce and trade,
From the travels of Mandarin LI HUNG CHANG.

And there are the "turtle doves," German and Frank

(Who're rather like eagles a-hungered and lank),
Who clapperclaw wildly in misty mid-air,
And neither one wholly content with his share,
Soaring above those remarkable trees
That wibbledee, &c.

And there is the junk in which LI HUNG CHANG
Is paddling away, bidding orders go hang.
Past the Bridge of War, where three conquering Japs
Are lugging the booty—ingenious chaps!
To their Far Eastern home, with delight immense,
Past the awfully zig-zag diplomat fence,
Under the Treaty Tree, queerest of trees,
That wibbledee, &c.

And there is the Britishers' tight little isle,
Where the lion reclines, with a genial smile,
Under the shade of the wonderful dome
Which overshadows his island home;
Quietly waiting, in his own way,
For the wily wanderer from far Cathay,
With leonine nonchalance taking his ease
Under the shade of the wonderful trees,
That wibbledee, &c.

So having geographised most of the plate,
For the rest I must ask you at present to wait
(Like that western watcher, cute Uncle SAM);
But would merely remark that no western flam
Will take in the Mandarin LI HUNG CHANG,
Who is wandering warily over the seas,

Looking round on the garden and round on the trees,
That wibbledee, wobbledee, go in the breeze;
But whose verdancy does not characterise
That wily tourist with almond eyes,
Our Celestial visitant, LI HUNG CHANG.

THE MAID AND THE MINISTER.

A New—Agricultural—Nursery Rhyme.

The Maid : : : AGRICULTURE.
The Minister : : : MR. CH-PL-N.

"WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to ruin! fair Sir!" she said.
"May I, well, sympathise, my pretty maid?"
"In a practical fashion, kind Sir," she said.
"What is your business, my pretty maid?"
"My business is farming, kind Sir," she said.
"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My fortune's misfortune, kind Sir," she said.
"And what can I do for you, my pretty maid?"
"Oh! give me Protection, kind Sir," she said.
"Humph! that is impossible, my pretty maid."
"Then thank you for nothing, kind Sir," she said.
"Will nothing else help you, then, my pretty maid?"
"Pay my rates out of taxes, kind Sir," she said.

THE HOME OF PALM-ISTRY.—Kew Gardens.



Tommy (who has just begun learning French, on his first visit to Boulogne). "I SAY, DADDY, DID YOU CALL THAT MAN 'GARÇON'?"
 Tommy (after reflection). "I SAY, DADDY, WHAT A BIG GARÇON HE'LL BE WHEN HE'S OUT OF JACKETS AND TURN-DOWNS, AND GETS INTO TAILS AND STICK-UPS!"
 Daddy (with pride). "YES, MY BOY."

CHINESE PROVERBS.

(Adapted from the English by an Illustrious Traveller.)

PERSONS who are brought to England in the midst of a Bank Holiday ought not to be expected to be too cheerful on the following morning.

A lodging at Carlton House Terrace is better than a mansion in Park Lane.

It is a weary tour that has no return.

You cannot make a Shahzada out of an ex-Viceroy, especially in the off season.

Any sight will do to strike an Oriental with astonishment.

It is too late to open the Palace doors when every one has hurried away to the seaside.

Half an official welcome is better than an ill-bred mobbing.

A live recluse in Pall Mall is more valuable than a hunted-to-death lion in Society.

Look after the heads of the Government, and the contractors and the manufacturers will take care of themselves.

Lastly, you may bring a Chinese Bis-

MARCK thousands of miles to see London, but no power on earth will induce him to visit (if he does not desire it) the South Kensington Museum.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

OUR blissful honeymoon
 Was over all too soon,
 And then we settled down at home for good.

I sought, but sought in vain,
 For courage to complain;
 It's such bad form to talk about one's food.

At last I said, "My dear,
 You will be vexed, I fear"
 (I wanted to be kind, but very firm),
 "I can't exist on sops:
 I'm getting tired of chops:
 We'll part, dear, with MARIA, at the term."

So down the tubes next morning
 We gave MARIA warning,
 And rammed the stopper in and did not wait;

And then we advertised,
 As all our friends advised,
 And told cooks to apply here after eight.

My poor wife interviews,
 And I, to help her choose,
 Remain behind a paper or a book;
 But 'tis with pensive pain
 I notice "good and plain"
 Are qualities most valued in a cook.

They differ as to ages,
 They differ as to wages,
 But all object to washing,—which is strange;
 They differ as to dress,
 But one and all confess
 They've left their places only "for a change."

They stickle for their right
 To go out every night,
 They're careful to observe Commandment Four;
 But yet it seems they shirk
 All kinds of menial work,
 Like polishing the brasses of the door.

And some are withered crones
 Reduced to rags and bones,
 With toothless jaw, and bonnets all awry;
 And some are fat and florid,
 And some are grim and horrid;
 But most are young and sensitive and shy.

And some are Plymouth Brothers,
 And some are widowed mothers,
 And very many say they're "Friendly Girls";

A few belong to missions,
 A few are politicians,
 With spectacles and bristling corkscrew curls.

At last my wife confessed
 She felt herself depressed
 By having heard five characters that day;

And did I not feel sorry
 I'd brought her all this worry?
 And—did I mind?—MARIA said she'd stay!

She's impudent and lazy,
 She burns the *poulet braisé*,
 Her stews are tough, her jellies never clear;

Her puddings have no taste,
 Her sauces are mere paste—
 But we've raised her wages two pounds ten a year!

"HOW TO CELEBRATE THE LONGEST AND MOST GLORIOUS REIGN IN ENGLISH HISTORY."

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—How could we better celebrate the 23rd Sept., '96, than by giving a national holiday, and half-a-crown apiece—the half-crown being emblematical of loyalty to the Crown—to all employés? Let the masters pay their workpeople all the same, so that no man, woman, or child suffer thereby (except the said masters, and they don't count). Nothing could be more fitting—from our point of view. Yours obediently, AN EMPLOYE.

SIR,—On this glorious day, let all employés take a holiday—at their own expense. Yours obediently,

EMPLOYER OF LABOUR.

↑ H.M.'s Industrial Establishment, Princetown, Dartmoor.

SIR,—As one who has long—too long—worn Her Majesty's uniform, I suggest that no more suitable way of celebrating this occasion could be found than by ordering the instant release of all gentlemen compulsorily connected with this establishment. Excuse the crest on this letter paper. Yours obediently,

WILLIAM SIKES.

Matabeleland.

SIR,—Could we not commemorate this great day by establishing a close time for nigger shooting? Yours,

A TROOPER.

SIR,—It would be a graceful act if all keepers of licensed houses were to open their bars, that day, to all the thirsty subjects of the Queen *gratis*. I approached one publican on the subject, but left (hurriedly, and through the bottle and jug department door) without waiting for any definite reply on his part. Perhaps you might meet with more success. Yours obediently,

A. BOOZER.

SIR,—I would suggest that all bookmakers should wipe off arrears to Sept. 23rd, when it comes (this would include the St. Leger), as a fitting memorial of the day. Yours obediently,

PLUNGER.

SIR,—I would like to suggest that all backers of horses should pay up all arrears of what they owe on Sept. 23rd. This would cause genuine rejoicing amongst a large and deserving class of the community. Yours obediently,

BOOKMAKER.

"WOULD-BE CYCLIST" suggests that half a million wheelmen should ride abreast up the Queen's front drive at Balmoral, ringing their bells as a token of loyalty. He would be happy to join in such a demonstration if Her Majesty will kindly supply him with a machine.

"A BALLOONIST" thinks that all the Board School children throughout the country should be taught to parachute between this and September 23rd, on which date a monster ascent of the whole population of London might be organised.

Several young ladies, born in 1887, and saddled with the name of JUBILEE, would like to change it for VICTORIA ALEXANDRINA, as it is so aggravating to have one's age proclaimed to all the world, and they are not going to stand it any longer, so there!

"SOCIALIST" would be satisfied with a free fight of twenty-four hours' duration, in Hyde Park, between the various sections of "Comrades" and "Fellow-workers," who recently gave expression in the Queen's Hall in similar fashion to their unanimity and solidarity. If any blighted brother-Anarchist likes to come on—(rest suppressed).

"PERFURVID SCOT" opines that the Queen's title should be altered to that of Empress of Great and Little Cumbræ, and of their adjacent dependencies, and that a sum not exceeding sixpence be spent in apprising Her Majesty of the fact.

"TOMMY" is quite sure that three weeks' extra holidays would be the best means of enabling him to realise that he has got to remember a new fact in English history, and by then the fruit season will be over.

And Mr. PUNCH considers that everybody might learn "God Save the Queen," the words of which not one person in ten can repeat correctly. The rhymes of the National Anthem might also be repaired.

At Cowes.

First Boatman. Well, the German Hemp'ror ain't a-coming after all!

Second Boatman. No; yer see, if he did a come arter this Dr. JIM business, 'twould be like hadding hinsult to hinjury.



THE H GRATUITOUS.

Lady. "CAN I BOOK THROUGH FROM HERE TO O'BAN?"
Well-educated Clerk (correcting her). "HOLBORN, YOU MEAN. NO; BUT YOU CAN BOOK TO BROAD STREET, AND THEN TAKE A 'BUS!"

THE PLAY IN PANTON STREET.

DALY's comedians, unlike the poor, are not "always with us." Perhaps one of these days they may "come to stay." At present their visits are flying ones. Mr. DALY's *Love on Crutches* has certainly "caught on," and had it a few weeks' chance, and favourable weather, it might have been in for a fairly long run. It is a pleasant adaptation from a German piece which has something in common with *The Adventures of a Love Letter*, taken from SARDOU's *Pattes de Mouche*. As in so many modern German pieces, there is an interviewing journalist. Miss ADA REHAN is very amusing as *Annis Austin*; her sudden transitions from grave to gay are most humorously natural. Miss SYBIL CARLISLE is a most elegant and charming widow. Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, as her lover, seems to laugh at himself occasionally for being so dreadfully in earnest; otherwise he is excellent. Good, too, Mr. CHARLES RICHMAN, as the rather ill-used husband. How Mr. and Mrs. *Austin* ever came together, and how they then quarrelled, or were estranged, is not satisfactorily explained. But there it is; and, this being the foundation of the play, you must take it for granted, as in all problems some hypothesis must be granted, otherwise we should never start. Mr. JAMES LEWIS capital: his laugh is so cheery, and he enjoys it all so much. Quaint Mrs. GILBERT, disguised as a young person, would give more *vraisemblance* to sharp Mr. BITTEREDGE GRESHAM's mistake (he plays this part very well) were she to wear long, fashionable gloves, *gants de Suède*, with her evening costume. Hands tell tales as well as fortunes, and when he is meditating whether the disguised fair one is seventeen or fifty, the ungloved hand which he holds and caresses ought to decide him in a second. The company leaves us at the end of this week; therefore, to those remaining in town, and uncertain of what to do with their "evening out," I advise go and see *Love on Crutches*. But why on crutches?

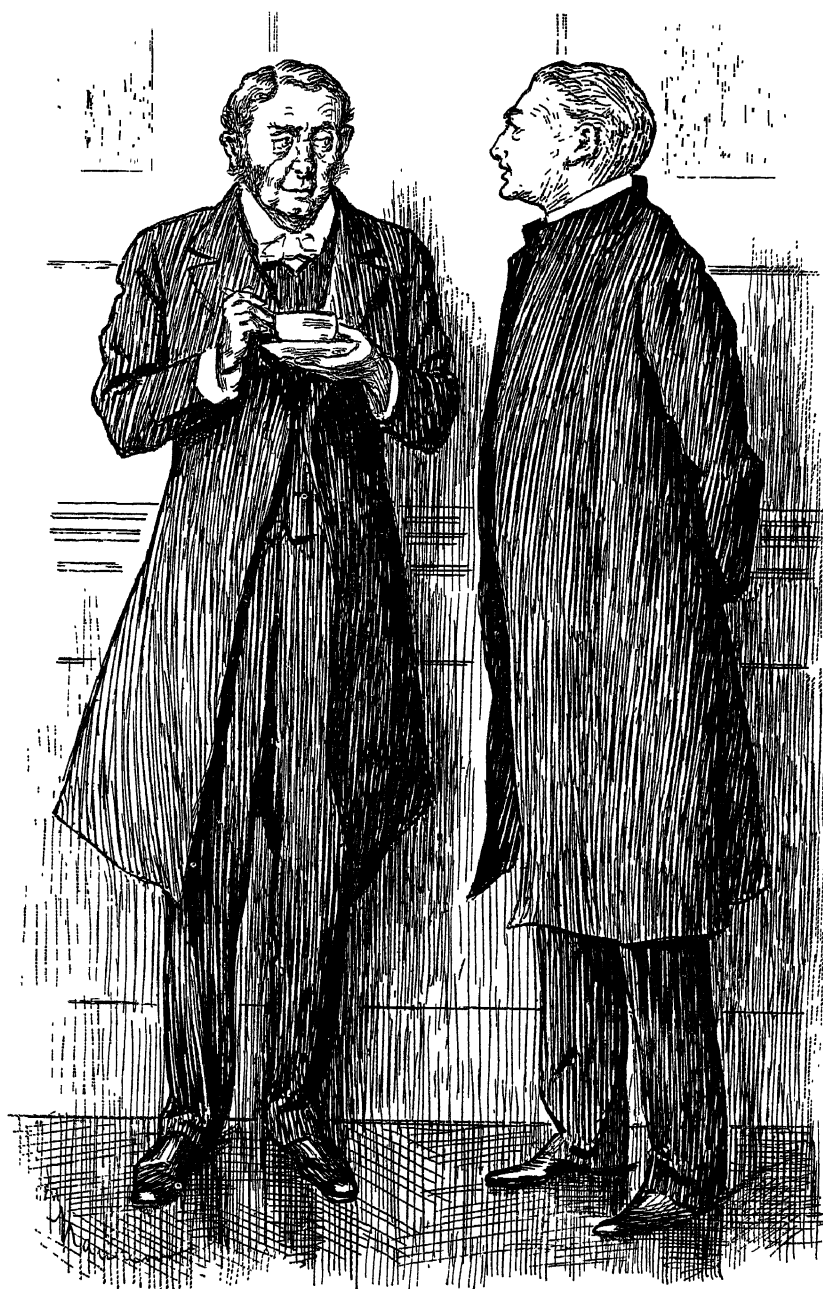
Regardless of the Temperature.

Facetious Australian (off Calshot Castle, to indisposed friend). What arm of the sea reminds one of a borrowed boot?

The "I. F." (feebly). Give it—anything—up."

F. A. Why, the Sole-lent, to be sure.

[The "I. F." is promptly carried below.



TANTÆNE ANIMIS CŒLESTIBUS IRÆ?

"WHAT A SHOCKING BAD APPOINTMENT TO THE DEANERY OF BARCHESTER!"

"OH—I DON'T KNOW. THE USUAL QUALIFICATIONS: OWN BROTHER TO A PEER, AND A FAILURE WHEREVER HE HAD BEEN BEFORE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Torriba, by J. CAMERON GRANT, is one of those books which had better not have been written, or, if written, better unpublished, an opinion evidently not shared by the Westminster Constable, who has taken it up and brought it out in one volume. Some of the idyllic scenes in the story are charming; but, personally, the Baron would be inclined to say that "*virginibus puerisque*," *c'est défendu*. Now when an opinion of a book has to be expressed in two foreign languages, so as to be unintelligibly intelligible, it may be gathered that "*caute legendum*"

would have to be written on the cover, or, say, on the page where there appears a motto to the work which may be supposed to give the key-note to the reader. Indeed, this story might well have been included, and have found its right place, in "The Key-note Series." It does not end unsatisfactorily, seeing that the victim is revenged. As for the hero, if hero he can be called, well, the weak-knee'd *David Copperfield*, placed in a position similar to that of *Senhor José* (there is a meaning intended by calling him "*José*"), would have shown himself a more manly specimen of the *genus homo*. The author has spoilt his improbable ro-

mance by writing with a bias and with a design, both of which he has been at great pains to make so unmistakably evident that, in doing so, he has defeated his own purpose, for which more than one reader who has taken up the book at haphazard will be grateful to him. At least so thinks, and says, as he thinks,

THE BARON.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Mariner at Cowes after a long day's cruising sings to his Lady-love.

ATHWART his golden Western bed
The sun has drawn his curtain red,
The breeze has gone, the day is dead,
Peace on the deep, darling, peace on the deep!

Our yawl swings idly with the tide,
That plashes gently 'gainst the side,
On no "white horses" now we ride—
Sing me to sleep, darling, sing me to sleep!

Like myriad gems the fair lights glow
On deck, around, aloft, below—
The jewelled boats glide to and fro—
A fairydom peep, love, a fairydom peep!

Enchanted seems this lovely isle,
That hour by hour renews its while.
Day has his laughter, Night her smile—
Sing me to sleep, darling, sing me to sleep!

Your voice with ever constant spell
In rich romantic theme can swell—
Or softer lays of love can tell
With accents that weep, love, with accents that weep!

No fickle Siren sang like you,
Your harmony is music true
That no Ulysses ever knew—
Sing me to sleep, darling, sing me to sleep!

That simple ballad—what a balm
It brings! a holy, happy calm,
The echo of some long-lost psalm!
Soothingly sweet, love, soothingly sweet!
But listening on this waveless sea
I feel a longing wake in me.
My languor's lost—I'm fancy free!
I must have—strange such things should be—
Something to drink, darling, something to eat!

"QUEEN'S DAY, 1896."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have seen so many plans promulgated for celebrating the long reign of our gracious Sovereign that I am quite bewildered as to whether the Queen intends to take off the income-tax or entertain all the world and his wife to high tea in Hyde Park. For my own part, I cannot but think that the most practical form of rejoicing would be for our beloved monarch to leave Balmoral and take up her residence at Kensington Palace, where both she and the Duchess of York were born. It is a roomy old house, and the Round Pond is famous for its regattas. I am sure that my idea is as good as any published, and quite as mixed.

Your obedient servant,
METHUSALEM MUDDLECHUMP.

A Suggestion to the Poet-Laureate.

OH! ALFRED chief of poets! why
Indulge your fancy mid the blues?
To green Ardennes then why not hie?
For there you'll find a cheerful Meuse!



EAST LONDON WATER SUPPLY!

COMPANY'S TURNCOCK. "NOW, LOOK 'ERE, DON'T YOU GO A WASTIN' ALL THIS 'ERE VALUABLE WATER IN WASHIN' AND WATERIN' YOUR GARDENS, OR ANY NONSENSE O' THAT SORT, OR YOU 'LL GET YOURSELVES INTO TROUBLE!"



"THALATTA! THALATTA!"

General Chorus (as the Children's Excursion nears its destination). "Oh, I say! THERE'S THE SEA! 'OORAY!!"
Small Boy. "I'LL BE IN FUST!"

PRECIOUS PAVEMENT.

[*"The paving of the footway in front of Mr. VANDERBILT's house is said to have cost £10,000, the largest stone being worth over £2,000."* *St. James's Gazette.*]

Yes, Sir, there's a sidewalk to lick all creation;
 Yes, Sir, an Amuracan did it, you bet!
 Just greenbacks and dollars have done the tarnation
 Consarn, there are mighty few things they can't get.

No doubt, Uncle SAM, but one's senses are whirling
 With money so plentiful that, in the street,
 It thus can be scattered; ten thousand pounds sterling
 Should furnish stone paving quite nice for the feet.

So do not buy pictures, but paving—how stunning!
 Not sculpture, but stones—how surpassingly sweet!
 VELASQUEZ and REMBRANDT are not in the running,
 And feeble old PHIDIAS takes a back seat.

By Jove, what a notion for others to follow!
 In London some fortunate folks fortunes gain,
 And they, by their pounds beating dollars quite hollow,
 May offer to gild all the length of Park Lane.

Nay more, there's poor Italy burdened—that's clear, eh?—
 With ruinous schemes upon which she embarks;
 Perhaps, if some Croesus would give enough *lire*,
 She'd sell him the paving she has in St. Mark's.

It's sadly uneven, but careful relaying
 Would make it quite flat, and it's old-fashioned art,
 But very expensive; so someone, by paying,
 Might make a new stable-yard awfully smart.

A VALLEY-ABLE HYDE-A.—Mr. S. H. HYDE, the Secretary of the Kempton Park Club, is trying to get the Thames Valley Line connected with the main South-Western System. Curiously enough, only water is in the way. But still, Mr. Punch hopes that Mr. HYDE will come off SCOTTER-free in this responsible right of way.

ADVICE TO YOUNG CROQUET-PLAYERS.

1. Always take your own mallet to a garden party. This will impress everyone with the idea that you are a fine player. Or an alternative plan is to play with one provided by your host, and then throughout the game to attribute every bad stroke to the fact that you have not your own implement with you.

2. Use as many technical terms as you can, eking them out with a few borrowed from golf. Thus it will always impress your partner if you say that you are "stimied," especially as she won't know what it means. But a carefully-nurtured reputation may be destroyed at once if you confuse "roquet" with "croquet," so be very careful that you get these words right.

3. Aim for at least three minutes before striking the ball, and appear overcome with amazement when you miss. If you have done so many times in succession, it may be well to remark on the unevenness of the ground. If you hit a ball by mistake always pretend that you aimed at it.

4. It is a great point to give your partner advice in a loud and authoritative tone—it doesn't matter in the least whether it is feasible or not. Something like the following, said very quickly, always sounds well:—"Hit one red, take two off him and make your hoop; send two red towards me and get into position." In a game of croquet there is always one on each side who gives advice, and one who receives (and disregards it). All the lookers-on naturally regard the former as the finer player, therefore begin giving advice on your partner's first stroke. If she happens to be a good player this may annoy her, but that is no consequence.

5. Remember that "a mallet's length from the boundary" varies considerably. If you play next, it means three yards, if your opponent does so, it means three inches. So, too, with the other "rules," which no one really knows. When in an awkward position, the best course is to invent a new rule on the spur of the moment, and to allege (which will be perfectly true) that "it has just been introduced."

6. Much may be done by giving your ball a gentle kick when the backs of the other players happen to be turned. Many an apparently hopeless game has been saved by this method. Leave your conscience behind when you come to a croquet-party.



LOST; OR, LUCID INFORMATION.

Kind-hearted Old Gent. "THERE, THERE, DON'T CRY! WHAT'S YOUR NAME AND WHERE DO YOU LIVE!"
Chorus. "BOOHOO! WE'RE DOOLIE'S TWINS!"

OTIUM CUM (ALSO SINE) DIG.

Elderly Relative. So you have finished your first term as a public school boy, TOMMY. And how do you like it?

Tommy. Oh! of course it's awfully swell, and all that, but—

E. R. (surprised). But what? Don't they give you enough cricket, eh?

Tommy. Enough cricket! I should think they did. I'm perfectly sick of the game. You know all games are compulsory, now?

E. R. H'm! Well, why not? An excellent thing, no doubt.

Tommy. Ah! but you wouldn't say so if you were there yourself. You can't birds'-nest, or go rowing, or cycling, or anything else. It's cricket—always cricket. Next term it'll be football. I like footer now, but they'll make me hate it!

E. R. (remembering jolly country birds'-nesting rambles when he was a boy). It does seem a little hard. Hockey, now; they allow hockey, don't they?

Tommy. Not they! It's much too stunning a game to be allowed.

E. R. (trying to recall memories of his youth). I used to like marbles, I remember; and chestnuts.

Tommy. Marbles and chestnuts are bad form; only the junior school play at them.

E. R. (rather humbled, but trying to be cheerful). Well, anyhow, now you are at the seaside, you can go in for digging in the sands.

Tommy (shocked). Digging in the sand! I don't know what the fellows would think if they saw me with a spade. That's bad form, too. Oh! thanks, awfully (pockets it). And—er—you won't be offended, will you?—but would you mind

calling me "Tom" in future—not "TOMMY"? Sounds better, you know. Awfully obliged! Ta-ta!

[Walks off to moon about the pier and look at other people enjoying themselves, leaving Elderly Relative wondering whether boys hadn't more pleasure when they had less dignity.]

A BALLADE OF LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

How often it has chanced to me
 To be reduced to silence dead
 By some well-managed repartee,
 Whose author up to it has led.
 Alas! the neat retort unsaid—
 I think of what I ought to say
 Some hours afterwards in bed—
 The chances I have thrown away!

Some more examples, two or three—
 The rocketeer unscathed o'erhead,
 The golf ball fozzled at the tee,
 At billiards the unspotted red;
 The girl, with whom one thought to
 "thread

The mazy dance," but made delay,
 Snapped up by some one else instead—
 The chances I have thrown away!

The sights it had been mine to see!
 The paths it had been mine to tread!
 The man it had been mine to be!

The books, alone, I might have read!
 Alas the hours of sunshine fled,
 And all my crop of unmade hay!
 Alas! a lass I might have wed!—
 The chances I have thrown away!

Envoi.

A useless sermon! They have sped,
 The chances grave, the chances gay—
 Few men but say, as I have said,
 "The chances I have thrown away!"

JEAMES TO THE RESCUE

[Lord WOLSELEY (giving evidence before the Royal Commission on the Military and Civil Expenditure of India) being asked "if India should pay every farthing of military expense," answered promptly, "Yes; and the Navy, too!"]

JEAMES loquitur.

PERCISELY so! I likes his style! The Army and the Navy!

That just suits me and my hold chum, JOHN TOMMUS hof Belgravy.

We reads our *Mornin' Posteses* round at the Runnin' 'Orses,

And feels hourselves a sort o' part of England's loyal forces.

The hinfiunks hof huniform is like a fellow feelink,

It makes hus wondrous kind all round. Lord WOLSELEY's plump, plain dealink,

Without no dabby, flabby, Labby-like hemotion, pleases me;

And his flat-footed style of talk considerably heases me.

We've too much sloppy sentimenk a-spillin' round permiskers.

You'd think we wos all nussey-maids, not men with wills and whiskers.

This cosmypollitan mollslop do put me in a passion;

I slaps my hand upon my breast—that milingitary fashion

MATILDA-JANE so much hadmires—and feels like a Field-Marshal;

And ditto to Lord WOLSELEY is my motter! I ain't parshal

To furriners of any sort; I own it; and for niggers

I've your true Britisher's contempt. Black faces and slim figgers,

Dark 'air and coffee-coloured heyes, may suit your Hexeter Hallers,

But not Lord SOLSBURY and Me! I'd like to squelch the squallers

Who cackle about Ingia's rights. She's honly what we give her;

As though a place where snakes abound and a chap can't keep no liver

Wos wuth a-worritting about! No doubt they're sly and dodgy,

Like that chap with a rum name, wich is as near NOWRODGY

As ain't no matter; but, Great Scott! the Baboos and their backers,

Like Mister CAINE, ain't goin' to best hus Britons! Firework crackers

About pore Ingia and her "rights," or Boers and theirn, is sickenin'!

I think the fight 'twixt Britons and the furriners is thickenin'.

Oh! drat the Dutch! Confound the the French! Flumbusticate the Germans!

And bust the Yanks!!! But for them cranks as spin hus soapy sermons

About Baboos and other blacks, or browns, or drabs, or yallers,

I ain't a mite c' patience with the unpatriot fallallers;

No more's my friend JOHN TOMMUS, as aforesaid hof Belgravy,

Nor yet Lord WOLSELEY, hevident! Your black's a decent slavey,

But for a gent, or a gent's gent—wot snarlars call a funkey—

A nigger isn't no more fit than any coon or monkey.

Pore Ingia! Bosh! Sich muck won't wash. Rupees and precious stoness

Is wot they roll in, I believe, spite o' their whines and groanses,

CAINE's cant and old NOWRODGY's rot. Let 'em pay hup and look plesink!

Them's WOLSELEY's sediments, and mine! And so no more at presink!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 27.
—Quite pathetic to see SQUIRE OF MALWOOD drawn to-night into vortex of debate on Uganda. Not much of a maelstrom to begin with. Government proposed to take second reading of Bill authorising funds for Uganda Railway. The PROPHET OF OLD PALACE YARD (late the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE), leaving for awhile pleased contemplation of Westminster Abbey as viewed from his newly-opened conservatory windows, wants to know more about the railway and its prospects.

If GEORGE CURZON could, on his honour as Under-Secretary of State, say there was any prospect of a native COOK or an aboriginal GAZE establishing a touring company; if, moreover, he could assure the House there was on the part of the middle classes in Uganda any disposition to be personally conducted by rail to various watering-places on the coast, and to places of social and historic interest inland, opposition might be withdrawn.

GEORGE CURZON, anxious above all things to oblige, was not able to give this assurance. That was bad. Worse still was his assertion that the occupation of Uganda was a legacy from the late Government, and his declaration that if, regardless of possibilities of a Uganda COOK, we did not build the railway, Germany would. That more than the SQUIRE could stand. Was able to bear with equanimity the charge about responsibility for Uganda. There was the almanack to show that Lord SALISBURY'S second administration preceded in point of date Mr. GLADSTONE'S fourth, and it was under the friendly patronage of the MARKISS, in face of strong protest by the then Opposition, that the East Africa Company, moved by those purely philanthropic impulses avowed to-night by



"Beef—"
(Mr. Fl-v-n.)

ex-Director BURDETT-COUTTS, settled in Uganda. What the SQUIRE could not stand



Toby, M.P. (to our Distinguished Visitor from China). "Sir, as one of the Celestials, your Excellency's visits must be few and far between. I regret your Excellency has arrived when the Season is over, and Parliament just finishing. Though, between ourselves, Excellency, as to the latter, you haven't missed much, their performance having been very indifferent. Chin-chin!"

was the off-hand reference to Germany. Took the Under-Secretary in his teeth, as a mastiff might take a terrier, shook him carefully, so as not to hurt him, and replaced him on Treasury Bench.

"Nice boy, GEORGE," he said, when the lesson was finished. "Clever and, what is more valuable in a Minister, painstaking. Knows what he's talking about, and talks well. But a little friendly pawing over does him good. Besides, what did he mean by saddling us with Uganda?"

Business done. Quite a heap. Looks like getting away on 15th after all.

Tuesday.—Mr. MICHAEL JOSEPH FLAVIN'S maiden speech not a success exactly upon lines anticipated in domestic circle. Nevertheless it proved most delightful thing enjoyed this Session by bored House. Report Stage Irish Land Bill under discussion. One amendment talked about for full two hours. Dinner time coming on. Debate apparently played out. Hungry Members getting ready to rush through division lobbies, became conscious of tall figure upstanding below Gangway; left hand gracefully reposed in

trowser pocket, leaving on view abundant display of Sunday shirt-cuff; in other hand sheaf of notes promising speech of hour's duration.

A moment's pained pause; then Mr. FLAVIN'S equanimity startled by outburst of angry roar for division. When it subsided, a voice shod in fine rich brogue heard to say, "Well, I'm not goin' to keep you more than ten minutes."

Ten minutes! Proposal enough to take away remaining breath. Ordinary Member confronted by similar circumstances says he won't take more than a minute. At most two. MICHAEL JOSEPH, critically eyeing bulk of notes, thinks he may get through in ten. This charmed House. When roar of laughter subsided, MICHAEL commenced. His leading idea was to show that prices of agricultural products are lower than they were sixteen years ago. To that end had spent days and nights sprawling over market tables. His notes crowded with parallel columns of figures. House cheered enthusiastically when he showed how barley was so much in 1880 and so much less in 1896.

The Member for North Kerry blushed with conscious pride. House of Commons, after all, a body of fair men. His labour had not been in vain.

"Now oats," he said.

Tremendous cheering. Flurried by this generous applause, MICHAEL J. got his oats a little mixed. Process of re-assortment not assisted by shouts of laughter from Members opposite.

"Beef," Mr. FLAVIN roared, as if that were the next course, and there would be a cut all round if Members would only have patience.

At this stage SPEAKER interposed; pointed out that method of inquiry pursued by MICHAEL was a little minute for the stage of the Bill now reached. That was awkward. M. J., ignorant of Parliamentary prejudices, had filled his notes with market prices. If they were tabooed, there was nothing left for him. Looked at his notes with rueful face, at sight of which House went off into another fit of laughter that threatened to create vacancies in boroughs and counties represented by gentlemen of apoplectic habit.

"Very well, Mr. SPEAKER," said M. JOSEPH, with voice choked by emotion; "I will give only a few more particulars. There's butter. Now, butter is an indirect product of the land. What was its price sixteen years ago?"

"Agreed! agreed!" shouted Members. Far above the tumult Mr. FLAVIN's voice, its mellifluous tones suggestive of a mouth filled with melted butter, pealed forth prices per pound in 1880 as compared with these overstocked days. Merry uproar so great it was difficult to follow line of argument. MICHAEL getting a little angry. Next thing heard as he waved his notes defiantly in face of Colonel SAUNDERS was the battle-cry "Eggs fippence a dozen."

"Will anyone contradict me?" he shouted.

Certainly not. On the contrary, cry of "Agreed! agreed!" burst forth from all sides. That was worse than anything. There would be some comfort in contradiction. If they insisted upon agreeing with him, what was the use of setting forth these carefully collated, and, as far as the landlords of Ireland are concerned, damnatory figures? Still there they were, and Mr. FLAVIN's affection for them, his earnest anxiety that the beneficent effects of their companionship should be shared by the House, was pathetic.

"I am not giving these figures to satisfy my own curiosity," was one of the few complete sentences heard amid the storm of laughter.

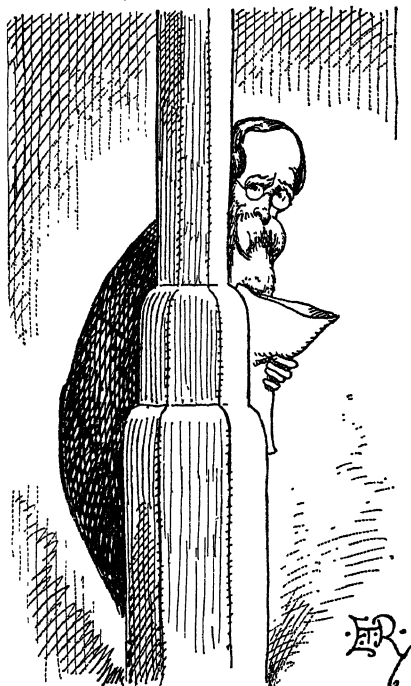
Mr. FLAVIN growing really angry. Had only just commenced his notes. From time to time he turned them over, evidently with desire to meet incomprehensible but unmistakable disinclination of House to have matter enlarged upon. But could not find in his heart to omit a line.

"There are pigs," he shouted, with sweep of arm indicating the full range of crowded benches opposite.

The gesture was accidental, certainly was not meant to be indicative. But these were last words of FLAVIN. The House roared for what seemed five minutes, at the end of which time the SPEAKER moving ominously in his chair, MICHAEL JOSEPH abruptly sat down.

Business done.—Another all-night sitting. Land Bill got through Report stage.

Thursday.—DON JOSE's statement to-night on moving appointment of Select Committee to inquire into Transvaal Raid an object-lesson for Members and



A Humble Interrogator.
(Mr. M-c-l-se.)

Ministers. A ticklish question; situation bristling with difficulties; a string of amendments pendant from motion. Every prospect of prolonged debate appropriating sitting allotted to batch of useful Bills. DON JOSE the centre of attention in crowded House. All the world listening at the doors. Supreme opportunity for oratorical display.

Some people, who shall be nameless, would have risen to height of occasion; delivered oration an hour long, perhaps two. Within space of ten minutes DON JOSE had finished his task. Not a word too much. Not a sentence incomplete. Disarmed Opposition before opportunity was presented to draw the sword. Polemical debate, the worst possible thing in delicate circumstances of the case, avoided. Nearly the whole sitting saved for practical work; above all, initial stage of delicate inquiry started free from blast of party conflict.

Business done.—Transvaal Committee ordered. Several Bills advanced.

Friday.—"And they say this Government has no sense of humour!"

Of course, no one had said anything of the kind. But that's SARK's conversational manner. Remark arose in connection with announcement that Select Committee on Distress from Want of Employment, under Chairmanship of T. W. RUSSELL, has agreed upon its report.

"Anything more poignant than T. W.'s Distress from Want of Employment throughout the debate on the Irish Land Bill I have never seen," SARK says. "Not convenient from Government point of view for T. W. to take part in debate on subject he knows more intimately than most men in House. So they make him Chairman of this Committee."

All very well to poke fun at T. W.; but if all politicians were as uncompro-

misingly honest, it would be a better world to live in. He's not a landlord, nor even cousin to a peer. No slight thing for him to sacrifice Ministerial position to which he fought his way by sheer capacity. Yet he was prepared to do that rather than stultify himself. Of course, he hasn't got all he wanted in manipulation of Irish Land Bill. But who has? As JOHN MORLEY omitted to say in first edition of his well-known work, "Compromise underlies every move in the game of politics."

Business done.—Lords read Irish Land Bill a second time.

COMMON OR GARDEN RHYMES.

THE CANTERBURY BELL

THE poets have flowers enough to sing,
Yet ever the same old chorus swell;
Why is it they never the changes ring
On the sweet and delicate Canterbury Bell?

Fair Kent with its wealth of blossom and fruit,

"The Garden of England" men name right well,
But the pride of Kent beyond all dispute
Is the Kentish flower, the Canterbury Bell.

Just one short week in the long, long year—

For so brief a season it casts its spell—
The crowds all gather from far and near
In the close where blooms the Canterbury Bell

And the "Kentish men" and the "men of Kent,"

If asked their favourite flower to tell,
Alike make answer with one consent—
"There is none compares with the Canterbury Belle!"

A QUESTION OF ETIQUETTE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Knowing you to be a past master in the art of courtesy, I venture to submit the following hard case to your judgment. The other morning, being a none too experienced cyclist, I ventured into the Park on my "wheel" at an early hour, thinking to have a little practice unobserved. Judge of my horror when, as I was wobbling along, I was suddenly confronted by the Duchess of Xminster and her daughters, all expert riders! Her Grace and the Ladies Wiseacre bowed to me in the most affable way, but, afraid to leave go of the handles of my machine, I could only nod in return. And I have always been renowned for the elegance with which I remove my *chap-eau*! These noble ladies have since cut me dead. I cannot blame them, but I venture to suggest, for your approval, that the raising of the right elbow, such as is practised by coachmen, gentle and simple, should be adopted by all cyclists. I think that I could manage the movement. Yours in social despair,

AMELIUS AMBERGRIS.

Bayswater, Aug. 1.

DULCET LITERATURE.—A novel has just appeared called *A Sweet Disorder*. We understand that it will shortly be followed by *A Chocolate Complaint*, *A Toffee Tremens*, *A Rahat-lakoum Rabies*, *A Il-quorice Langwor*, *A Candy Catarrh*, *A Sugar Stomach-ache*, and *A Burnt Almond Ailment*, all of which works cannot fail to be highly popular with the medical profession.



"TELL YOUR FORTUNE, PRETTY GENTLEMAN?"

ENCORE, W. G.!

[Playing for Gloucester against Sussex at Bristol, on August 3, 4, 5, the veteran Doctor W. G. GRACE scored 301 runs.]

THREE Hundred and One, and at forty-eight!!!
Well, words are used up! Be the Doctor's fate
To score, standing straight as to-day by the sticks,
Six Hundred and Two when he's ninety-six!
Nay, by Jove, if like this he still keeps up the fun,
He may yet score a century when he is one!
Of century-pilers the season's not barren,
There's ABEL the midget, and mighty McLAREN,
"RANJI," and IREDALE, and GIFFEN, and TROTT,
And several more in the Cornstalk lot;
HAYWARD and STORER, and how many more?
But W. G. still keeps topmost score;
After thirty odd seasons still holds his place,
And gives us one other true "Year of GRACE!"

SEASIDE RESORTS

To be avoided by Certain People.

BIRCHINGTON—by schoolboys.
Broadstairs—by bashful young ladies.
Ryde—by bad equestrians.
Torquay—by M.P.'s.
Swanage—by young writers to the Signet.
Weymouth—by lovers of sweet milk.
Whitby—by dullards.
Exmouth—by shunners of Röntgen rays.
Blackpool—by indifferent billiard players.
Barmouth—by heavy drinkers.
Isle of Man—by New Women.
Clevedon—by university dignitaries.
Clacton—by dramatic critics.
Freshwater—by East London turncocks.
Deal—by unlucky card-players.
Trimingham—by milliners.
Lyme—by jerry builders.
Minehead—by exiles from the Rand.
Cullercoats—by jockeys.
Looe—by gamblers.
Musselburgh—by weak persons.
Bray—by costermongers.
Burnham—by incendiaries.
Ayr—by stuffy folk.
Boscombe—by master hair-dressers.
Southsea—by promoters of bubble companies.

THE CANTANKEROUS CONSUMER.

["The average wife would never trouble herself to procure a postal order and write a letter every time she wanted farm produce. She likes better to visit a dozen tradesmen and have little parcels sent to her door."—*Vide Letter to a Daily Paper.*]

1. Decide to send all my vegetables, fruit, honey, &c., in future to private consumers direct. Why be under the thumb of the shop-keeper, the grasping middleman, for ever? I won't!

2. After fearful expense in advertising, sending round circulars, and appeals (rather *infra dig.*, this?) to private friends, I've managed to hook a few promises from heads of families.

3. Find that every family likes different things. Awfully bothering! Some like potatoes waxy, others floury. My honey too sweet for some, not sweet enough for others. Then the way these private consumers complain! "Why can't I supply apples easier to peel—not so nobbly?" Would mean pulling up all the trees in my orchard and planting new ones.

4. Families go away in the summer, and "don't want any more supplies at present." But I don't go away; and I do want supplies—of cash.

5. People quite offended, I find, if I ask for "prompt remittances." Then they begin to find fault with my cauliflowers! How mean!

6. Sudden falling off in orders. Why is this? I've discovered reason. Benevolent railway company is charging 6d. extra at other end for delivery. Protests. Vague replies. No redress. Ends in my having to pay that sixpence.

7. More advertising. Who would be a farmer? Or am I a market-gardener? Don't know—everything confused nowadays. See the G. O. M. has been discoursing on joys of country life. Wish I had a iolly shop in Seven Dials, I know!

8. Wretchedly small orders. Why aren't families bigger? Or hungrier, anyhow? Fancy having to sort out "6 new-laid eggs a week, 2 cabbages, 2 cauliflowers, and half a peck of peas!" Niggling work. And if a single egg gets broken, consumer deducts for it.

9. "Will it do," asks one matron, "if I am paid by cheque once a year?" Won't do at all, "unless she can give me names of two guarantors, one the clergyman of her parish." Indignant letter back—"she is not a servant, and does not give references." Lost her!

10. Have chucked up my private families. Couldn't stand them. Much too uncertain, coy, and hard to please. Back to middleman. Prefer one good hearty professional swindler to fifty private niggers and naggers!

One Way of Looking at it.

Customer (to Proprietor of Up-to-date Restaurant). Well, Signor ROMELLI, how does a Bank Holiday suit your business? Signor R. Splendid, Sir! No chance of what you call bad chicks come back to roost from the bank on that day!

VERY LOW FORM ON THE PART OF FATHER THAMES.

Boy (standing in mid-stream at Kew, to boating party). 'Ere yer are! Tow yer up to Richmond Lock! All by water, Sir!

THE EASTERN QUESTION.—How to improve the East London Water Supply.



PORTRAIT OF AN IDEAL WARDEN OF THE CINQUE-PORTS.

"SALISBURY, CHEER THY SPIRIT WITH THIS!"

Henry the Sixth, Part I., Act i., Sc. 4.

[“Saturday, August 15. Installation of the PREMIER at Dover.”—*Fixture from the Week's Calendar.*]



THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

THE ABOVE IS NOT A COWARDLY ATTACK UPON AN UNPROTECTED LADY CYCLIST, BUT MERELY TOM GIVING HIS HEART'S IDOL HER FIRST LESSON.

THE WEDDING GUESTS VADE MECUM.

Question. When you are asked to be present at a certain church and afterwards at some address, what is your first care?

Answer. To send a suitable present for the bride's acceptance.

Q. What meaning do you attribute to the word "suitable"?

A. By suitable, I mean a fitness for display on a table, and subsequent description in a lady's paper.

Q. But is not your choice of a *cadeau* influenced by your feeling of affection and esteem for the intended recipient?

A. Certainly; but as it is impossible to present anything novel, it is wise to follow the lead of the majority to avoid singularity.

Q. What will be the probable result of the pursuit of this course?

A. That the bride will receive either a fifth silver card-case, a ninth dozen of silver fish-knives, or a thirty-third carriage-clock.

Q. What will you learn when, say, the thirty-third carriage-clock has been received?

A. That the thirty-third carriage-clock was just what the bride wanted.

Q. What is the characteristic of the regulation wedding present?

A. That it is contained in a case of rather disproportionate magnificence.

Q. Be kind enough to give an example to more fully explain your meaning.

A. A silver serviette ring embedded in rich silk and velvet, and protected from the dust by a box of Morocco.

Q. If you are fairly wealthy, and sufficiently intimate with the bride's parents to make the present, what is the best kind of gift to bestow?

A. A cheque for a substantial sum that can be expended by the young people upon something really desirable for their new ménage.

Q. Is not every wedding present more or less useful?

A. Unquestionably; but a young housekeeper may possibly experience some difficulty in disposing satisfactorily of (say) seventy-six pairs of silver candlesticks, and a baker's dozen of chiming dinner-gongs.

Q. On the whole, is the custom of giving presents at wedding commendable?

A. Yes, for whatever may be the gift, it is a token of goodwill to the newly-married couple that should bring fair fortune to both donor and recipient.

Q. And what may be said of the man who objects to the pleasant practise?

A. If he be wedded, that his own nuptial life must have been a failure, and if he be a bachelor, he does not deserve to be married.

Two Governments.

How Governments fare in our wisest of lands!

How leaders are foiled though they're sages and braves!

The last one was twitted with "ploughing the sands,"

The present gave promise of "ruling the waves,"

But "sowing the wind" seems much more in its line,

And "reaping the whirlwind" its fate, up to now.

A Cabinet great, a majority fine,

With an eye like to Mars and a Jovian brow,

Will surely not end in untimely self-slaughter,

Or, leave, like poor KEATS, a name written in water.

At Boulogne.

Ted (to 'Arry). What's the meaning of "avis" on those placards?

'Arry. There's a question from a feller as 'as studied Latin with me at the Board School! 'Ave you forgotten all about the black swan? It's a notice about birds, of course!

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XX.

Mr. Jabberjee distinguishes himself in the Bar Examination, but is less successful in other respects. He writes another extremely ingenious epistle, from which he anticipates the happiest results.

I AM happy to announce that I have passed the *pons asinorum* of Bar Exam with facility of a camel penetrating the needle's eye. *Tant mieux! Huzza! Tol-de-rol-loll!!!*

My dilatoriness in publishing this joyful intelligence is due to



"Huzza! Tol-de-rol-loll!"

fact that I have only recently received official information of my triumph, which my family are now engaged in celebrating at Calcutta with pæans of transport, illuminations, fireworks, an English brass band, and delicacies supplied (on contract system) from Great Eastern Hotel.

And yet so great was my humility that, when I entered Lincoln's Inn Hall one Monday shortly before 10 A.M., and received pens, some foolscaps, and a printed exam paper on the Law of Real and Personal Property and Conveyancing, I was at first as melancholy as a gib cat, and like to eat my head with despair!

So much so that I began my answers by pathetically imploring my indulgent father examiner to show me his bowels of compassion, on ground that I was an unfortunate Bengalee chap, afflicted by narrow circumstances and a raging tooth, and that my entire earthly felicity depended upon my being favoured with qualifying marks.

However, on perusal of the paper, I found that, owing to diligent cram and native aptitude for nice sharp quilllets of the law, I could floor it upon my *caput*, being at home with every description of mortgage, and having such things as reversions and contingent remainders at the extremities of my finger-ends.

In the afternoon I was again examined in Law and Equity, answering nearly every question with great copiousness and best style of composition, quoting freely from Hon'ble SNELL and UNDERHILL to back my opinion. Unhappily, I lost some of my precious time because, finding that I was required by the paper to "discuss" a certain statement, I left my seat in search of some pundit with whom I might carry on such a logomachy. And even now I fail to see how one individual can discuss a ques-

tion in pen and ink, any more than a single hand is capable of making a clap. Which I gave as my reason for not attempting the impossible.

The ordeal endured for four days. In the Roman Law department, I was on the spot with *Stillicidium* and similar servitudes, and in Criminal Law I did vastly distinguish myself by polishing off an intricate legal problem about Misters A., B. and C., and certain bicycles, though, as I stated in a *postscriptum*, not being the practical cyclist, I could not be at all responsible for the accuracy of my solution, and hinted that it was somewhat *infra dig.* for such solemn dry-as-dusts as the Council of Legal Education to take any notice at all of these fashionable but flimsy mechanisms.

When called up for *viva voce* purposes, I dumb-founded my examiner by the readiness and volubility of my responses, to such an extent that, after asking one question only, he intimated his complete satisfaction, and I divined by his smiles that he was secretly determined to work the oracle in my favour.

And so I arrived at the pretty Pass by dint of flourishing my trumpet. But, heigho! some fly or other is the indispensable adjunct of every pot of ointment, and while I was still jumping for joy at having passed the steep barrier of such a Rubicon, there came a letter from Miss JESSIMINA which constrained me to cachinnate upon the wrong side of nose!

It appeared that, pursuant of my request, she had been to call upon Hon'ble Sir CHERWYN, who had duly informed her that I was not the genuine Rajah or any kind of real Prince, nor yet a Cæsar with unlimited cash.

Here, if Hon'ble CUMMERBUND had stopped, or represented me as a worthless riddance of bad rubbish, all would have been well; but most unhappily he did exceed his instructions, and added that I was of respectable, well-to-do parentage, and very industrious young chap with first-class abilities, and likely to obtain lucrative practice at native Bar.

JESSIMINA wrote that she hoped she was not so mercenary as to be attracted by mere rank, and that it was enough for her that I was in the position to maintain her as a lady, so she would continue to hold me to my promise of marriage, and if I still declined to perform, she would be reluctantly compelled to place the matter in hands of lawyer.

On seeing that my second attempt to spoof was similarly the utter failure, I became like pig in poke with perplexity, until I was suddenly inspired by the ebullient flash of a happy idea, and taking up my *penna*, inscribed the following epistle:

MAGNANIMOUS AND EVER ADORABLE JESSIMINA!

I am immensely tickled with flattered complacency at your indomitable desire to become the bride of such a man of straw as this underserving self, and will no longer offer any factious opposition to your wishes.

But in the intoxicating ardour of my billing and cooing I may have omitted to mention that, when I have led you to the Hy-meneal altar, you will not be alone in your glory. As a Koolin Brahmin, I am, by laws of my country, entitled to about thirty or forty spouses, though, owing to natural timidity and economical reasons, I have not hitherto availed myself of said privilege.

However, when that I was a little tiny boy, I was compelled by family pressure to contract matrimony with an equally juvenile female of eight, and, though circumstances have prevented the second ceremony being celebrated on arriving at the more mature age of discretion, such infant marriage is notwithstanding the binding affair.

What of it? Your overwhelming affection will render you totally indifferent to the unpleasant side of your position as a *sateen* or rival wife, though it is the antipode of the bed of roses, especially under internecine feuds and perpetual snipsnaps with sundry aunts and sisters-in-law of mine of rather nagging idiosyncracies. But ignorance of language will probably blind your sensitive ears to the sneering and ill-natured tone of their remarks.

I can only say that I am quite ready (if you insist upon it) to fulfil my contract to best ability, and undertake the heavy burden which Providence has, very injudiciously, saddled upon my feeble back. Mr. CHUCKERBUTTY RAM, of 15, Jubilee Terrace, Clapham, was present at my first wedding, and will doubtless certify to same on application.

Ever yours faithfully and devotedly,

H. B. J.

In writing the above, I was well aware that there is a strong prejudice in the mind of European females in favour of monogamy, and my letter (as will be seen by the intelligent reader) was rather cleverly composed so as to shift the burden of breach of contract from my shoulders to hers.

So that I rubbed my hands with gleeful jubilation on receiving her reply that she was astounded with wonderment at the sublimity of my cheek in supposing that she would play the subordinate fiddle to any native wife, and that she had communicated with CHUCKERBUTTY RAM, Esq., and if my statement *re* infant marriage (which at present she suspected to be a mere spoof) proved correct, she would certainly decline my insulting offer.

Now as it is the undeniable fact that I was wedded when a mere juvenile, I shall save my brush from this near shave—provided that Mr. CHUCKERBUTTY RAM has received my tip in time, and does not, like Hon'ble CUMMERBUND, go beyond his instructions.

But this is not reasonably probable, Baboo CHUCKERBUTTY being a tolerably discreet, subtle chap.

THE WATER-FAMINE.

(An East-End Pastoral. Some way after Wordsworth.)

THE night was falling fast, and the stars began to blink, I heard a voice; it said, "D'yer want that there to drink?" And looking to the stand-pipe in the gutter I espied A little ragged girl, with a Bumble at her side.

No other folks were near, the two stood there alone,
The little ragged girl was kneeling on the stone;
With one knee on the kerb did the grubby maiden kneel,
Whilst in her tiny pitcher the trickling stream did steal.

The pitcher it was small, but a precious time it took
To fill it, and the portly man his head in anger shook.
"D'yer want that there for drink, girl?" he inquired, in such a tone
That the shock which shook the poor child's heart found echo in my own.

Bumble's companion was a child with lank and towsled hair!
I watched them with surprise; they were a curious pair.
Now, with her half-filled pitcher the maiden turned away,
But the burly Bumble spake, and her footsteps she did stay.

Down on the child he looked; and from my shady place
I, unobserved, could see the harsh working of his face.
If Nature to her tongue plucky fluency could bring,
The uttered words, I thought, of this child might bite and sting.

"What are you up to, young 'un?" said Bumble. "On my word,
The fuss you folks are making about water is absurd!
The cumpnys must be soft, ah, green as grass can be,
If they diminish dividends to please such folks as ye!"

"What is it that you want? To wash and make you smart,
Or water your back gardings? That is a pretty start!
And as to drinking, lor! Is there no gin or beer?
You *carn't* 'ave water if *we've* none. I think *that's* pretty clear!"

"If the sun is shining 'ot, and we ain't 'ad 'eavy rains,
And you git cholera and things along of unflushed drains,
Why 'ope for rains, or pray for 'em like parsons. Water's *dear*,
And we can't let our dividends run down for *you*—no fear!"

"Run 'ome now, young 'un. Tell yer father 'e must up and pay
That water-rate 'e shirked when the collector called to-day.
'Ain't 'ad none for a week or more, or leastways next to none?
And mother's ill, and baby sick, and your plarnts parched by the sun?"

"Ah, that's all tommy-rot, my girl! *Carn't* 'elp yer, and 'cos *wy*?
'Cos of our *dividends*, ye see! So let your flowers die!
And if the baby ditto does, happeal to *us* is vain.
Go 'ome, and if you want to wash, scrub, drink—*wy*—pray for rain!"

As homeward through that slum I went, dry, dusty, and un-sweet,
That man's harsh words I oftentimes did to myself repeat.
"Water-supply?" I muttered. "Humph! the irony is fine!
I wonder, now, what *I* should do if such a case were mine?"

THE NEXT MARVEL OF PROGRESSION.—A horse-marine on a donkey-engine.



THE PRACTICAL MIND.

Native (to the delight of Flora, returning with spoils from the highways and hedges). "THAT LASSIE MAUN SURELY KEEP A COO!"

ANOTHER ADDRESS ON RURAL REPOSE.

(Not delivered.)

LADIES, INGLIS MANDARINS AND MEN,—Chin-chin to you. Me no speakee velly muchee Inglis, but have lead the velly good address of Light Honouable GLAD STONE, the velly gleat, topside, Gland Old Man, at Ha-wa-den. He tellee the people of the plovince of Che-shir he now "a lual man, one of the countly folk." Me wishee to be that too. No lest for me, all tlavelling chop-chop, seeing Lussian men and German men, then Flencheemen in Palis, now at last Inglis men in Lon-don. No lest till me getee back to Chih-li.

Now all you foleign dev—I mean, foleign peoples—you lush about chop-chop all day, and you makee me lush about. Now in Chih-li only the coolies go chop-chop. But here in Eulope you makee me see gleat, big, tlemendous lot of things not pletty to see, when me wishee be lual man, like Light Honouable GLAD STONE. My fiend, Excellency Doctor BIS MARCK, he lests also. They makee him Doctor, so he must know what is light for health.

Now in Chih-li we not lave about chelly blossoms and chly-santhemums so muchee as the miselable Japanese people, but we likee flowers. And we likee the sun, who is a relation of the Empelor. It is muchee better to be in the countly, looking at the pletty loses and the other flowers, the gleat, gland, velly high, big tlees, and the gleen Inglis glass, than shut up in Cal-ton-hou-se-tel-lace, and just taken out chop-chop to see the Houses of your talkee-talkee men, and a chow-chow of stleets and loads.

There is a gleat man in Lon-don, PUNCH CHUNG-TANG—he must be a Gland Secletaly as he lites so much—and he has dlawd me in his gland, velly fine, beautiful book in a lowing boat, or junk, under a willow tlee. Velly nice, but "no go," as you say in Inglis. Now me hully away, for they takee me to go top-side Plim-lose-hill, to see the gland view of Lon-don as they say. Me not wantee to, likee to lest in a junk under a willow tlee, but no, must go chop-chop. So I say, what you speakee in Inglis, "Ta-ta."

LITTLE BY LITTLE, LINE UPON LINE.—MR. VANDAM'S latest work.



AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS.

Caddie (visiting). WHAT KIND O' PLAYER IS HE?"

Caddie (engaged). "'IM? HE JUST PLAYS AS IF IT WAS FOR PLEASURE!"

VICTORIA!

THE FLEET'S MESSAGE TO THE QUEEN.

(Presented by Mr. Punch.)

["I am desired by the QUEEN to express to the Fleet her pleasure at the appearance of the ships on the occasion of her visit to Spithead."—*The Queen's Message to the Fleet.*]

(With Punch's Apologies to Dibdin.)

WHEN Britons on the mighty main
Of Albion's flag the rights maintain,
What name warms heart and brightens
brain? VICTORIA!

All sailors know when battle's roar
Sounds o'er the sea, there's one ashore
Who'll gladly con their glories o'er,—
VICTORIA!

JACK knows whatever be his lot,
Blow high, blow low, blow cold, blow hot,
By one true heart he's ne'er forgot,—
VICTORIA!

She lauds the appearance of the fleet!
At her appearance all hearts beat!
We'll make the welkin ring to greet
VICTORIA!

And e'en her written word hath force
To warm true heart's blood in its course;
And lips shout cheers till throats grow
hoarse, VICTORIA!

And should there come fierce foe to fight,
Right to defend or wrong to right;
We'll do—or die—Ma'am, in your sight,
VICTORIA!

JACK treasures up your words of praise
More gratefully than laureate lays.
Heaven send you love and length of days,
VICTORIA!

Already length of days hath crowned
A reign than GEORGE's grander found,
As Great ELIZABETH's renowned,
VICTORIA!

And when a few more days have sped,
Our royal record you will head,
Outglorying the glorious dead,
VICTORIA!

VICTORIA! How each Jack Tar glows
At that well-omen'd name—a rose
That with HOPE's sweetest promise blows!
VICTORIA!

Your sailors' lode-star, dear to them
As glorious victory! Freedom's gem!
One shout rings out from stern to stem,
VICTORIA!!!

RECKONINGS AT RYDE.

(By a Fair Transatlantic.)

THAT much good American will be spoken
undisfigured by an English accent.

That yachts are small potatoes when
compared with smart frocks and notice-
able head-gear.

That according to the poet BURNS, "the
rank may be the guinea stamp," but a
duke's a duke for all that.

That at luncheon time folks are prone
to become crowded.

That New York city is the finest place
in creation, but it is hard to beat the
Island as a gathering ground for the lei-
sured classes.

That it's a pity that Yale boys are not
in it, as the proceedings might be livelier.

That it's all very well to be solemn and
sedate, but champagne and lobster salad
don't mix in well with bows and curtesys.

That it's a pity we consented to be ac-

companied by the Yankee drawl of
"puppaw."

That if "mummaw" knows her business
it ought to be a short cry from "*Rule, Britannia,*" at Ryde, to "*Hail, Columbia,*"
in St. George's, Hanover Square.

A SAD LETTER DAY.

(To my Lady of No Note.)

I TOLD the man to bring them me—
My letters—so he brought them in.
A goodly pile they were to see,
A dozen quite there must have been.

An invitation out to dine—
If I were paid, I wouldn't go.
A flaming screed about a mine,
Would I take shares?—good heavens!
No!

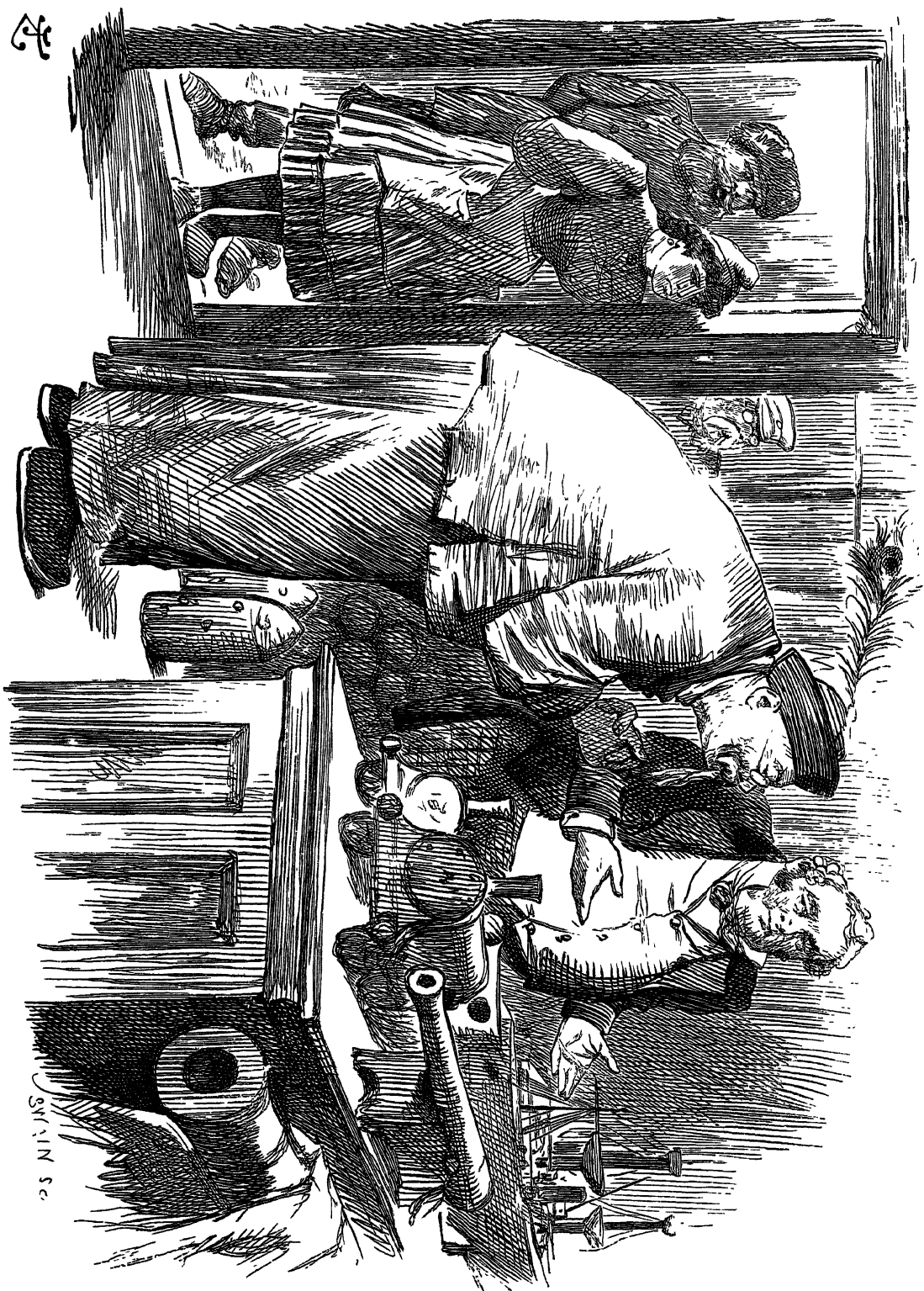
A friendly line or two from Nell,
My sister, if the truth be told,
To say that all at home are well,
Save that the horse has caught a cold.

And so I wandered through the heap,
With keen eye searching everywhere
For what, with grief profound and deep,
At last I found out wasn't there.

You guess, I doubt not, why it was
The heap in vain I hunted through?
And why the day was drear? Because
I did not get—a word from you.

SUGGESTION TO BREWERS.—Advertise
the XXX Ray Ale. Ingredients ascer-
tained by inspection of barrel.

A STENOGRAPHER UP-TO-DATE.—The
penny-a-linotyper.



CHINA IN THE BULL-SHOP.

CHORUS OF RIVAL SHOPKEEPERS (*outside*). "WONDER IF HE'S GOING TO BUY ANYTHING HERE? WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY ORDERS OUT OF HIM!"



PROPER PRIDE.

"WELL, NIGEL, IF I LET YOU STAY IN THE DRAWING-ROOM, YOU MUST BE VERY QUIET, AND NOT WANT TO TALK TO ME WHEN VISITORS ARE HERE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"

"YES, MUMMY, I UNDERSTANDS; BUT WHEN I COMES INTO THE DRAWING-ROOM, I ARE A VISITOR!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

STRAY NOTES ON WOMEN.

I HAVE hitherto abstained from adding fuel to the raging fires of the woman controversy, on which some of the most fantastic as well as many of the dullest intellects of the century have lately been engaged in heaping logs. The whole mad business affects me personally very little. Not having as yet led a soft flutterer to an altar, I am privileged to look upon women from a respectful distance, tempered by the necessity for a daily interview with my cook, and explanations to my housemaid that I am merely in quest of a boot, a slipper, or a bunch of keys, and that she need not interrupt her dusting and tidying operations in my room. My cook has several ways of looking at me. First is her sirloin of beef look. This implies that if I don't have a big joint hot, it is useless for me to expect anything cold for lunch on the following day, also it hints that, after all, servants are human beings, and want their food like the rest of us; "though perhaps we could do with a pigeon-pie, if you'd prefer the roast beef yourself, Sir." Next comes her mayonnaise look. This is altogether a gayer, lighter and airier look. When she assumes it, she has evidently made up her mind that the time has come for making concessions, for leaving the arid regions of beef and mutton, and visiting the pleasant valleys and shady groves sacred to *entrées*. For the mayonnaise look includes also kromeskiess, *crème de volaille*, savoury omelet, and various *timbales*.

A THIRD, and a freezing look, is the "you wasn't pleased with your breakfast" look. There is in it a sense of injury done to the innocent, of righteous expostulation, only waiting for an opportunity to assert itself, which reduces me to a pulp. It may have happened, that arriving in the breakfast-room late, I find a kipper, a cold kidney, and a hard-boiled egg. Now the cold kidney I could have endured, the hard-boiled egg I could have forgiven—but the kipper on a torrid summer's day is too awful. The unreluctant butler hears an anathema directed against the tribe of kippers, and reports to the cook that "e's

cussin' like mad; says 'e'll be 'anged if 'e's goin' to poison 'isself with any more o' that trash." In this message the cook detects a slight upon her skill and discretion, and relations between her and her master consequently become strained, so that during the morning interview she adopts a negative, unsuggesting attitude, which generally ends in hashed mutton and rice pudding.

A MAN never realises so fully how vain and foolish he is as when he attempts to make suggestions to his cook. With an air of having devoted time and deep thought to the matter, he will say, "I think I have had enough of vegetable marrow. Why not a nice dish of peas?" and the lady of the stove and apron will reply that peas have been out for ten days or more, but that, if you give her time, and don't mind the money, she dares say she might manage to get you, say, a saucer full; but she scarcely thinks it worth the trouble, especially as French beans are very good just now. This is but a sample of the pit-falls spread for the unhappy bachelor. As for controlling his books, the task is hopeless. Vainly he skims the long array of items: the only solid facts he can grasp are what *Mr. Mantalini* called the dem totals, with this one subsidiary fact—that the baker's book always sums up to a halfpenny, and, however much you may dock this halfpenny it invariably recurs week by week, from one end of the year to the other.

BUT what I want to know is this: do women really control households, manage servants, restrain expenses, and pay weekly books one whit better than men? I know there is a general feeling of pity for bachelors who own houses—an implication of contempt for men who are victimised, and twisted round little fingers, and made to pay through noses, and scandalously fleeced, while women, it is supposed, not only know by an instinct the wiles of the butcher, and are able to circumvent both him and the grocer, the fishmonger, and the baker with ease and completeness, but can also keep their domestic establishment in a state of better organisation and working order. I have no hesitation in denouncing this as a perfectly baseless superstition. In the first place I am convinced that the whole business—except the checking of books—is ridiculously easy, and in the checking of books, even a man who "failed in the mathematical part of his little go" could give the best woman a stone and a beating. And further, I incline to think that the bachelor gets more willing work, and, on the whole, a more cheerful content, out of his servants than does a wife. For it is extraordinary how furiously and bitterly a woman resents the mere suspicion of being put upon, even to the extent of a farthing, by a tradesman or a servant. Indeed, she is apt to create for herself circumstances that warrant the suspicion, and then, with a swoop and a pounce, the whole machinery goes out of gear, and the lord and master wonders why his food falls off in merit. Yet the same angry lady will cheerfully defraud a railway company or a custom-house.

The Merry Swiss Landlord to the Traveller who has been Plundered.

BRITON, assuage this futile rage!

Your curses are in vain.

You vow you'll go, but well I know

You'll cut to come again!

A Modern Paris.

Schoolmaster. Now, boys, supposing that the goddesses Diana, Venus, and Juno were to appear before you, what would you do with this apple?

Brown Minimus. Please, Sir, I'd eat it before they asked for it.

MRS. PHOSSYL writes to say that she can't make out what the world is coming to? A week ago she read about horseless carriages, and now she sees by the paper that grouse are being driven. Mrs. P. supposes that one of these days she will hear of men and women riding on balloons.

THE TRUE INWARDNESS OF ART.—Photographs by the Röntgen rays.

THE CORRECT REPLY TO A HALTING QUESTION.—A lame excuse.

THE PROPER FOOD FOR DOGS.—Whine biscuits.



PARLIAMENTARY "VICTORIA CROSS" RACE!

RIDEES HAVE TO JUMP THE FENCE, DISMOUNT, PICK UP THE "DUMMIES," ALLOTTED TO THEM, REMOUNT AND RETURN OVER THE FENCE TO THE WINNING POST. THE UNWIELDINESS OF THE "DUMMIES" AND THE RESTIVENESS OF THE HORSES COMBINE TO CAUSE ENDLESS AMUSEMENT.

WAR ON WIRES.

(Latest Development of the Telephone.)

First Voice (from somewhere). I say, how are you getting on?

Second Voice (from somewhere else). Oh, very well. Fort full of provisions, and lots of food. Hope you will get up in time to take part in the athletic sports.

First Voice. Will, if we can; but fact is, the camp has had to be entrenched. The enemy are very lively. Wait a moment—wanted elsewhere.

Second Voice (after a pause). I say, what are you doing? I have been addressing you for the last half-hour, trying to attract your attention. Well, what have you to say? Do look sharp. Fact is, most of our ammunition has blown up (through an accident), and the surgeons say that the rinderpest has broken out in the cattle. What are you laughing at?

Third Voice (in gruff accents). Can't help laughing because you are telling all this to me.

Second Voice (impatiently). But why shouldn't I?

Third Voice. I don't know why you shouldn't, only it seemed to me rather incongruous. By all means go on. You say you have lost your ammunition and supplies. Ha! ha! ha! Well?

Second Voice. But who are you?

Third Voice. I! Why I am the enemy! I thought I would make you laugh!

Second Voice. You the enemy! I say, it isn't fair!

Third Voice. Everything's fair in love and war, and I do so enjoy a practical joke.

Second Voice (angrily). It's all very well to say that, but it isn't gentlemanly. Fortunate for you that you are fifty miles off, or I should punch your head!

Third Voice (still laughing). You will have an opportunity, as we are advancing towards you. Your friends are utterly defeated and we are masters of the field. So you had better surrender.

Second Voice. Shan't!

Third Voice. Don't be silly! What's the good of holding out when I tell you that we propose to surround you. You had much better give in.

Second Voice. Shan't do anything of the sort. But perhaps if you will allow us to march out with the honours of war we might see what could be done. What do you say to that? Why are you silent? Why don't you answer?

First Voice (after a pause—abruptly). Here we are again! We have had no end of a battle, but once more have retaken the camp.

Second Voice. But what's become of the enemy?

First Voice. Defeated, my boy! Absolutely knocked into a cocked hat!

Second Voice (pleased). Bravo! We are all delighted. In honour of your victory we are going to illuminate!

First Voice (courteously). And we, in recognition of your relief, are letting off fireworks! And now, to celebrate the occasion, I am going to have a drink!

Second Voice (hurriedly). And so am I. *(Bell rings off.)*

THE HEIGHT OF SPECULATION.—A gentleman endeavouring to open his front door in the early hours with a watch key.



HE KNEW THE CUISINE.

Hungry Diner (scanning the Menu). "LOOK HERE, WAITER, I'M STARVING. I THINK I'LL HAVE A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING!" *Waiter.* "YESSIR. *(Bawls off.)* 'ASH ONE!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday, August 3.—Rumour current that LI HUNG CHANG is coming down to pay visit to House of Commons. SARK going about trying to borrow Röntgen photographic apparatus. Has read about Chinese minister successfully operated upon by X rays for localisation of bullet lodged when attempt made to assassinate him.

"What I want to know," says SARK, "is what kind of a card our guileless friend has got up his sleeve? Not going about from Court to Court for nothing. If I could only get a snapshot at him with the Röntgen camera as he crosses Lobby, we might know where we are."

JOHN LUBBOCK smiles at our enthusiastic friend's idea that the X rays are available in Kodak fashion; but says nothing. "Quite enough said for one Session," observes this wise man. "As for me, I'm going on a long visit to my Ants."

Probably never since Scotchmen discovered the broad highway leading south beyond the Tweed, have they so bitterly regretted coming to England as some do to-night. Scotch Rating Bill in Committee. With Scotch Liberal Members point of honour to be present. When Bill passed second reading they raised fearsome hullabaloo designed to frighten PRINCE ARTHUR into dropping Bill for Session. PRINCE ARTHUR seeming to hesitate, the Scots grew more than ever like the Picts. Every man prepared to die on floor of House fighting Bill.

Last week PRINCE ARTHUR smilingly said he meant to carry Rating Bill. Consternation in Scottish camp. Having threatened war they must needs carry it on. No going away for accelerated holiday. Must stay in town and fight Rating Bill line by line.

Most touching case that of CAWMELL-BANNERMAN. Due at Marienbad last week. Friday was fixed for the great annual festival, when burgomaster and burghers go forth to meet the personage who has come to be regarded as the patron saint of Marienbad. To see CAWMELL-BANNERMAN laurel-crowned, led in procession on his arrival at Marienbad is the chief event of the season. Not able to go last week. Other Scotch Members, with almost equally urgent engagements, similarly entrapped. Must stay to-night



"A Nicht wi'—Cau'dwell."

and grind away at Rating Bill. Only man who really enjoys himself is CALDWELL.

Business done.—Scotch Rating Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—Am often asked whether, since I was first returned to House by the Berkshire yeomen, the place has undergone marked change in character, habits, and modes of thought. Some fellows always talking of good old times, decadence of manners in the House, and the rest. All bosh. Never knew better-mannered House than present. Indeed, of the seven I have sat in, it is distinctly the most decorous in behaviour, the most obedient to touch of hand of authority.

The other day, a new Member had occasion to move amendment to Bill in Committee. What do you think he did as a preliminary? Why, he went into a barber's shop, planked down his shilling, and had his hair curled!

Sober fact this, not one of SARK's yarns. I don't mention his name *pour cause*. The poet (not WILLIAM ALLAN) has somewhere remarked on pang of seeing a strong man in tears. Worse still to see an hon. Member blushing through his curls.

Take another instance that occurs to mind. The Parliament of 1874-80, which GRAND CROSS illumined with his presence, was given to puff itself up because of a

flight of fancy on part of that eminent statesman.

"I hear an hon. Member smile," said GRAND CROSS, looking severely round House when somebody sniggered at a pompous platitude.

Good, I admit. Stood unrivalled up to present day. Now comes LOUGH, and equals it, if he does not excel it. House in Committee on Home Office vote. LOUGH wants to abolish privilege system for cabs at railway stations.

"I claim the late Home Secretary as a convert to my views," says he. "The right hon. gentleman shakes his head. I am sorry to hear it."

Business done.—More of the Scotch Rating Bill in Committee. "What a time we are having, to be sure!" says CALDWELL, mopping CAUSTON's forehead under momentary impression that that massive structure was his own.

Thursday.—Sorry to hear of coldness having sprung up between one of best fellows in House and circle of old family friends. M.P. looking in one evening on way home from dinner taken in neighbourhood, found eldest daughter of house in drawing-room in company with eligible young man. M.P. is the shyest, most retiring person in world. Always ready to think himself *de trop*. Probably not the slightest ground for suspicion in present case. All the same, M.P. fidgeted about; said he had engagement at his club; getting late; must go.

All right up to now. But it happened that in his bachelor London establishment, M.P. has formed economical habit of turning off electric light on leaving a room, even for a moment. His mind still at unrest about his supposed intrusion, he was passing out by doorway when his eye unhappily fell on electric-light button set in wall by door. Instinctively his hand went forth; he gave the thing a turn, and placidly pursued his way downstairs. It was only when he reached the hall, and heard a shriek of laughter from upstairs that he realised what he had done.

"The worst of it is," he says, in anguished tone, confiding his trouble to the Member for Sark, "they insist that I was playing a practical joke, a thing I never did in my life. Would least of all do in such circumstances. Never go near the house any more; breaks up friendship of long standing."

Business done.—Lords make a beginning with Irish Land Bill in Committee. A few Irish Members watch debate from gallery over Bar. Amongst them the mellifluous MURNAGHAN. More than ever a pity no opening for interchange of platform between two Houses. Might have far-reaching effect on Bill if Mr. M. were permitted to stand at Bar of Lords, and, addressing LORD CHANCELLOR, repeat his famous warning to Irish Secretary.

Brother GERALD on Report stage of Land Bill declined to accept amendment reducing term of juducial rent from fifteen years to ten.

"Mr. SPEAKER. Sir," said Mr. MURNAGHAN. "I wish to warn the right hon. gentleman that when his message reaches Ireland it will spread abroad a feeling of consternation."

Friday.—SARK quite angry about what is really, after all, a small matter. Brings copy of Orders of the Day, containing, amongst much else, journal of Committee

of Selection. Under heading Group F., appears this entry:—

"The following Members are removed from the Group at the conclusion of the Dublin Corporation Bill [Lords]:—

Mr. SKEWES-COX.

Hon. E. S. DOUGLAS-PENNANT."

"Why should they 'Scuse-Cox? that's what I want to know?" says the Member for Sark, glaring at me as if I'd anything to do with it. "All very well for DOUGLAS. He's at liberty to hoist his



Setting them right on a matter of Law.
(Mr. H. H. H. H., Q.C.)

pennant elsewhere. But why a man should go about House in habitual apologetic attitude—SKEWES-COX this, and SKEWES-COX that—becomes towards end of Session distinctly irritating. Reminds me of dear old JOHNNIE TOOLE in a forgotten bit of business. Perhaps you remember how he used to put on a cotton glove six sizes too large, and when he held out hand to shake that of acquaintance, always said, 'Scuse my glove.' That's good stage business. But when it comes to a Member getting off Committee work, it's another pair of sleeves. Next time I receive intimation that I have been added to Select Committee on private Bill, I will write back and say, 'No thanks. Pray SKEWES-SARK.'

Business done.—Lords make an end of Irish Land Bill in Committee.

What's the Odds?

(By a Puzzled Peruser of the Papers.)

Is it LI HUNG CHANG?

Is it LI CHUNG TONG?

Is it LI HUNG TANG?

Which is right, which wrong?

Be it tweedle-dum, be it tweedle-dee,
To greet hearty Li heartily we all agree!

QUERY, BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (OUT ON BAIL).—Can the captain of a steamer backing her engines after running down another be said to have a reversionary interest in an undeniable settlement?



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Major Blunderbore (who has just told Our Artist a regular side-splitter).
 "WELL, THAT'S A GOOD 'UN, AIN'T IT? ANYHOW, IT'S QUITE NEW AND ORIGINAL, FOR IT WAS SAID ONLY LAST NIGHT BY A CLEVER LITTLE GIRL I KNOW—A NIECE OF MY OWN."

Our Artist. "YES; IT'S A CAPITAL STORY!"

Major B. "THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU LAUGH?"

Our Artist. "BECAUSE I TOLD IT YOU MYSELF ONLY LAST WEEK—AND YOU DIDN'T LAUGH!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

STRAY NOTES ON WOMEN.

WE appear to have decided last week that as regards the payment of domestic bills, the ordering of servants, and, generally, the management of a household, women were, taken at their very highest point, merely equal, and not superior to men. But the highest point is naturally an exception, and I am bound, therefore, in fairness to my own sex, to assume for it a general superiority over women in these respects. It seems a dreadful thing to go about shattering idols in this way, but if you set out on an investigation with the single desire of stating the truth, and if you happen to find an ancient, highly respected idol blocking your way, there is no course open to you except to shatter it. Lie low in the dust, therefore, oh woman-housekeeper idol, shattered beyond recall into a thousand fragments, not to be replaced upon your pedestal even by much labour on the part of your blind sectaries and worshippers. And, since the case is likely to be argued, let me adduce, as a *pièce justificative*, the following little household dialogue:—

SCENE—*A Morning-room.* CHARACTERS—Anybody's Wife, Anybody's Wife's Cook. As the curtain rises, Anybody's Wife is discovered alone with the books.

Anybody's Wife (soliloquises). Oh dear, oh dear, I wonder if I shall ever get these sums right. Let me see, "August 1st, loin of lamb." Now did we have loin of lamb on August 1st? I'm almost sure it was fillet of beef. No, that was on the 2nd or the 3rd. I should have said it was July 30th, but I remember we were out to lunch and dinner then. Well, never mind. Eight and six are fourteen, and two are sixteen, and nine are twenty—twenty—twenty-four, of course, and five are thirty-one. I wish it was thirty-six, because that's three shillings, and much simpler. Thirty-one is—oh, bother thirty-one—it's two shillings and—twenty-four from thirty-one leaves nine. That's ninepence. Why, the silly man has put down fourpence. Well, if he will cheat himself I can't help him. (*Enter Anybody's Wife's Cook, corner of apron tucked up. General air of slow steering.*) Good morning, HERDSMAN. These books seem very high this week.

Anybody's Wife's Cook. Indeed, mum. All I can say is, I do my best to keep 'em down; but there's a lot of us to feed, and the boy is a very free eater, a reg'lar gorgor, I call 'im. 'E bust two of his buttons orf of his jacket agin yesterday, after dinner. So I says to 'im, "GEORGE," I says, "you are not doin' fair by your Christian 'ome. I like to see a young boy enjoyin' 'is food," I says, "but you are outragis; there's no two words about it, you are outragis." 'E seemed moved, but I know 'e'll be at it again, to-day.

A. W. But all these groceries, now. The tea and sugar come to a very heavy sum, and the cream—

A. W. C. Ah, I thought you'd remark on the cream, mum. That's Master ARTHUR and Miss ALICE. They will 'ave their cream, and if I don't give it 'em they come canoodlin' about the kitchen till I'm wild, and then I 'ave to give it to 'em. But, lor, it's a pleasure to see them blessed dears lappin' it up so sweetly. I 'aven't the 'eart to say no to 'em, bless their pretty faces, but I says to 'em, "Master ARTHUR," I says, "and Miss ALICE give over now, do; your Ma won't like it when she comes to know"; but them two only laughed and went on lappin'.

A. W. I must speak to them again. I can't have them going on like this. But how about the tea?

A. W. C. I didn't know the tea was partikler 'eavy, mum. But then you've 'ad a lot of company in the afternoons, and that runs away with the tea.

A. W. Well, well, I suppose it's all right. What about to-night's dinner?

A. W. C. I've put down a clear soup and fried sole—

A. W. Oh, your master said he wouldn't have any more soles. He's tired of them.

A. W. C. Well, let's try whittings. We 'aven't give 'im whittings for a week.

A. W. No, whittings won't do. Isn't there any other fish?

A. W. C. Of course, there's plaice, or smelts.

A. W. (*in despair*). We'll have smelts—no, we can't have smelts. It must be plaice, and he can't bear plaice. Never mind, he'll have to have plaice. I can't invent a new fish for him every day.

A. W. C. (*respectfully*). No, mum.

A. W. (*reading from Cook's slate*). Cutlets, roast chicken and tongue, cabinet pudding. Yes, that'll do, cook, thank you. But we really must try to get the books down.

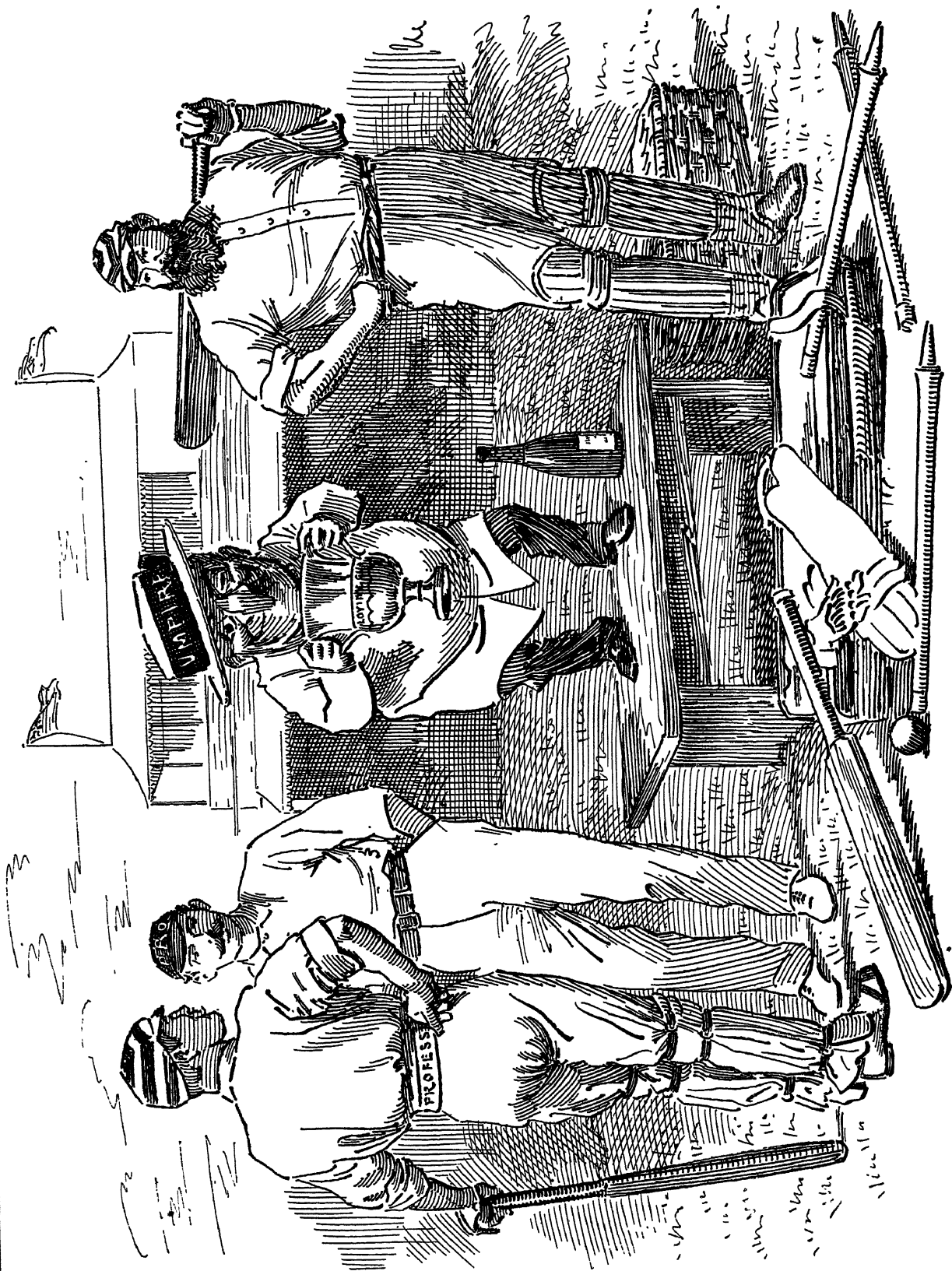
A. W. C. Yes, mum. There was another thing I wanted to tell you, mum. Master ARTHUR's dog came rampagin' into the kitchen, yesterday, and broke two of the best dishes of that set you bought last month. [*Scene closes in gloom and lamentation.*]

LAPSUS CALAMI?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Your intelligent correspondent, who was good enough to report, under the heading "A Modern Paris," a painful interview which occurred between myself and Brown minimus, asserts that I mentioned Diana as a likely candidate for the Ribstone pippin. Do you imagine, Sir, that I should have been so moonstruck as to substitute the chaste huntress for the queen of learning—Minerva, Pallas-Athene? The next time that the writer aforesaid lurks under my schoolroom window let him know that a long arm is waiting for his short-hand. Your obedient servant, NICHOLAS NIBBLECHICK, D.D.

Flankum College, August 17.

OF A FORGIVING NATURE.—ABEL, the cricketer, always uses a cane-spliced bat.



Amely Anderson. 2001.

"THE THREE F'S."

Mr. Punch, the Universal Umpire (addressing Dr. Grace and Messrs. Ab-l and Ty-tt). "NOW, GENTLEMEN ALL, I'LL GIVE YOU A TOAST THAT EVERY GOOD CRICKETER MAY JOIN IN—'FAIR PLAY, FAIR PAY, AND FRIENDLINESS!'"

"THE THREE F'S"

(Of Cricket).

A BIG MATCH AND A BIG MORAL.

["They (the professionals) put forward their complaint in a manner that was more than awkward, and they were properly made to withdraw it unreservedly; but it cannot be denied that there was some foundation for their grievance. When 40,000 persons go to see a match, and pay a shilling apiece for so doing, it is only natural that the crack English bowlers and bats, who were as much a part of the attraction as the well-paid Australians, should think they were worth something more than the regulation ten pounds."—*Times*.]

Mr. Punch, Universal Umpire, loquutur:—

HANDS all round, gentlemen all,
Kings of the Bat and lords of the Ball!
Union must reign at the wicket!
'Gainst sordidness, stinginess, temper
and strife,
Our motto must ever be "War to the
knife."

In the honour of "Glorious Cricket."
All's well that ends well! A bravely-
fought match,
Well ended by ABEL's remarkable
catch!—
You'll stick to that ball, eh, my
BOBBY?—
Talk on the game, of its turns, of the
weather,
Was eager wherever men muster together,
From tavern to Parliament lobby.

Would GRACE win the toss? Would he
take "first knock"?
Would STODDART play? It was rather a
shock
When the Middlesex marvel stood out
of it!
Would run-getting RANJI a century
pile?—
Ju-Plu at that question indulged in a
smile.
'Twas a bowler's match, there's no
doubt of it.

GRACE won't pile three hundred and one
on *this* pitch;
But his twenty-four in fair promise is
rich,
And as hard as a hundred to tattle.
E'en slashing WYNARD can't "keep 'em
alive,"
And a first innings total of one-four-five
Doesn't send England's heart to her
throttle.

More questions now! *Will* the Corn-
stalks pass
England's score?—which is not *very*
bumping, alas!
Why, IREDALE and DARLING may top it!
Seventy-seven the two! Quite a nice
little lot!
But then HEARNE and PEEL seemed to
set up a "rot,"
And their captain himself cannot stop
it.
Have they "found a spot"? HEARNE
bowls GREGORY—One!
And DONNAN's down—Ten! and PEEL
keeps up the fun—
Which unto "Trott's Lot" is *not*
funny.
One hundred and nineteen! Elate is the
mood
Of the Briton who feels "twenty-six to
the good."
And will back GRACE's men—ah, for
money!
But GRACE down for nine, and the Black
Prince for two!!



"WOULD YOU GENTLEMEN LIKE TO LOOK AT THE OLD CHURCH?"
"Ho, yus. We're NUTS ON OLD CHURCHES!"

All out Eighty-four!!! Now our Briton
looks blue.
"The Cornstalks will collar those
'ashes."
They'll just win the rubber. A pity
GEORGE LOHMANN
Should favour a split, right in face of the
foeman!"
A grumbler misfortune soon dashes.
But oh, that third day!!! Oh, JACK
HEARNE!! Oh, BOB PEEL!!!
Our Briton's delight finds full vent in a
squeal.
Trott and Trumble are all-of-a-trem-
ble!
Clem Hill is an aspen! They take it
like men,
But—BOB ABEL catches McKIBBIN!—and
then
Our Briton his joy can't dissemble.
The rubber match won by a good sixty-
six!
Just when we expected the sorest of
licks!
Hooray for GRACE, PEEL, HEARNE and
ABEL!

Hooray for Trott, Trumble & Co. Ah,
hooray
For—oh, *Everybody*!! You know the old
way,
And the shout of the old Surrey Babel!
* * * * *
Gentlemen all, amateurs, pros,
Cricket-club Cresus, whose cash-box o'er-
flows,
Paid Players or—takers of exes.
Is this a game Britons wish to be fought
Like strikes and lock-outs for mere money?
The thought
A cricket enthusiast vexes.
Yet who makes the game? Not the
Players alone,
Nor the Amateurs only. Together
they've grown,
MYNN and PILCH, WALKER, JUPP,
GRACE and ABEL.
"Fair Play, Fair Pay, Friendliness!"
That's Punch's toast;
The cricket "Three F.'s," which our
cricketing hosts
Should knit in firm strands like a
cable!

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXI.

Mr. Jabberjee hallooos before he is quite out of the Wood.

BEING (to my best of belief) satisfactorily off with the old love, I naturally became as playful as a kitten or gay as a grig. For the most superficial observer, and with the half of a naked optic, could easily discern the immeasurable superiority of Miss



"A Royal Command from the Queen-Empress."

WEE-WEE to JESSIMINA in all the refinements and delicacies of a real English lady, and although, up to present date, the timidity of girlishness has restrained Miss ALLBUTT-INNETT from reciprocating my increasing spooniness, her parents and brother are of an overwhelming cordiality, and repeatedly mention their ardent hope that I may become their guest up in the hills some time this autumn.

So that Hope is already recommencing to hop jauntily about the secret chamber of my heart.

For, seeing the magnanimous contempt for the snobbishness of chasing a tuft that actuates their bosoms, I am no longer apprehensive that their affection for this present writer will be at all impaired by the revelation that he is merely a member of nature's nobility. Rather the contrary.

As Poet BURNS remarks with great truthfulness, "*Rank is but a penny stamp, and a Man is a Man and all that.*" Nevertheless, for the present, I am resolved to remain mum as a mouse.

Since I am now in their pockets for a perpetuity, I was privileged on a recent evening to escort the ALLBUTT-INNETT ladies to the Empire of India Exhibition, upon which I shall now pronounce the opinion of an expert, though space forbids me to describe its multitudinous marvels, save with the brevity of a soul of wit.

In the Cinghalese Palace we beheld a highly pious Yogi from Ceylon, who had trained himself to perform his devotions with one of his legs embracing his neck, or walking upon the caps of

his knees with his toes inserted into his waistband. But I am not convinced that such a style of prayer-making is at all superior in reverence to more ordinary attitudes, especially when exhibited publicly for an *honorarium*.

I feel proud to narrate that, at Miss WEE-WEE's urgent entreaties, I subdued my native funkiness so far as to make the revolution of the Gigantic Wheel, in spite of grave apprehensions that it would prove but a house of cards, or suddenly become totally immobile—though to pass interminable hours at a lofty attitude with such a lively companion might, on secondary thoughts, have possessed pleasing saccharine compensations. Nevertheless, I was relieved when we descended without having hitched anywhere, and I did most firmly decline to fly in the face of Providence for five shillings in the basket of a captive balloon.

The Indian street is constructed with cleverness, but gives a very, very inadequate idea of the principal Calcutta thoroughfares; moreover, to cultivated Indian intellects, the fuss made by English ladies over native artisans and mechanics of rather so-so abilities and appearance seems a little ludicrous!

After dining, we witnessed the Historical Spectacle of India in the Empress Theatre, and Miss WEE-WEE made the criticism that the fall of Somnath was accomplished with a too great facility, since its so-called defenders did lie down with perfect tameness and counterfeit death immediately the army of Sultan MAHMUD galloped their horses through the gateway.

But this appeared to me rather a typical and prudent exercise of their discretion.

It seems—though (in spite of extensive historical researches) I was in previous ignorance of the fact—that Sultan MAHMUD, the Great Mogul AKBAR, and SIVAJI the Mahratta Chief, were each taken in tow and personally conducted by a trio of Divine Guides, respectively named Love, Mercy, and Wisdom, who came forward whenever nothing of consequence was transpiring, and sang with the melodiousness of Paradisiacal fowls.

As for the representation of the Hindu Paradise, I shall confess to some disappointment, seeing that it was exclusively reserved to military masculines—the more highly educated civilian class of Baboos being left out of the cold altogether! Nor am I in love with a future state in which there is so much dancing up and down lofty flights of stairs with terpsichorean energy, and manœuvring in companies and circles with members of the softer sex. As a philosophical conception of disembodied existence, it is undeniably deficient in repose, though perhaps good enough for ordinary fighting chaps!

I spent a rapturous and ripping evening, however, greatly owing to the condescension of Miss WEE-WEE, who exhibited such entertainment at my comments that I left under the confident persuasion that I was infallibly to be the favoured swain.

On returning to Hereford Road, I found a last letter from JESSIMINA, beseeching me, for the sake of "Old Langsyne," to meet her on the following evening at Westbourne Park Station, and mentioning that certain events had occurred to change her views, and she was now only desirous for an amicable arrangement.

Accordingly, perceiving that I had no longer any reason to dread such an encounter, and not wishing her to peak and pine through my unkindness, I wrote at once accepting the *rendez-vous*.

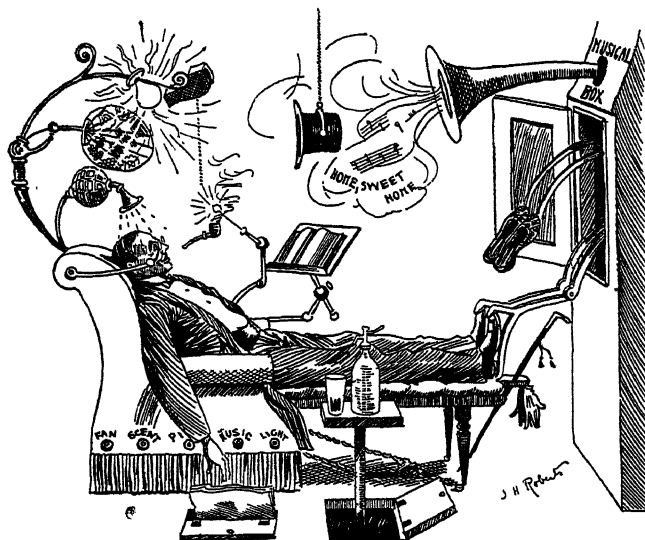
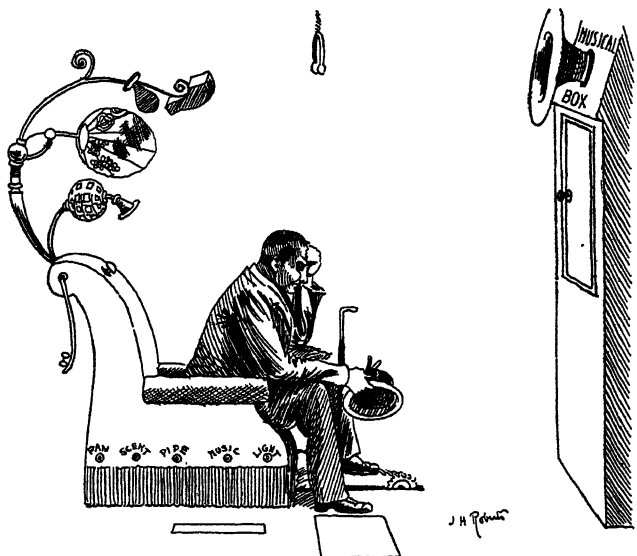
When I duly turned up, lo and behold! I found she was escorted, not only by her eagle-eyed mother (JESSIMINA herself inherits, in *Hamlet's* immortal phraseology, "an eye like Ma's, to threaten or command"), but also by a juvenile individual with a black necktie and Hebrew profile, whom she formally introduced to me as Mr. SOLOMONS.

Though a little hurt by this proof of the rapidity of feminine fickleness, I began to congratulate her effusively on having obtained such an excellent substitute for my worthless self, and to wish the happy couple all earthly felicities, when she explained that he was not a *fiancé*, but merely a sort of friend, and Mrs. MANKLEW severely added that they had come to know whether I still declined to fulfil my legal contract.

Naturally I made the answer that I had recently offered to fulfil same to best ability, but that, my offer having been declined with contumeliousness, the affair was now on its end.

Here JESSIMINA said that she had of course refused to marry a man who declared that he was already the owner of a dusky spouse, but that, on inquiries from Mr. CHUCKERBUTTY RAM, she had made the discovery that my said infant wife had popped off with some juvenile complaint or other three or four years ago.

At this I was rendered completely flabagast—for, although the allegation was undeniably correct, I had confidently hoped



FIN-DE-SIÈCLE LUXURY.

THE NEW "LOUNGE OR "EASY" CHAIR, JUST THE VERY THING AFTER A LONG, HOT, WEARY DAY IN THE CITY OR ELSEWHERE. THE MERE ACT OF THROWING THE HEAD BACK SETS THE WHOLE APPARATUS WORKING; BY TOUCHING A STOP THE SPRAYING OF SCENT, THE FANNING THE MUSIC, THE ELECTRIC LIGHTING, &C., CAN BE TURNED OFF AS DESIRED. [You touch the Knob, the Chair does the rest.

that my friend RAM was unaware of the fact, or would at least have the ordinary mother-wit to refrain from blurring it out! "*Et tu, Brute!*" But I must make the dismal confession that my friends are mostly a very fat-witted sort of fellows.

Que faire?—except to explain that my melancholy bereavement must have entirely slipped off my memory, and that in any case it had no logical connection with the matter in hand.

Then Mrs. MANKLETOW inquired, would I, or would I not, marry her illused child? and stated that all she wished for was a plain answer.

I replied that it was a very natural and moderate desire, and I was prepared to gratify it at once by the plain answer of—*Not on any account.*

Whereupon Mr. SOLOMONS stepped forward and politely handed me a folded paper, and, observing that he thought there was no need to protract the interview, he lifted his hat and went off with the ladies, leaving myself upon a bench endeavouring to get the sense of the official document into my baffled and bewildered nob.

Eventually I gathered that it was a Royal command from the Queen-Empress, backed by the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, that I was to enter my appearance in an action at the suit of JEMIMA MANKLETOW for a claim of damages for having breached my promise to marry!

No matter! Pugh! Fiddle-de-dee! Never mind! Who cares?

Having successfully passed Exam, and been called to the Bar, I am now an *amicus curiæ*, and the friend in Court.

I shall enter my appearance in the forensic costume of wig and gown.

What will be the price of the plaintiff's pleadings then, Madams?

THE NEWEST BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST;

Or, *The Grand Old Man and the Grand Old Mandarin.*

[*"Unexpected circumstances have brought me to England, and I should reproach myself if I did not make an effort to procure the privilege of seeing such a celebrated statesman of the present century."*—*Li Hung Chang's Letter to Mr. Gladstone.*]

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, as KIPLING once did say,
But when two Grand Old Statesmen meet they must find a lot to say.
Though England is England, and China is China, let latitude go hang!
It were worth a walk to o'erhear the talk of GLADSTONE and LI HUNG CHANG.*

The Lounging Coat and the Yellow Jacket each other may much illumine,
When the Harwarden recluse doth hob-a-nob with the Lord of the Peacock Plume.

Will the good old Chinese catechism the G. O. M. be poured on? And what will they say, in a friendly way, of the hero, Chinese GORDON?

Chin-chin! Chow-chow! Topside galow! Conventional *patois* patter!

No pigeon-English may serve these two for a cosmopolitan chatter.

Great Li is a citizen of the world, as GOLDSMITH would have said,

And the hopes and fears of sixty years are stored in that good, grey head.

The celestial may "blow his cloud," and the Liberal chief may not;

(His clouds are emitted in speech, not smoke, as the mandarin well may wot.)

No doubt the two will survey mankind from China to—Japan! For tongues will wag when a Grand Old Mandarin visits a Grand Old Man!

Will the great ex-Minister teach LI HUNG how to buy torpedoes—cheap,

From the British Arsenal? A "tip" that would make Li's stout heart leap.

Will he tell him what "Arbitration" means, for the which enthusiasts shout?

And whether 'tis moral force or the sword is to bring that boon about?

And will LI HUNG teach the Liberal chief what Conservatism signifies

When 'tis of the right celestial tap which his land's long record dignifies?

And will they agree that your true To-ree is found out Pekin way?

That an old bone-shaker's a "scorcher" compared with a "Cycle of Cathay"?

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, as RUDYARD did remark,
And England compares with China as a Great Liner with Noah's Ark;
But there is no East and there is no West when, in cordial chin-chin,
In Harwarden's halls the Grand Old Man meets the Grand Old Mandarin!*

In a Public-house.

Toper (reading from newspaper). "The Prince of WALES has left London for Homburg to drink the waters." There's taste for yer! Another pint of old and mild, please, miss.

THE MAN WHO ENJOYS OTIUM OUM DIG.—The day-by-day gardener.



SUNDAY FOOTBALL.

"JUST LOOK WHAT YOUR BOYS HAVE DONE TO MY HAT, MRS. JONES!"

"OH, THE DEARS! OH, I AM SO SORRY! NOW, TOM AND HARRY, SAY HOW SORRY YOU ARE, AND MR. LAMBOURNE WON'T MIND!"

Sir John Everett Millais,

President of the Royal Academy.

BORN JUNE 8, 1829. DIED AUGUST 13, 1896.

A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a MAN.
Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 4.

At last Death brings his Order of Release,
And our great English painter lies at peace,
Amidst a nation's sorrow.
A man in heart and Art, in soul and frame,
By love encompassed, and secure of fame,
Through history's long to-morrow.

The world seems greyer, gloomier, far less young,
For loss of him, the free of touch and tongue,
Nature's own child in both.
By glowing canvas or by rushing stream,
With brush or rod, he was no thrall of dream,
Feebleness, fad, or sloth.

Fresh as the morn, and frank as noon's full flush,
In friendship as in Art, with speech or brush,
Health, heartiness, and power
Were his, from earliest critic-chidden days,
To that fine prime when universal praise
Hailed genius in full flower.

Men loved the man, and Art the artist crowned.
The brush that pictured poor *Ophelia* drowned
In young pre-Raphaelite days,
Glowed with a virile vigour and sweet charm
Too masterful to take abiding harm
From mere mimetic craze.

English he was, and England best inspired
His skill unfailing and his toil untired.

On his strong canvas live
Her loveliest daughters and her noblest sons,
All that to a great age, which swift out-runs,
Its greatest glories give.

And he among those glories takes high rank.
Painter more masterly or friend more frank
Its closing scarce shall show.

Our good, great MILLAIS gone! And yet *not* dead!
His best lives on, though that worn, noble head
In rest at last lies low!

A LITTLE HERO.

[LEONARD STEELE, aged sixteen, a moulder, of 14, Gibbon's Road, Stratford, hearing that a little boy, named BARTRUM, bathing in a very dangerous part of the Lea, was drowning, dived for him three times, and at the third attempt recovered the body, which was embedded in the mud. Asked by the coroner if he had saved any lives from that river, he answered simply, "Yes, Sir; I have rescued four from this river, and altogether I have saved seven."]

SEVEN lives saved, and at sixteen years old!
That moulder lad has a heart of gold.

A boy of mettle, and all must feel
He lends a new meaning to "true as STEELE"!
Who holds such a record, ere reaching a score,
Deserves the gold medal—and something more.
From the "Royal Humane" he the medal may gain;
But what will they add who are rich *and* humane?

A BONA FIDE TRAVELLER'S SUGGESTION.—Is it not a waste of nomenclatural force to have a "Lord Warden" (of Cinqueports) at Walmer, and also a "Lord Warden" (Hotel) at Dover? Why should not the latter, belonging as it does to the "Gordon Hotels Co." (and doing credit to the proprietors in its reconstruction and in its cuisine), be called "The Lord Gordon Hotel"?



A TURKISH BATH.

SULTAN. "THEY GAVE IT ME PRETTY HOT IN THAT ARMENIAN ROOM! BUT—BISMILLAH!
THIS IS—PHEW!!"

[The Porte now realises the gravity of the situation in Crete.—*Daily Paper.*]

THE PEACE CONGRESS OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

(Prophetic Report—in advance—by Our Special at the Seat of War.)

THE last meeting of the Friends to Universal Fraternity has now been held, with not altogether decisive results. From an early hour in the morning the Third French Section had occupied the first floor of a house adjoining the Hall of Congress, and were evidently on the look out for their compatriots. At eight o'clock the Second Section arrived in Langham Place, and commenced a desultory fire, which was speedily suppressed by the police.

At ten the doors of the Congress Hall were tried, but found to be locked, the proprietor having lodged overnight a formal objection to the employment of artillery within the walls of the building, which objection it had been found impossible by the committee to entertain, or, indeed, to treat with the slightest attention. Under these circumstances, the owner had considered himself justified in intervening on his own behalf, with the result specified.

Prevented from taking possession of the premises they had hitherto occupied, the various foreign delegates sought occupation elsewhere. The Swiss, led by a bugler, proceeded at a steady trot up Portland Place, and arriving at Park Crescent, deployed, and opened fire on the Italian Section, which were said to be in echelon in Upper Wimpole Street. Again the police expostulated, and the Swiss (at the double) "moved on" to the Marblebone Road.

While this was taking place the Dutch made a descent upon Cavendish Square, with a view to looting a well-known bank. Fortunately, the constable on duty was able to deal with the matter satisfactorily, and, with the assistance of a colleague, promptly conveyed the rioters to the nearest station-house.

The great question of "Enforced Friendship" was now occupying the serious attention of the German delegates and the Second and Third Sections of the French. The opposing forces faced one another—the first drawn up at Oxford Circus and the others at Langham Place. The services of two buglers (belonging to the Norwegian branch) having been secured, the order to sound "the charge" was given. Immediately the rivals fixed their bayonets and rushed towards one another. It was at this moment that a constable in plain clothes (who happened to be passing) showed wonderful tact and discretion. Raising his arm, he stopped the traffic at Mortimer Street, and for the moment the threatened collision was averted. The would-be rioters halted, and singing respectively the "*Marseillaise*" and "*Die Wacht am Rhein*," disappeared in opposite directions.

It was now noon, and the remainder of the delegates—Italian, Swiss, Austrian, Russian, Polish and Danish—were busily blazing away at one another in Regent Street. In spite of the efforts of the bystanders, it was impracticable to cause them to desist. It was felt that until the stock of ammunition was exhausted, it would be useless to expect a cessation of hostilities.

It is satisfactory, however, to note that hitherto—thanks, no doubt, to the wildness of the firing—there has been no casualty.

WANDERINGS IN THE VACATION.

The Worthy Pedagogue takes steps to procure a second pupil. He finds OCTAVIUS lacking in veneration, and reluctant to receive information anent the Wardenship of the Cinque-ports.

Now that we are in the midst of the holidays it is my desire to find a companion for the dear pupil already intrusted to my care. I purpose to move from place to place, giving, as I pass along, instruction combined with amusement. Following the plan pursued with so much success by my revered father in the past, I hope to feather my own nest while filling the heads of the young with knowledge and pleasing fancies. This desire is abnormally strong at the present moment, because my pupil of to-day—my solitary charge—is a little too much for me. He is a thoroughly good boy, but is lacking in reverence, and it has occurred to me that had he a companion who held me in proper respect the result



would be a distinct increase in what phrenologists would call his "organ of veneration."

"My dear young friend," I said, the other day, "now that you are at Dover, it would be as well that you should learn the history of the Cinque-ports. You must know—"

"Walk up ladies and gents and see the live lions stuffed with straw, and you don't pay nothing for reserved seats if you keep your dirty boots off the cushions of the carriages," he interposed.

"Now, really, my dear young friend," I remonstrated, "you seem to be straying from the subject. According to the newspapers—the customary source of public information—I find that no less a person than Lord SALISBURY has recently accepted the Wardenship of the Cinque-ports. This, you must know, is a position of great dignity, dating from a time prior to the Norman Conquest. You must know that when EDWARD the Confessor granted—"

"*Oui*," said he, knowing the language, and he gave a bit of sugar to the bird, once more interrupted OCTAVIUS. "It's no use jabbering like that, old chappie, for all the tickets are gone and they have had to sell the perambulator."

"Again I must insist upon your courteously give me your attention. And here I must point out to you that as I am your pedagogue by position, and many years your senior, I cannot permit you to address me as 'old chappie.'"

"Well, venerable cockolorum, or noble sportsman, or my pal from over the

wrong side of the water. I ain't proud—no, not me—so take your choice, you frivolous young whelk, and keep the pot a-boiling to the tune of '*Judy Callaghan*.'"

Finding that it was impossible to carry on the conversation further with any sense of dignity after being addressed as "a frivolous young whelk," I gave him my blessing and silently withdrew.

And having written thus far, I enclose my card, which shows me to be,

MR. BARLOW THE YOUNGER.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In Scarlet and Grey is an admirable title for Mrs. HENNIKER's series of stories (JOHN LANE), since it does not appear to have anything particular to do with the stories themselves. Another and more important peculiarity of the volume is that these stories do not form a collection of uncon sidered trifles rattled off for the magazines. Each one has a carefully-constructed plot. Through each the characters live and move like human beings, and throughout is a pure, strong, literary style, a comfort in these days of slipshod writing. My Baronite cares least of all for what Mrs. HENNIKER doubtless chiefly prizes, the story written in collaboration with Mr. THOMAS HARDY. Mrs. HENNIKER is strong enough to walk by herself. Her freshness, originality, and unaffected pathos are best left to work out their own creations. Where all are good, it is difficult to bestow the palm of excellence. Possibly DICKENS would have preferred "Bad and Worthless," which, without approach to imitation of his style, is much in his mood. The incident of the disgraced and dismissed private soldier stripping himself in the snowstorm to shield from the blast the waif child he had found in the drift, is finely conceived and exquisitely told. "At the Sign of a Startled Fawn" is an old, old story re-dressed with the grace of apparently artless—really artful—literary style. Actor-managers in search of material for a play with a strong character part are recommended to study "A Page from a Vicar's History." *In Scarlet and Grey* is far away the best collection of short stories recently published.

THE BARON.

THE SONG OF HYBRIAS THE CRETAN.

(Up-to-date Version.)

My wealth's few cattle and little land,
Taxed by the heavy Musselman hand,
Whereto I have to truckle.

What use to plough, to reap, to sow?
Against the Turk I would strike my blow.

My brand to belt I'll buckle.

Wiseacres say I should not wield
A massy spear, a well-made shield;
Nor dare to draw the sword!
Oh! would those heartless, distant drones
But had to bend *their* marrow-bones
To the Turk as king and lord!

GAMES AT WHICH LI HUNG CHANG SEEMS
HARD TO BEAT.—Consequences, Patience,
and Bluff.

MEM. TO CERTAIN PROFESSIONALS.—*Mr. Punch* likes to hear of cricketers going on strike. Only let it be with a bat.

TRUE DIP SOMANIA.—Overbathing at the seaside.



MISSED !

Angus. "EH, MAN, THAT WASS A SPLENDID COD ! IF WE HAD GOTTEN THAT COD NOO, WE MIGHT HA' BEEN HA'AIN' A DRAM."
 Mr. Smith (from Glasgow). "INDEED, AND YE WOULD, ANGUS."
 Bauldry. "MEBBE, MAISTER SMUTH, IF WE WAD HAVE HAD A DRAM AFORE YE WASS LETTIN' DOON YER LINE, WE MIGHT HAVE GRAPPIT THAT MUCKLE FUSH !"

THE COMING COMMISSARIAT.

[A leading Supply Store in London notifies that it is unable to procure any good Cheshire cheese, so has been compelled to take the article out of its list.]

TIME—*The end of next Century.* SCENE—*"The Pan-London Stores," the only Shop left in the Metropolis, which has swallowed up the others ; covers two square miles, and sells everything.*

Returned Colonist (to Store-warden, answering to prehistoric Shopman, seated in comfortable automobile arm-chair behind counter). I want some good English apples, please.

Store-warden (astonished). English apples! I should advise (jocosely) a visit to the South Kensington Natural History Museum. They may have some imitations there—in wax.

R. Colonist (abashed). Oh, it doesn't matter at all. Er—Kentish strawberries. How much are they a pound?

S. Warden. I should think a pound might purchase one Kentish strawberry. The species is almost extinct in fruticulture.

R. Colonist (to himself). Dear me! How well-educated he seems! (To him.) What is grown in Kent, then?

S. Warden. Nothing at all, I believe. It has reverted to its original condition of a weald, or forest-clad tract.

R. Colonist. Well, there's another thing I want; some Bass's pale ale.

S. Warden (staggered). Bass! We have no such name on our list. Try our Sibero-Manchurian Kola-beer instead?

R. Colonist. Not if I know it. I suppose at any rate I shall be safe in ordering a joint of Southdown mutton?

S. Warden. The last joint I heard of was sold about fifty years ago.

R. Colonist (roused at last). Then may I ask if you sell any earthly thing that is home-grown?

S. Warden (puzzled). Home-grown? I don't recognise the adjective.

R. Colonist. English! Do you sell anything English?

S. Warden (in wild surprise). Oh, dear me! Nothing at all. We gave it up nearly a century ago. But I can strongly recommend our special line in cheap condensed Tierra-del-Fuegian Devonshire cream.

[Left recommending.]

MR. BRIEFLESS CORRECTS A CLERICAL ERROR.

Now that the Long Vacation is at hand I have time to discuss matters with my admirable and excellent clerk, PORTINGTON, which are not solely connected with the affairs of my clients, or rather the affairs of those they most efficiently represent.

"PORTINGTON," I said, the other day, after disposing of a month's accumulation of circulars, "I have seen it declared in the daily journals that barristers' clerks are too zealous in securing their masters' fees. Will you kindly give me your own experience?"

"Certainly, Sir," returned my conscientious assistant. "Speaking for you and myself I can say that I scarcely ever visit the solicitors to ask for money."

"I am glad to hear you say so," I replied, "because nothing would cause me greater annoyance than to hear that you had been too pressing on my behalf."

"Aware of that fact, Sir, I have not made up your fee book for no end of a time. I felt that you would wish me to treat the collection of fees with the utmost latitude."

"I am pleased," I replied, with a wave of my hand. "And now, PORTINGTON, I have but one question to ask. You see that it is proposed to abolish the fees of barristers' clerks. What do you say to this?"

"It seems to me very unjust, Sir, speaking on behalf of my colleagues."

"Yes, yes, I quite understand that. But I do not wish you to give an opinion in general, but one in particular. Take your own case; if the fees hypothecated to you attaching to my briefs were abolished, would you lose much?"

"Well, Sir," returned PORTINGTON, after some hesitation and consideration, "I really do not think I should lose anything at all."

And after mature deliberation I am inclined to believe that PORTINGTON's computation is absolutely correct.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump Handle Court, August, 1896.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An Unprotected Bachelor craves for quarter on his Travels.

I MEET you wheresoe'er I stray,
At ev'ry turn you cross my way,
You wake me at the break of day,
You haunt me in the shade of night.
In vain from you I try to fly,
In vast hotels you still are nigh;
By stretching lake, on mountain high—
Your presence fills me with affright!

I fled from Spa because of you,
At Basle once more you came in view,
At Homburg, Ems, Lausanne, Beaulieu,
And Trouville you were on my trail;
I sought a quiet Alpine nook
Far from the reach of GAZE or COOK—
They handed me the Strangers' Book,
I stared, and then again turned tail!

"Land of the midnight sun!" I cried,
"Thou'lt grant me refuge yet denied!"
And so to Norway's shores I hied,
'Mid fiords and fells to find my rest.
Scarce foot I'd placed upon the land,
When there, with guide-book in your hand,

I saw you standing on the strand,
Most eager on your constant quest.

I sped like arrow from the bow,
And on blue Danube's restless flow,
Through Iron Gates went Eastward Ho!—
To find you on the steamer's deck!
Again in Pera's sun-baked street,
By where spring Asia's Waters Sweet,
In fair Damascus—e'en retreat
Your perseverance did not check!

Like hunted hare I doubled, yet
I could not peace or freedom get,
By Tiber, Arno, Rhone we met,
By Guadalquivir and by Rhine!
O'er Pyrennes you will pursue,
On Auvergne heights the tryst renew!
Am I indeed a wandering Jew
With never haven to call mine?

O! lady! Weary, weak and worn,
Must I for ever, travel-torn,
Encounter you from morn to morn,
In palace, hovel, temple, minster?
Your lineaments I know too well,
(Your garb I would not dare to tell,
In pity break this fearsome spell,
Meet me no more, Progressive Spinster!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, August 10.—Back after a few days' cruise over summer seas all the way to Skye. Find Government in parlous state. Have been wounded in house of a friend—House of Lords to wit. LONDONDERRY leading revolt on Irish Land Bill has carried series of amendments hopelessly fought in division lobby by strongest Ministry of modern times.

"There's something uncanny about this TOBY," said PRINCE ARTHUR, regarding me with unwonted gravity. "It may be mere coincidence. It's certainly odd that whenever you go to sea the Government of the day also find themselves there. A little more than a year ago you went to Kiel with Mr. G., leaving ROSEBERRY and HARCOURT with arms affectionately intertwined, apparently impregnable supporting Government. You came back just in time to hear SQUIRE OF MALWOOD announce resignation of Ministry, and trans-



The Passing of Pat.
(Midnight in the Central Lobby.)

ference of seals of office to my uncle, the MARKISS. Now you go off again under flag of Lord High Admiral DON CURRIE; at departure everything looked square for matter-of-fact winding up of Session; when *Dunvegan Castle* moors off Gravesend on her return you hear that Government has been defeated again and again; Ministerial crisis imminent. Don't grudge you an occasional breath of the briny. But I should be particularly obliged if you would reserve your excursions for period when the other side is in."

Crisis still on. LONDONDERRY breathing sound and fury, which may (or may not) signify nothing. Meanwhile, the poor battered Irish Land Bill has come back to the Commons limp, dishevelled, with nearly every bone in its body broken. To-night, Lords read a third time what was left of it. Just before midnight, whilst other ghosts in neighbouring churchyards were preparing to stroll forth, the wraith of the once lusty Land Bill was brought across the Central Hall to the Commons, the marble statues of dead statesmen, who in their time had wrestled with the Irish question, looking sadly on.

Reminds SARK of the climax of the varied life of *Mignon*, whose story GOETHE tells in *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*. There is one scene in the love-story that might be written for this episode of the night.

"Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an.
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, gethan."

SARK, dropping into poetry, roughly translates:

And marble forms look down and whisper pityingly,
What ill, unhappy child, hath man done unto thee.

Our Parliamentary *Mignon* cannot answer for sobbing. Still she trusts her *Gerald*

Meister. Will he stand by her at the last? and if he cannot save her, will he follow her?

We shall see.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill read a third time in Lords. Supply closed in Commons.

Tuesday.—The wounded worm will turn at last. So in these closing days of the Session SILOMIO sits up and snaps. Since House met in February he has had uninterruptedly bad time. Undesignedly has filled, on the Parliamentary stage, the part of pantaloons. Whenever he entered from the slips with intent to defend the Sultan from charges of iniquity in Armenia or cruelty in Crete, GEORGE CTRON deftly tripped him up. If he appeared with a brief for those astute warriors the Reform Committee of Johannesburg, "JOEY" in person appeared on scene, and joyously fulfilled his time-honoured mission by banging poor pantaloons about the head, prostrating him, amid ribald laughter from gallery and pit.

That hard to bear in weekly, sometimes nightly, succession. To-night, SILOMIO in the peerage of Swaziland, ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, Knight, in the meaner compilation in the English tongue, strode into lists; a voluminous speech in hand, a rimless glass in eye.

As usual, conspiracy to set him aside. When he first proposed to deliver speech on report stage of Colonial vote with intent to batter in head of Colonial Secretary, as on historic occasion was "battered in the head of Mr. WEARE," Corporal HANBURY said time not convenient. Vote should be taken by-and-by.

Ever seen *gamin* in street fix bit of glass he calls sun burner in position over hand of a young friend, and hold it there till the skin begins to crackle? So

SILOMIO, fixing his single eye-glass before inflamed eye, turned it upon the hapless HANBURY, separated from him only by breadth of Gangway. SILOMIO said noth-



Another score to "Joey"!

ing; merely kept glass bearing direct on nape of neck of Financial Secretary to Treasury. Soon HANBURY began to move uneasily; tossed about in evident pain. SILOMIO steadily stared. The Corporal, unable to wriggle out of focus, capitulated, and opportunity for delivery of speech provided.

It proved to be a sublime effort. Only thing lacking to perfect success was an audience. Members who flock in gleeful crowds to see SILOMIO knocked down by Colonial Secretary, and kicked across stage by Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, fled with one accord before prospect of long speech from him. But SILOMIO knew that at the doors of the empty chamber listened the nations of the world, most of them trembling. So he blustered along, waving his arms aloft, swinging round, as on a pivot, so that the multitudes seated behind him should share with the masses in front the advantage of looking on his face, flushed with indignation at the sorrows of the Sultan, his hair dishevelled with agony at thought of injustice wrought to "Swaziland, my Swaziland." Most comical of all was to see SILOMIO at close of passage more than usually infuriated, pause, fix his eye-glass, and crane his neck to see how DON JOSE, seated on the Treasury Bench, liked that. DON JOSE bore up surprisingly well.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill brought in.

Thursday.—In SARK's memory there lingers echo of a melancholy poem describing the gradual cutting-off of an interesting family. The particular line mentions that—

The first to go was little JANE.

For the last ten days, with increasing vigour during present week, our happy family at Westminster has been dispersing. Among the first to go was CAP'EN TOMMY. ELLIOTT LEES says natural imperturbability of the CAP'EN was disturbed on a night some three weeks ago, when he attempted to join in debate, and was

greeted with howls from below Gangway on his own side. Attempt to shut him up could not have been more insistent, or more fully organised, had it been CALDWELL who interposed.

ELLIOTT LEES been down on annual visit to Birkenhead. In intervals of soldering the affections of his constituency by purchasing for home use quite abnormal stocks of groceries, green-groceries, butchers' meat, rare clarets from the chandler, choice Havannahs from the chemist, and fine old one-starred brandy from a marine store dealer who has been heard to criticise action of Unionist Ministry during Session, ELLIOTT has, in the unavoidable absence of RUDYARD KIPLING, put what he believes to be the CAP'EN's reflections into verse. Here is the poem:

I goes into the Commons' House, to try and raise a cheer,
The Government they ups and says, "We can't stand TOMMY 'ere."
The clerks behind the table larfs and giggles fit to die,
I outs on to the Terrace then, and to myself says I:
Oh, it's TOMMY this and TOMMY that, and TOMMY take your hook;
But it's "Thank you, Mr. GIBSON BOWLES," when talking suits our book.
When talking suits our book, my boys, when talking suits our book,
Oh, it's "Thank you, Mr. GIBSON BOWLES," when talking suits our book.



Viscount H-ly.
(A Dream of the Future.)

I went to take a front bench seat, as solemn as could be,
They gave a JESSE COLLINGS room, but 'adn't none for me;
They sent me to divisions, with recruits raw to walk,
But when HARCOURT brings a Budget in, they'll crowd to hear me talk.
Now it's "TOMMY up? what Tommy rot!" It's "Oh, divide! divide!"
But it's "Promising young statesman," when we're on the other side.
When we sit the other side, my boys, on the Opposition side,
Oh, it's "Promising young statesman," when we're on the other side.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill scraped its way through House of Lords. The bishops did it. Four of them present. If they had gone against Bill on critical division, it would have been lost. Voting with it, Government had majority of six.

Friday.—Prorogation.

SONG OF THE SCORCHER.

(After reading the Protests and Plans of the Cyclophobists.)

I KNOW I'm a "scorcher," I know I am torcher
To buffers and mivvies who're not up to date;
But grumpy old geesers, and wobbly old wheezers,
Ain't goin' to wipe me and my wheel orf the slate.
I mean to go spinning and 'owling and grinning
At twelve mile an hour through the thick of the throng.
And shout, without stopping, whilst, frightened and flopping,
My elderly victims like ninepins are dropping,
"So long!"

The elderly bobby, who's stuffy and cobby,
Ain't got arf a chance with a scorcher on wheels;
Old buffers may bellow, and young gals turn yellow,
But what do I care for their grunts or their squeals?
No, when they go squiffy I'm off in a jiffy,
The much-abused "scorcher" is still going strong.
And when mugs would meddle, I shout as I pedal—
"So long!"

Wot are these fine capers perposed by the papers?
These 'ints about lassos and butterfly-nets?
To turn scorcher-catchers the old pewter-snatchers
In 'elmets must take fewer stodges and wets!
Wot, treat *hus* like buffers or beetles! The scufflers
In soft, silent shoes, turn Red Injins? You're wrong!
It's all bosh and bubble! I'm orf—at the double!
"So long!"

A Sporting Complaint.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Has it ever occurred to you that in Leap year the twelfth of August does not occur till the thirteenth day of the month? This is a great grievance, which ought to be remedied by Act of Parliament in the opinion of

Yours always ready for the game,

WILLIAM WEASEL.

Gourmets' Club, W., August 12, 1896.

A "LEPE" WORTH LOOKING AT BY RACING YACHTSMEN.—The buoy in the Solent.

NEW NAME FOR A ONCE FAVOURITE DISH.—Rabid-pie.

OBVIOUS.—Mr. GLADSTONE's amiable temper makes him a lenient judge of the *Sign of the Cross*.



FANCY-BAZAAR FORTUNE-TELLING.

"SO I'M TO MARRY A FAIR LADY, AND HAVE A CARRIAGE AND PAIR! WELL, I'VE JUST GOT MARRIED, BUT I HAVEN'T GOT A CARRIAGE. WHAT KIND OF A ONE DO YOU THINK IT WILL BE? A BICYCLE MADE FOR TWO?"

"PERHAPS IT WILL BE A DOUBLE PERAMBULATOR!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

STRAY NOTES ON WOMEN.

In a careless moment, and a thoughtless mood, I seem to have opened up a mighty subject of pressing importance to thousands and thousands of my oppressed fellow-countrymen. Little did I think, when I began these stray notes a fortnight ago, that I was either meeting a universal want, or opening flood-gates. Both these tasks, however, I seem to have performed. As when a military officer, snugly ensconced in comfortable quarters on dry land, presses a simple, unassuming knob, or turns a little switch, and immediately, far out at sea, a vast explosion occurs, the angry waters rise in fury to an incalculable height, a dull roar shakes the firmament, and the air grows dark with the scattered fragments of some ancient ship duly anchored there to test the virtues of a new explosive. So I, as it now appears, have liberated explosive forces, and, even as I write, woman, universal woman, is being blown into match-sticks, never again to sail over life's ocean with her sails proudly filling to the wind, and her company of obedient men attending her wants. I cannot follow the metaphor further.

As I say, I did not undertake this business wittingly; but few of us ever know how full of fate are our most trivial actions. Letters have been pouring in upon me from the nearer parts of Europe, all hailing me as a deliverer from a yoke. In due succession, mails will be coming in from the United States, from the South American Republics, from the mighty tracts of

explored Australia, from India, from Lapland, Kamtchatka, Patagonia, Jamaica, Labuan,—wherever *Punch*, the great teacher, makes his wisdom heard—and the tenor of these letters, as I cannot doubt, will accord with those I have already received. These I have sorted out roughly, in my room, in a kind of order, and here is a list of them.

ONE thousand four hundred and eighty-six are from "Unfortunate husbands"; two thousand seven hundred and ten letters, and five hundred and sixty post-cards are signed, "One who sighs for liberty." Nineteen hundred "Slaves who are ready to strike a blow" have written imploring me to strike for them. Three thousand bear some such signature as "Down with Woman, the arch-enemy," while the remaining odd thousand or so are from "Determined bachelors," "Widowers, and thankful for it," "Once bit, twice shy," "A Mormon of experience," "A moment of folly," and three hundred "Women who sympathise." I confess that these three hundred have moved me deeply. To appeal merely to men on such a subject is what a writer might naturally expect. It is a far more significant thing to find that there are three hundred women sufficiently large-minded and disinterested to take a just view of the position, qualifications and characteristics of their own sex. If there is to be open warfare between us and women, we shall evidently be able to count upon the help of a considerable number of "friendlies" in any battles that we may have to fight.

I THINK it best to give a sample letter:—

"SIR," writes "A widower—and thankful for it," "I hail with delight the appearance of your 'Stray Notes on Women.' We have groaned too long in silence, and the consequence has been that nobody has cared to attend to complaints which did not reach their ears. I have always felt that some day a defender would arise to lead us to the attack, and to prove that women have been masquerading in false feathers, which have really been stripped from them long ago, if they only knew it, but they don't, and therefore they have gone on deceiving everybody. They never deceived me, and I see they have not deceived you, and I am sure there are plenty of others who have seen through them clearly enough, but who have had to wait till someone else shook the scales off their eyes. You have done this, and we are all deeply grateful to you, and trust you will continue the beneficent labours which we all hoped would have been ended long ago. Women are quite useless when they are most wanted, and nothing can make them believe that they can do without us, though after marrying one wife I am sure I never intend to marry a second, to say nothing of a third and a fourth—which heaven forbid. Let me hear if I can assist you in any way, though I am sure your task is easy enough, for if you only attack these very formidable persons they get so surprised that they can't resist at all, except by bursting into tears, which doesn't count, and nobody pays the least attention to them—at least, not in the County Louth, where I live, and I defy anyone to point to a finer spot on the whole globe though it is in Ireland, which, to my mind, adds to its beauties, as *everyone* agrees, in spite of other people's contradictions and impertinences."

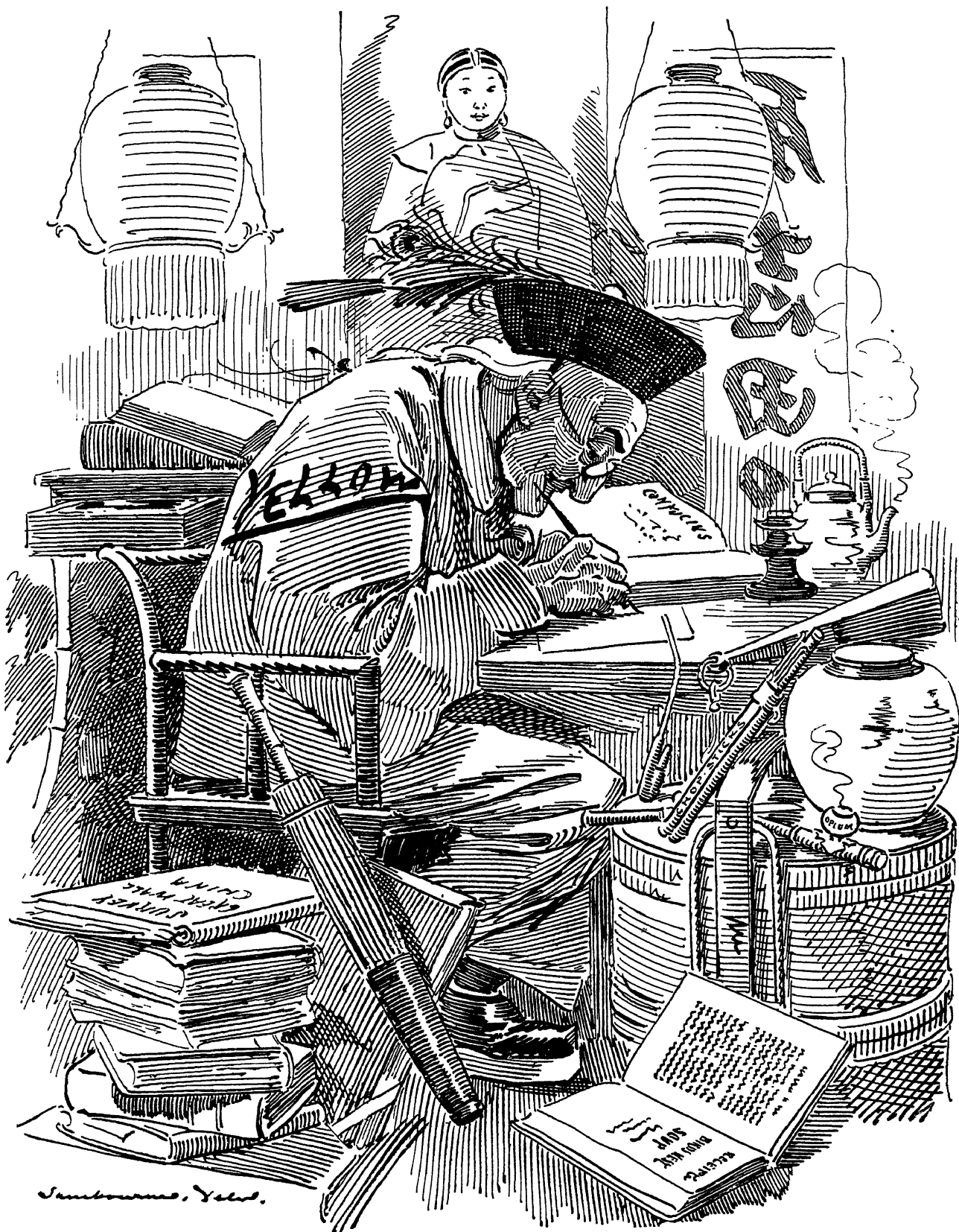
Next week I hope to continue my new crusade.

ADVICE FROM AN OLD STAGER.—The old adage, "Do not play with edged tools," received a sad illustration in the case of poor Mr. E. CROZIER, late of the Novelty Theatre. The coroner hoped that in future "edged weapons would not be used in such exciting scenes as this." To which Mr. Chief Coroner PUNCH adds, "And never in any scenes at all, exciting or unexciting, as a blunt property dagger blade that, on meeting with the slightest resistance, will run back into the hilt, is sufficient for all purposes."

DR. NANSSEN'S RETURN.—A banquet to the eminent explorer was given at Vardö, when Dr. NANSSEN and his talented assistants were "toasted." "Toasting" must have been just what the brave Doctor required after his Northern visit. Of course, on arriving in London, the at present Defeated Discoverer of the Home of the North Pole will have no difficulty in finding The Metro-pole, where a banquet is to be given him.

WHY OUGHT LI HUNG CHANG TO MAKE A MODEL THEATRICAL MANAGER?—Because he never gives any orders.

CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN.—The Czar's tour.



LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE G. O. M.

MR. G. HAVING BEEN MUCH IMPRESSED BY THE COSTUME OF THE OTHER VETERAN STATESMAN, LI HUNG CHANG, HAS, IT IS SAID, ADOPTED THE ORIENTAL FASHIONS OF PIG-TAIL AND CHOPSTICKS, AND IS NOW WRITING AN ESSAY IN CHINESE ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONFUCIUS.



THE MATERNAL INSTINCT.

The Master. "I'M SAYIN', WUMMAN, HA'E YE GOTTEN THE TICKETS?"

The Mistress. "TUTS, HAUD YOUR TONGUE ABOUT TICKETS. LET ME COONT THE WEANS!"

THE REVIVAL OF ROMANCE.

[On July 17 a duel on bicycles took place in Paris.]

... By this time the sun was beginning to sink in the west, and shone with a ruddy glow upon the vast assembly of fair women and brave men assembled in the spacious grounds of Diddledum Castle. The appearance of the ring testified to the severity of the day's struggles; gallant steeds, that had caracolled with the best at the commencement of the tournament, now lay prone on the ground, a pitiable mass of torn tyres and splintered spokes, while the leeches who were present to tend the wounded riders had long since exhausted their stock of sticking-plaster, and had now perforce to make shift with postage-stamp paper. All day had the lists been set, and all day had the intrepid Sir CLAUD POICTIERS proved himself a champion indeed. Knight after knight had essayed to do battle with him, only quickly to be unbicycled by his lance, and to bite the shameful dust.

From her seat in the gallery which surrounded the arena, the young and beauteous Lady ANGELA LOLLIPOP had surveyed the chances of the battle with a more than common interest. Well did she know that, in accordance with old-established precedent, her hand was to be bestowed upon him who should prove the conqueror at the close of the day. Sir CLAUD POICTIERS she cordially detested. Where, oh where, was the faithful ALGERNON DE BONOEUR, who had promised to do battle on her behalf, and for whom—especially as he was a director of five bicycle companies—she felt the tenderest affection? Suddenly the onlookers gave a start of excitement and surprise, as on their ears fell the clear and resonant tones of an approaching bell! Another moment, and there had ridden into the arena a mysterious knight, with his face closely masked. Disdaining to make use of his handles, he rode swiftly towards Sir CLAUD, brandish-

ing his lance in one hand, and applying the other with outstretched fingers to his nose, with a superb gesture of haughty defiance. Lady ANGELA recognised the rider by his massive calves, and fainted on the spot. "'Tis ALGERNON himself!" she gasped.

The herald gave the signal. Once more resounded ALGERNON's bell; once more Sir CLAUD's squeaker blared forth a hoarse defiance. With the speed of lightning the high-bred bicycles whirled towards each other, with a resounding crash they met in the midst of the ring. Sir CLAUD pursued the tactics which had given him the victory earlier in the day, by aiming a furious stroke at his rival's head, but ALGERNON ducked with consummate grace at precisely the right moment, so that Sir CLAUD fell headlong by the violence of his own blow and lay prone on the arena. Even as he fell, ALGERNON had drawn back his sharp-pointed lance, and plunged it twice with all his might into the front tyre of the other's machine. A terrific explosion was heard, and then the tyre crumpled up, flabby and useless. A prolonged shout of applause arose from the onlookers.

"Hold!" spluttered Sir CLAUD, his mouth full of dust, "'tis enough—my tyre is punctured; I can fight no more."

"Then," said the other, proudly, "I claim my lawful prize—the Lady ANGELA!"

A gleam of malignant triumph flashed from Sir CLAUD's eyes as he rose with difficulty from the ground. "Nay," he said; "not yet, young man. Know that I am a Justice of the Peace, and hereby order thy instant arrest on the charge of furious riding!"

There was a moment of awful silence. And then, before the spectators could realise what had happened, the Lady ANGELA had vaulted lightly down into the arena, ALGERNON had raised her in his arms and seated her on his handle-bar, he had mounted and ridden off with his lovely prize, and knight, lady and bicycle had become a swiftly vanishing speck in the distance!



He. 'HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO OWN A—ER—A LITTLE PUPPY?'
 She. "OH, MR. SOFTLY, THIS IS SO SUDDEN!"

ARBORICULTURE.

THE other day, at Hawarden, Mr. GLADSTONE received and addressed the members of the English Arboricultural Society. Mr. Punch, as usual interested and instructed by the remarks of the encyclopædic and right honourable gentleman, at once commanded his Chief Botanist to prepare a report on arboriculture in the Metropolis. This official, assisted by the Deputy Botanists on his staff, has begun by a careful study of the Haymarket, a region hitherto disregarded by arboriculturists.

He has discovered in the roadway the *Arbor axis*, or axle-tree, in large numbers. It does not attain the huge size frequently

seen in farm-yards, but one variety, *A. a. omnibusiacæ*, is of large girth.

In the immediate vicinity of several shoemakers shops there are varieties of the *Arbor bootii* in an excellent state. This is not the tree which produces sandal wood.

On the east side, not far from Pall Mall, two fine specimens of the *Arbor Beerbohmii* were in a flourishing condition until recently. They are now being conveyed around the provinces for exhibition, and later on will be taken to the United States. It is understood that next year these two admirable trees will be transplanted to the west side of the street, where it is hoped that they will continue to flourish for many years to

come. As Mr GLADSTONE very truly remarked, "the people of this country understand the ornamental management of trees as well as anybody."

RAILWAY BALLADS.

THE MISSING SPINSTER.

You may boast your great improvements,
 Your inventions and your "movements,"

For those who stay at home, and those
 who travel;
 But arrangements for the latter
 Are so complex, that the matter
 Makes them dotty as a hatter
 To unravel.

There was once an ancient lady
 Whom we knew as Miss O'GRADY,
 Who was asked to spend the autumn
 down at Trew.

So in fear and trepidation
 She sought out her destination,
 And betook her to the station—
 Waterloo.

She took her little ticket
 And she did not fail to stick it
 With half-a-dozen coppers in her glove.
 Another moment found her
 With a plenty to astound her—
 For she'd notice-boards all round her,
 And above!

So she studied every number
 On those sign-posts that encumber
 All the station; and she learned them
 one by one;

But she found the indication
 Of the platforms of the station
 Not much use as information
 When she'd done.

In her shocking state of fluster
 Little courage could she muster,
 Yet of porters she accosted one or two;
 But, too shy to claim attention,
 And too full of apprehension,
 She could get no one to mention
 "Which for Trew."

So she trudged through every station—
 "North," "South," "Main,"—in quick
 rotation,
 And then she gave a trial to the
 "Loop";

Like some hapless new Pandora
 She sat down a-gasping for a
 Little hope to live on—or a
 Plate o' soup.

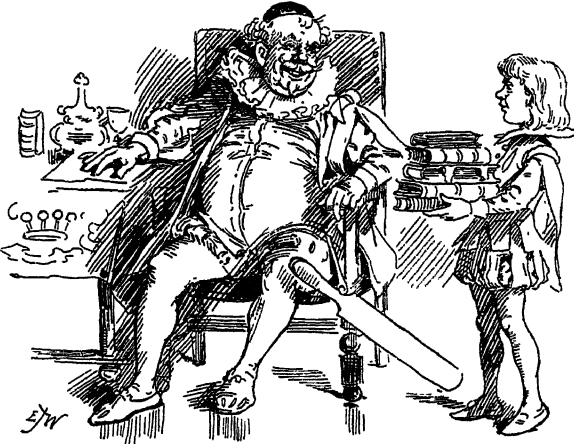
* * *
 'Mid the bustle and the hissing
 An old maiden lady's "Missing"—
 In some corner of the complicated maze;
 And round about she's gliding
 In unwilling, hideous hiding,
 On the platform, loop, or siding,
 In a craze.

And still they cannot find her,
 For she leaves no trace behind her
 At Vauxhall, Clapham Junction,
 Waterloo;
 But she passes like a comet
 With the myst'ry of Mahomet—
 Her course unknown—and from it
 Not a clue!

FRIENDLY RIFLES.—In the match between Middlesex and Sussex at Brighton last week, Mr. HORN (London Rifle Brigade), for the Metropolitan county, distanced all competitors, and left behind him a fluttering tail. *Spes et praterea nihil.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. HENRY FROWDE has issued from the Clarendon Press, in workmanlike style worthy of that institution's renown, Mr. GLADSTONE'S *Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Bishop Butler*. The volume is uniform with the two that preceded it, containing the works of Bishop BUTLER, to the editing of which the veteran statesman devoted the greater part of last year. Apart from their intrinsic value, these three portly volumes have a rare personal



The Baron de B.-W. and the First Page.

interest. In his eighty-sixth year, at the close of a life of almost tumultuous labour, Mr. GLADSTONE bethought him that there was something desirable to be done for the public good and the wider fame of Bishop BUTLER. In earlier editions the "Analogy" runs on through interminable pages without a break. There are no indexes, few notes, and some doubt as to accuracy of the text. To supply these needs was a task which, thoroughly done, would seem to require youthful energy and prospect of long life. Mr. GLADSTONE just sat down and did it. As he proceeded with his editorial work, thoughts crowded upon him which he committed to paper. The notes grew in bulk till they threatened to exceed the "Analogy" in volume. In the end, Mr. GLADSTONE determined to make a volume of his own, a book ablaze with the light of scholarly research. For more than twenty years my Baronite has witnessed Mr. GLADSTONE'S *tours de force* in other fields, and protests that, in all the circumstances, production of these three volumes is the most remarkable.

The anonymous author of *Mr. Magnus* (FISHER UNWIN) has evidently been disappointed with Mr. CECIL RHODES, as other students of phenomenal developments of nature have been disappointed with the Atlantic. He "goes for" the fallen giant, thinly disguised under the name that gives a title to the work. The book, though spiteful, is clever, offering a vivid and highly-coloured description of the way they live in Johannesburg. Mr. BARNATO is sketched with a more friendly hand than is the ex-Cape Premier. There are other portraits, which will doubtless be recognised by members of the Reform Committee, now at large and with leisure to read a sprightly book. Some passages, notably those descriptive of a visit to the mine, and the subsequent accident, are written with a graphic power that suggests the author might safely trust to his literary skill to attract readers without elaborating personal skits.

In the latest *Yellow Book* for this quarter the art of telling unfinished stories in a highly-finished style is carried well nigh to perfection by Mr. HENRY HARLAND in his "Invisible Prince," and to a less degree by MENIE MURIEL DOWIE, in her "Idyll in Millinery." MARIE CLOTHILDE BALFOUR chooses Zola-like subjects; not pleasant reading. What of the weird, unintelligible, Blake-like illustrations by J. HERBERT MCNAIR? Prize-picture-puzzles, which may possess some attraction for those who can admire the trio of stark naked lunatics in the drawing by LAURENCE HOUSMAN (shouldn't it be Mad-House-man?), entitled "Barren Life." There is an interesting paper on the "Sergeant-at-law," by Mr. FRANCIS WATT. Among the sane pictures, that of "Dieppe Castle," by D. Y. CAMERON, is effective; while the two pictures of "Ill Omen" and "The Sleeping Prince," are in every way hard to beat, even by LAURENCE MAD-HOUSEMAN aforesaid. On the whole, the majority of "indolent reviewers" may find some amusement in the *Yellow Book* issuing from the Picturesque Lane.

THE BARON.

"MY ENGAGEMENT."

THE following correspondence has overflowed from Fleet Street into Bouverie Street:—

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—My *fiancé* says I'm engaged to him, and I say he's engaged to me—and that's where the trouble is. It makes all the difference in the world, I consider. I'm not going to be his chattel (or is it chattie?) especially as I proposed to him this year, as it's leap year. So it's *my* show this time—I mean *my* engagement, and I don't exactly see where he comes in, except to be there, when he's wanted. I've always been used to having my own way—that's all I want, and I really do wish he would once for all understand that I engage *him*, and not the other way round. It would be so much simpler to start right, and not have any words on the matter. I am always for peace, and my nerves couldn't stand any difference of opinion. If he only will just give way, everything will be lovely. He is quite a boy, and doesn't know what is good for him, and is not used to engaging anyone, not even a cook or a cabman. I am, yours to command,

MARTINETTA N. PECKER.

DEAR SIR,—I have been studying the interesting correspondence, started by Mrs. ALIMONY in your columns, and should like to put my own case before your readers. I was out the other day with three lovely girls (not sisters), up the river I think it was, and well—I somehow got mixed up coming home in the twilight, and became engaged to one of them, but I can't for the life of me remember which. It was getting dark at the time, and I don't think I should recognise her again, and I forgot to give her my address. I do not want to go to the wrong house, and be interviewed by the wrong father. So what *am* I to do? I am sure I care very much for the girl, if I could only identify her properly. I don't wish to lose her, whichever it was; but I was always careless in these matters. Can one be sued for absence of mind? Yours barnily,

CRUMPT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Sir, I am not exactly engaged, but at the present moment am quite free to become so. I am looking for a young lady, who must be beautiful, of good birth, domesticated, smart, musical, artistic, a good dancer, horsewoman, swimmer, skater, and tennis-player, good tempered, able to converse in six languages, and having a thousand a year of her own. Or I will commute all these qualifications for an income of £3,750 per annum. I have a Loving Heart to give in exchange, and the young lady may rely on my not wanting to break off the engagement. What offers?

FAIR'S FAIR.

SIR,—I am delighted to announce to you the happy achievement of our golden engagement. I met my *fiancée* in the month of August, 1846, and fell madly in love with her on the spot (like Homocœa). I hadn't a penny then, and I haven't now, but we plighted our troth at first sight, and have been in



Darby and Joan.

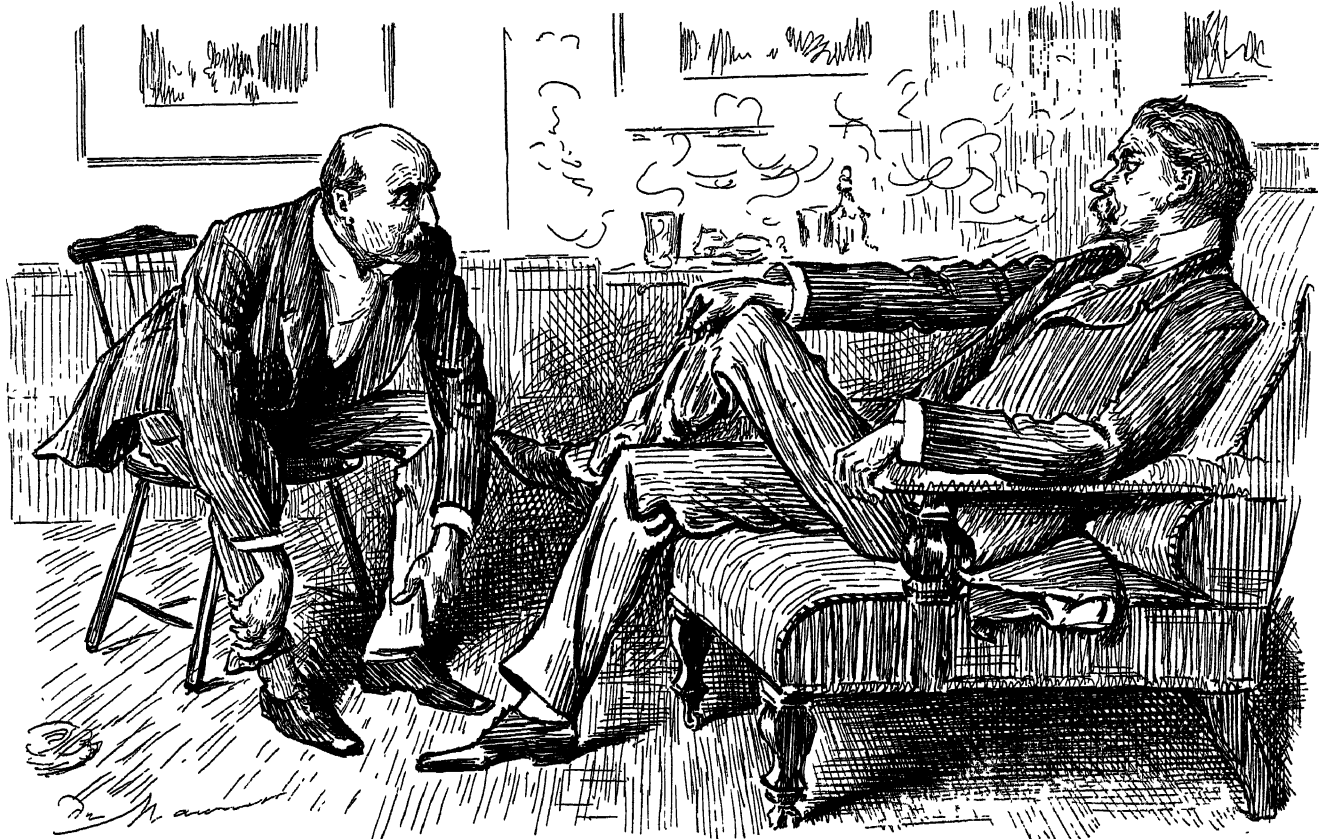
the same plight ever since. We are DARBY and JOAN, quite contented, and we never have any rows or misunderstandings. Yours ecstatically,

SEPTUAGENARIAN.

P.S.—I haven't seen her for the last fifty years, but I have an early daguerreotype which I tenderly fondle. I am afraid to meet her now, for fear of disillusionment.

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (*once more in durance vile*).—"Scotland is generally known as the Land of Cakes. Judging from the sharp, snappish replies made to me (when I was at my very politest) by the smart girls I met at Portobello, it ought to be called the Country of Tart'uns."

CHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT.—Counters at the—(what shall we call it?)—Pokerbac Club.



THE ROLLING OF THE LOG.

Very Minor Poet. "THE CRITICS, INDEED! POOH! WHY, THERE'S ONLY ONE ENGLISH CRITIC LIVING, WHO'S WORTHY OF THE NAME—AND THAT'S YOUNG OLIVER QUILPSON, WHOSE LITERARY STYLE IS AS FAULTLESS AS HIS LITERARY JUDGMENT IS INFALLIBLE! HE'S A HEAVENBORN GENIUS, AND I'VE SAID AS MUCH IN AN ARTICLE I'VE WRITTEN ABOUT HIM IN THIS WEEK'S *GADFLY*!"

An Admirer of the Bard's. "OLIVER QUILPSON? LET ME SEE; ISN'T THAT THE MAN WHO SAID IN LAST WEEK'S *HAPPY KNACKER* THAT YOU WERE MILES ABOVE TENNYSON, SHELLEY, AND KEATS; AND THAT HE, FOR ONE, RANKS YOU WITH MILTON AT MILTON'S BEST!"

V. M. P. "A—A—YES, BY THE WAY, HE DID SAY SOMETHING OF THAT SORT, I BELIEVE."

NANSEN.

A DIBDIN SONG UP TO DATE.

AIR—"Nancy."

Jack Ashore sings:—

You ask how it comes that I sing about NANSEN,
His pluck, and his craft, and his crew?
Well, nearer that sly old North Pole we're advancin',
A deed JOHNNY BULL ought to do.
I am much of a mind with TRELAWNEY and MILLAIS,
My heart with glad triumph would spring;
But to envy a rival from Norway were silly,
And that's why of NANSEN I sing!

The Britons, and I'm one, have roved the world over,
And I should, in course, much prefer
The Pole were first reached by some brave British rover;
But envy's a poor half-bred cur!
So if other crafts than true British are nearing
The Pole—why *my* castor I'll fling.
Within two hundred miles the Norwegian's been steering,
So that's why of NANSEN I sing!

Could our ships Northward Ho, wind and weather permitting,
A hundred times go and come back,
The ice-world's so wide, we might never be hitting
For leagues upon leagues the same tack.
The nations are numerous, various, clever,
And all to explore on the wing.
If JOHN BULL spots the Pole first I'll pipe on for ever;
To-day 'tis of NANSEN I sing!

Who'll wring the last secret from Ultima Thule?
That's yet to be seen, aye, and sung!

But just as the prow to the helm answers duly
We're true to the Pole, old and young;
Whoever first hits it high fame will inherit,
And fame to his country will bring.
But to pluck and success step by step allow merit,
And that's why of NANSEN I sing!

THE THORN.

(New Hawarden Version.)

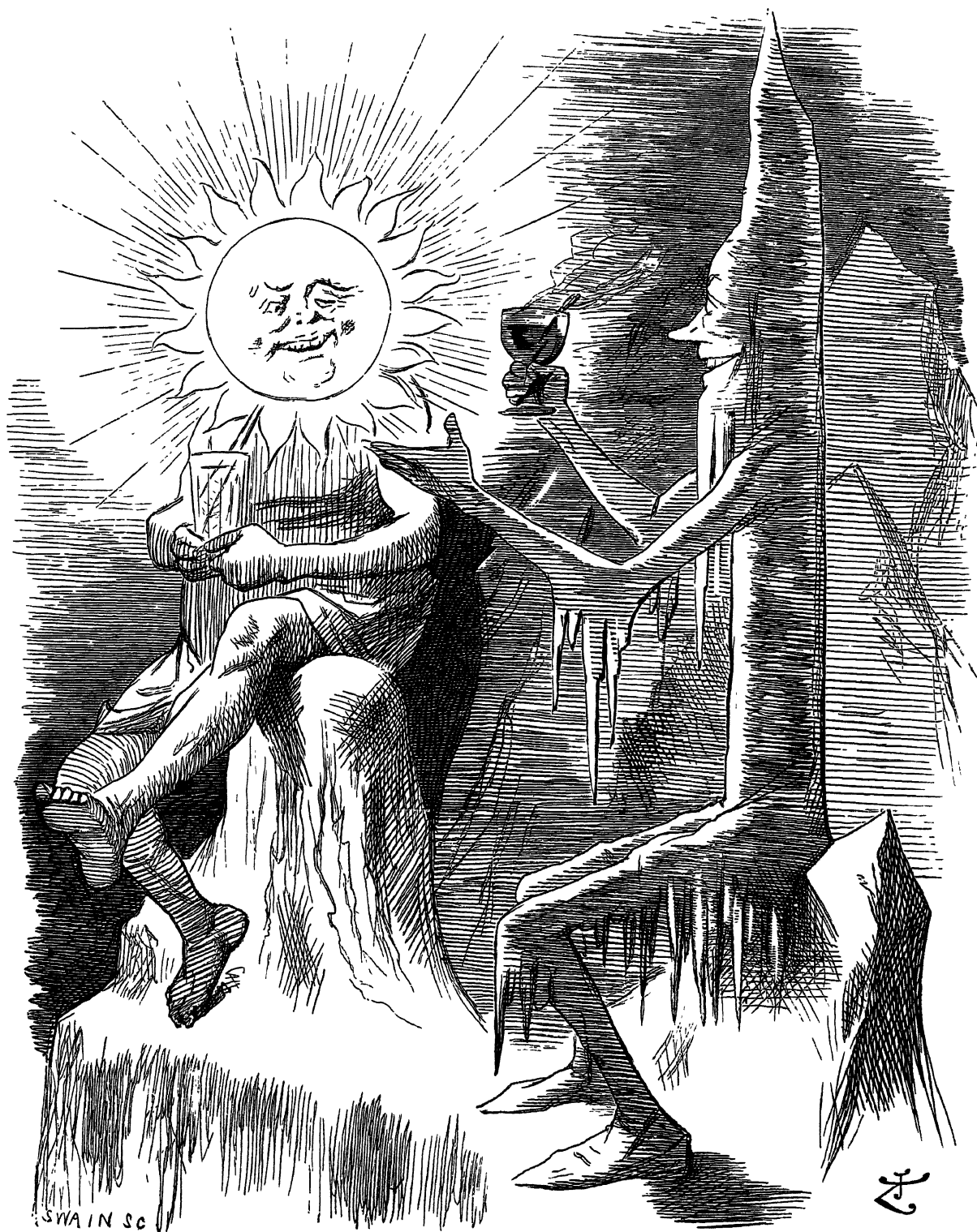
[MR. GLADSTONE, doing the honour of his trees to the Arboricultural Society, said that when Mr. NESSFIELD, a celebrated landscape gardener, once advised the removal of a great spreading thorn standing in front of the Castle at Hawarden, his own attachment to that familiar thorn forbade its removal.]

Grand Old Woodman sings:—

FROM HAWARDEN NESSFIELD the removal requested
Of what its old walls did adorn.
"No, by heavens!" I exclaimed, "may I perish
If ever I lift my old axe on that thorn."
No, by heavens! &c.

He showed me the thorn, and implored me to fell it,
I laughed his entreaty to scorn.
"No!" I replied, "my old home in Hawarden
Shall never by me lose its noble old thorn!
No, by heavens! let the gardenesque perish
Ere ever I axe that familiar old thorn!"

"A LITTLE HERO."—In response to the lines (see No. for August 22) *à propos* of brave young LEONARD STEELE, aged sixteen, of 14, Gibbon's Road, Stratford, *Mr. Punch* begs to acknowledge a cheque from Mr. "H. C. G." and stamps from a Nameless Contributor, which have been duly forwarded to the above address, where, *Mr. Punch* begs to suggest, all subscriptions might be forwarded direct.



“FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD!”

THE NORTH POLE. “YOUR HEALTH, SUNNY! WITH ALL THEIR BOATS, BALLOONS, TELESCOPES, AND THINGS, THEY AIN’T FOUND US OUT YET!”

[Dr. NANSEN’s expedition to the North Pole and that of the astronomers to view the total eclipse of the sun turned out failures.]

“It is to be regretted that Dr. NANSEN and his companions have not reached the North Pole, but they have made a record which it will be difficult to beat.”—*Times*, August 19. “We must hope for better luck next time.”—*Sir Robert Ball’s Letter to the Times*, August 19.



WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS, &c.

Jones. "I SAY, WHAT'S THE EXACT MEANING OF 'VOILÀ'?"

Brown. "WELL, I SHOULD TRANSLATE IT AS 'BEHOLD,' OR 'THERE YOU ARE,' OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT."

Jones. "CONFOUND IT! I'VE BEEN USING IT FOR THE LAST MONTH AND THINKING I'VE BEEN SWEARING IN FRENCH!"

UP-TO-DATE INTELLIGENCE—RE BAYARD.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am insatiate in my desire for the latest news, and buy papers literally from morning till night on every week day. On Sunday, however, my craving for knowledge has to be satisfied with one early supply of information. Among other journals I always take in *The People*, and you may imagine that I opened my eyes when I read in its columns the following paragraphs:—

"Four bombs were exploded under a train travelling between Navajas and Jaquay. Four Cubans were badly injured, and several sustained slighter injuries.

The Chevalier BAYARD, after having been mortally wounded, asked to be taken from his horse and placed at the foot of a tree. "At least," said he, "I may die facing the enemy."

Can it be that the knight "without fear or reproach" has returned to earth, and is battling in Tobacco-land for the oppressed islanders, or does the text refer to some descendant of his with equally noble traits, who has died in resisting the tyrannical might of Spain? I have vainly sought in the daily and weekly Press for a solution of the mystery. I therefore turn to you, Sir, as the last, but by no means least, personage capable of relieving my anxiety. Itching for your answer, I am, your obedient servant,
CHRISTOPHER MCCENOTAPH.

P.S.—I ought, perhaps, to mention that the Spanish Ambassador's footman referred me to the porter at the American Embassy, who assured me that his master had gone to Norway.

THE ASTRONOMERS WHO FAILED.—Some of the lucky ones were favoured with a sight of King Sol's corona and stars of various orders. "Only this and nothing more."

RECEIVED IN LONDON.—Invitation to view "The WALKER Art Gallery" at Liverpool when we are in London. O yes!—Walker!

THE PENDULUM OF WEALTH.

(A Forecast.)

CHAPTER I.—"Nobilitatis virtus stemma."

It was a stormy evening in November, 1995. The rain was beating in stormy gusts on the old brown stone palace in Fifth Avenue, and there was a continual drip from the rusted coronet over the "stoop" on to the well-worn marble steps below the door, which showed sad need of the renovating brush of the house-painter. Within, the aspect of the mansion was not more cheerful. Want of comfort was evidently hand in hand with want of money. In one of the principal sitting-rooms, remarkable for the large collection of pictures hung on the walls, and for several massive silver spittoons of nineteenth century work, a lady and gentleman were seated before a small wood fire. By the light of the solitary electro-burner it might have been perceived that both were of mature years, and that each possessed that aristocratic bearing, which is the heirloom of ancient lineage. Yet it was evident that they were not in affluent circumstances. The divided skirt of the dame, though scrupulously neat, had certainly seen better days, her silken hose were not innocent of darns, and the Brussels lace of her spotless white vest had evidently been mended more than once, while her black velvet jacket had on it a distinct touch of old-time rust. Still her plentiful white locks were arranged in the latest fashion, that of the pyramid, and though the long, taper fingers with which she rolled a cigarette were unadorned with jewelled rings, yet they were as perfectly shaped as the toes of that legendary *Trilby*, whose fame has been handed down to us from the last century. The gentleman's suit of Tartan broadcloth was none of the freshest either in cut or material, and the woollen scarf girt around his neck was clearly worn for warmth rather than effect. Nevertheless, his thick grey moustache was heavily waxed, and his broad chest was crossed with the somewhat faded tricolour riband of the proudest order of American Chivalry—the Everlasting Eagle. He was smoking some very pungent tobacco from a long clay pipe, and ever and anon he slaked his thirst from a beaker of lager beer standing by his side. From the working of the muscles of his rubicund face it was apparent that he was violently moved by his thoughts. Presently the lady broke silence and observed, "So the Emperor will do nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing," replied her companion, with a sigh. "He has forgotten the days when it was a question whether an O'FLAHERTY or a VANPERKEN was the better fitted to grasp the sceptre of a rising young monarchy. But what," he continued, bitterly, "did an American ever get from an Irishman but ingratitude? And so I made bold to tell the Prince of TAMMANY to-day."

"You told him so!" cried the lady, with admiration in her glance. "That was like a true VANPERKEN, and as became the Duke of SARATOGA. I guess he squirmed, though."

"You are right," answered the Duke, draining his goblet. "But no amount of princely squirming will bring dollars to our cash-box. The pictures will have to go, so I've telephoned MACLAZARUS to come and take the lot this very evening. It can't be helped, SUSIE," he added, tenderly, as he saw the teardrops glisten in her eyes.

"It does seem downright cruel," murmured the Duchess, passing the back of her hand over her vision. "It's woeful," she continued, "what we of the Peerage are coming to now-days."

"That's so," remarked the Duke, filling his pipe. "But it might have been reckoned on by our forefathers, who were so crazy to have their daughters married to European titles that they sent billions of money across the Atlantic. When the Imperial Monarchy was established, what with fighting, filibustering, and free bribery, there was but little real estate left in Society, and since then, most of it's gone in keeping up appearances. And the poorer we get, the fatter the British Republic grows. There's barrels of cash on that little dirt-heap."

"It's curious we haven't heard from MANHATTAN," said the Duchess. "He's been over a fortnight in London, and only cabled once."

"For a remittance," observed the Duke, drily, as he sent a volume of smoke through his nostrils. "But there, he's been well received by PRESIDENT LABOUCHERE BURNS, and MANHATTAN isn't the boy to waste his time in inspecting the Tower of London and the British Museum. You know my intentions. He went out as a speculation; and if he's failed as a speculation, I reckon we've nothing else left to speculate with."

(To be continued.)

[August 29, 1896.]



REMARKABLE CASE OF ASSIMILATION!

WE HEAR, ON THE AUTHORITY OF ONE WHO OUGHT TO KNOW (BETTER), THAT PEACE AND TRANQUILITY DO NOT ALWAYS REIGN IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, EVEN DURING THE RECESS, WHEN IT IS HANDLED OVER TO THE SISTERHOOD OF THE BRUSH AND PAIL!

(Any likeness that may be detected between the employees shown above and those distinguished persons who usually frequent the House is, of course, purely fortuitous.)

A CHINESE PUZZLE.

(Extracts from the Note-book of an Illustrious Traveller.)

HAVE no time to give names, or sort my jottings, so must leave things in the rough until I reach Pekin.

I am told that the leader of the House of Commons prefers golf to speeches, and likes a spin on a bicycle better than a seat on the Treasury Bench.

The Secretary of the Colonies is fond of orchids. He could point out a fit and proper person to fill the position of Director of the Government were the post vacant.

The Leader of the Opposition in the Lower House has no opinion of ditto in the Peers, and ditto in the Peers returns the compliment.

The English are fond of tortures, and willingly self-inflict them by attending London theatres in the off season.

The air of Hawarden produces circumlocution.

One eminent statesman holds another eminent statesman exceedingly cheap. And what one holds all hold.

The best method of being interviewed is to question the interviewer.

When a great Englishman passes away, it is the cruel fashion of the country to cast at his memory a stone statue.

The experiences of a railway guard are far more interesting than the autobiography of an ex-Prime Minister.

Orders are appreciated everywhere, but manufacturers like not only stars and ribbons, but entries on their books.

Some one has called England the great loan land, and so it may be for the benefit of China.

Many trains arrive two hours late, so without inconvenience, they should be able to start a hundred and twenty minutes after time.

All newspapers are at once infallible and contradictory.

The inquisitiveness of a Mandarin need have no bounds so long as a Chinaman is regarded as a curiosity.

Most British statesmen are mere lads.

And last, and most extraordinary of all, no one can tell the true age of an English lady.

"My Engagement."

DEAR SIR,—Seeing that this question is now exercising the public mind, I beg to give my own experiences. I was engaged by Mr. LEAR FITZHAMLET for a provincial tour. We played to bad business for a week in the Immortal Bard's tragedies, and then Mr. F. disappeared. This experience so disgusted me that I have never attempted a repetition of things theatrical, but am now in a shop where the ghost always walks. I am the wraith.

Your obedient servant,
HORATIO HOBBS.

Tight Street, Hammersmith.

In East Dorsetshire.

Cyclist (to Native). How many miles am I from Wimborne?

Native. I dunno.

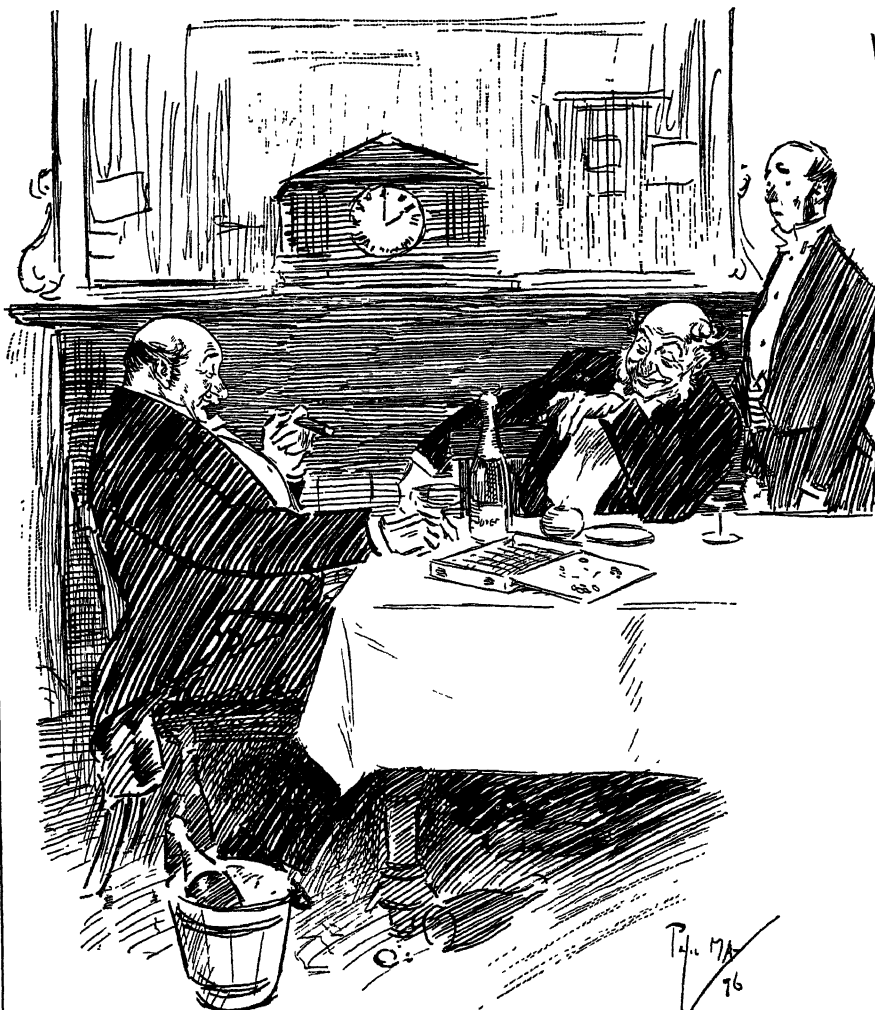
Cyclist. Am I near Blandford?

Native. I dunno.

Cyclist (angrily). Then what do you know?

Native. I dunno.

[Cyclist speeds to No Man's Land in the New Forest.



First Convivial. "SH TWO O'CLOCK! WHA 'LL ER MISSHUS SHAY?"
Second Convivial. "THASH ALLRI! SHAY YOU BIN WI' ME—(hic)!"

YE YACHTING MEN OF ENGLAND.

(A Naval Ode, after Campbell.)

Ye yachtsmen of old England,
Upon our native seas
Britannia ruled, for several years,
The waves—our waves—with ease.
But ye must launch a yacht again
To match another foe,
If you'd keep on the deep
Our flag from falling low;
Where the battle rages hard and long,
And abroad the prizes go.

The Meteor flag—of Germany—
Doth now "terrific burn,"
When will the foreign foe depart.
And that long-lost "Cup" return?
Till then ye Teuton prize-winners,
Our song and feast must flow
To the fame of your name
(Though we built your yacht, you know)
Till we win the yachting crown once more,
And the Meteor flag hangs low!

Humbug at Homburg.

Little American Girl. Mumma, why do you drink so many glasses of this nasty water?

Mumma. Hush, VIRGINIA, here comes the Prince of W-L-S!

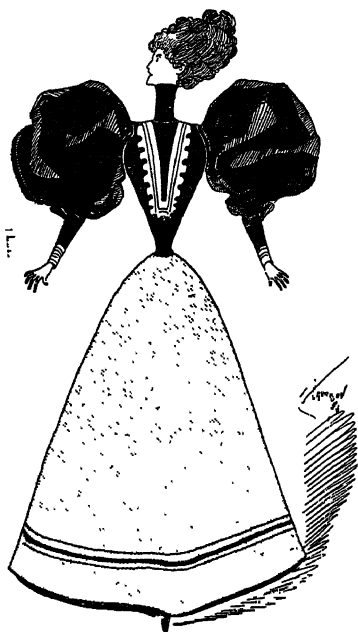
LONDON IN AUGUST.

(By the Last Man left in Town.)

REALLY it is a mistake to imagine that the mighty Metropolis is uninteresting when deserted by most of its inhabitants. Of course, Rotten Row is not quite itself without horses; still, there are trees, and now and again a watering-cart. True, Bond Street looks a little bare without pretty frocks and prettier faces; still, there are omnibuses. And again, how delightful it is to be able to wear a straw hat without attracting attention in Piccadilly. And it is quite jolly to know that, as scarcely a theatre is open, there is no necessity to spoil one's dinner by having to rush off early to the play. Then, it is quite an experience to be an honorary member of some one else's club, because your own Co-operative Palace is closed for the annual cleaning. In fact, London just now is simply delightful.

For all that, an invitation to join a shooting party on the moors will not be rejected.

FROM A TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENT.
—"The next time that Mr. BLACKMORE wants to depict brigandage *au naturel* let him pitch his tent amid the dunes of Ostend. A forlorn aspect I do not know."



CONSTERNATION OF THE FASHION-PLATE YOUNG PERSON ON HEARING THAT THE SIZE OF THE WAIST IS TO BE INCREASED!

["We are seriously asked to believe that the Paris *couturières* have issued a fiat against wasp waists, and that the proportions of the Venus of Milo will be their model in the immediate future." *Daily Telegraph.*]

IL FAUT SOUFFRIR POUR ÊTRE—LAIDE.

["Tight-lacing is coming in more than ever."
"The Venus of Milo waist is to be revived."
Conflicting rumours from the Fashion Papers.]

Girl of the Period sings:—

"Tis all very well,
But how can I tell
Which standard to take as a pattern?
An up-to-date *belle*
Doesn't wish to be dressed as a slattern.

Some say, "Don't you flinch,
But be ready to pinch
Your waist—like a wasp you must force
it!"

So inch after inch
To sixteen I lace in my new corset.

But others declare
"Have room and to spare,
For Venus of Milo's the fashion—
You'll look far more fair
With no stays and not even a sash on!"

So I wish that I knew
Which *mode* to pursue—
How to follow them both is a riddle!
Many inches and few,
They're rival extremes for my middle.

Well, if I were wise,
I'd completely despise
The *corsetière* and her fiat,
And wear my *own* size,
That's Nature's—and "Art" I'd fight
shy at!

NOMENCLATURE.—The professional cricketer who makes a "duck's egg" ought surely to be dubbed a "quack."

HOW OLD ARE YOU?—Ask LI HUNG CHANG.

EXCURSIONS—AND ALARMS.

[See complaints in the papers and reports of some police cases.]

As you say, it is just the sort of day to enjoy a trip down the river to Margate. Hardly a ripple on the water, just a touch of north in the air, and—hullo! is this Tilbury already?

They ought really to make this landing-stage a little bigger. Do you think there will be room for all these people on the boat?

They have *made* room, anyhow. Now that we are all on board, I am quite convinced that there are one or two hundred in excess of the proper number of passengers.

It certainly would increase the pleasure of the voyage if I could find a seat anywhere, or even a spare bit of bulwark to lean against.

What's that vessel coming up behind at such a rate? A torpedo-destroyer? Hope it doesn't take us for a torpedo. Looks as though it would run us down in another minute. Why doesn't our captain get out of the way?—the idiot!

"Wants to get *in* the way," did you say? "Because that is a faster steamer belonging to a rival line, and our captain does not intend to allow it to pass us?" But, I say, it's fearfully dangerous! 'Bus racing in streets bad enough, but a trifle to this. Wonder if I could bribe Captain to put me on shore at Sheerness?

Awful shave, that last! "Come and have some dinner?" Couldn't touch a thing while this is going on. Wish my doctor could see me now; he ordered me to avoid all excitement because of weakness of my heart! Here she comes at us again! Missed us by a yard, by George! Why, this is worse than a battle!

At Margate at last! Feel ten years older. Heart beating wildly. Had no food for eight hours! Can't eat now! "Excellent seamanship on part of our captain to get in first?" Solely due to the Christian forbearance of the boat behind in not ramming us. "Captain ought to have a medal?" Ought to have six months, you mean. And some lively rick-pocket on board has stolen my purse. I find! "Not the first time that sort of thing has happened on these steamers?" No, but it's the last time it will happen to me on them. What an ass I was not to come down by train!

Reflection by an Unfortunate Backer of Horses.

STANDING beside my own mud-scraper, I whistled for the "special" paper. "Winner!" the boy cried in his glee; But "loser" was the doom for me.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER AGAIN (ON BAIL).—Q. Where ought ducks' eggs to be most readily found? A. At the Oval. (*Bail estreated.*)

MEM. FROM THE MAJOR'S SPELLING BOOK OF THE COMING AUTOMOTOR AGE.—The horse is a noble creature, but very useless to man.

AN INDIVIDUAL NOT OFTEN MET WITH.—The backer who is never "smoked."

GOOD NEWS AFTER THE LAST CRICKET MATCH.—Rest for the wicket.

THE TRAVELLING CHINEE.

(By a British Manufacturer, after Bret Harte.)



WELL, I wish to remark—
And I'm putting it plain—
That for keeping things dark,
And for making tricks vain,
The travelling Chinese is peculiar—
And I've tried all the furrineer strain.

LI HUNG CHANG is his name,
Though some papers deny,
In regard to the same,
What that name might imply.
Be it CHONG, CHANG or CHUNG, TONG or
POKER,
It don't make much difference—he's
fly!

It was August the third
When he first saw our skies;
And it might be inferred
We had landed a prize,
And would also land orders—in plenty;
But prophecy's always unwise!

We had each our small game,
And LI HUNG took a hand.
We speak English; the same
He does not understand.
His interpreter *does*, and he questioned
Through him in a way that was grand!

As to "wanting to know,"
CLENNAM's self was not in it!
CHANG's questions would flow
About twenty per minute;
And if catechisms the cake took,
I'm certain the Chinese would win it.

Our shops were all stocked
In a way which I grieve
That he—silently—mocked,
With a laugh—in his sleeve;
And a Chinaman's sleeves are capacious
Beyond what you'd really believe.

But as to a *trade*
With that Travelling Chinese—
Why, the most that we made
Are, so far as I see,
A sewing machine and a lawn tent,
Which the same were delivered him—
free!

Ships and guns were all nigh,
Which he gazed on with glee,
But was not moved to *buy*.
And I said, "Can this be?
I fear it is not many orders
We'll get from this Travelling Chinese!"

Which is why I remark—
And I put it quite plain—
That for riddles most dark,
And for questions quite vain,
The Travelling Chinese is a caution,
But orders from him do *not* rain!



Village Boy (after interviewing Etcher at work). "E SES 'E'S A-ITCHIN', BUT IT LOOKS TO ME MORE AS IF 'E WOR A-SCRATCHIN'!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

STRAY NOTES ON WOMEN.

SCHOPENHAUER has, if I remember rightly, some very depreciatory remarks on women in general. His light and cheerful works do not form part of my travelling library, and I am therefore unable to quote from them word for word, which I should naturally do merely in order to controvert his shocking views. So far as my recollection serves me, however, he denies to woman beauty of face, grace of form, and intellect, and sends her out into the world stripped of every vestige of the admirable qualities with which the adoration of man has invested her during all the years that have passed since EVE startled the awaking ADAM into the first *mariage de convenance* of which any record has come down to us.

I NEED not imitate the pessimist German by spreading any accusations I may make over so wide a field. Something may be conceded to women. They prepare shooting lunches with admirable care, and a lavish expenditure of jam—an excellent thing in woman and one much appreciated by the wearied bringer down of grouse. They can pour out tea at breakfast, and towards the end of a week's visit, may be counted upon to remember that you take or do not take sugar. They can leave cards on friends who have left cards on you; they can easily spend an hour on dressing or adorning themselves, a feat of which few men in these degenerate days are capable. They can organise picnics, and actually take pleasure in them when wasps are not too numerous. They can, as young girls, manufacture a secret out of nothing, and then talk it over with other girls in corners to an accompaniment of mysterious giggles, and to the exclusion of rude, intrusive boys. They can run long hat-pins, apparently, through the very middle of their heads, without doing themselves the least harm, and they can coax a five-pound note, or a bicycle, or a photographic camera out of an indulgent parent in less time than it takes a son to obtain ten

shillings. All this and many other things they can do—but they cannot steer a pleasure-boat on the Thames.

AND here I shall be met with indignant denials from various quarters. One objector will cite to me the case of MILLICENT, who steered her brother to victory at the Gorehead Regatta. I remember her well. Her sleeves were tucked up above her elbows, she wore a lovely pink sash, and as her panting brother churned the silvery current into foam with his sculls she bobbed backwards and forwards in a manner traditionally associated with coxswains, and first yelled her encouragement to her brother, and then her defiance at ANGELA, who, in a rival boat, was steering her cousin over two sides of innumerable triangles. Yes, MILLICENT was undoubtedly a success—but then MILLICENT is an exception. Then there was NELLIE, a sylph-like figure, with a straw hat perched jauntily on the top of her fair locks, and the prettiest pair of little brown-leather shoes on her shapely feet. I can see them still, aye, and in imagination hold them as I place them one after another carefully on the back-bone of the boat, and help their owner into her seat. NELLIE steered a racing-boat, she ran into no banks, and when the occasion required, she shouted "Look ahead" with a vigour that cleared our course as if by magic. NELLIE was a triumph, but she, too, is an exception. I speak not of MILLICENT or NELLIE, but of the average woman who goes on water parties. The average woman cannot steer.

OBSERVE her as she gets into the boat. Her attendant swains are in their places at stroke and bow; another girl has been wedged into the bows. The steerer instals herself, and thus addresses her crew as they push off:—

"Now, on which side ought I to sit? I think I could see better on the right side. There, will that do? Oh, but if I sit in the middle I can't see anything. Ought I to pull both strings very hard like this? Why, they won't move at all. But if I pull the left string we go to the left, and I'm sure that's wrong, because I've always heard that you ought to pull the other string. Well, never mind; we're getting along very nicely, and catching up the other boat. Oh, oh, there's a boat coming the other way—which side ought we to go? They're rowing right into us. Oh, do stop. . . . There, I knew the silly man would run into us. He needn't have looked so angry about getting a ridiculous little bit of wood broken off his oar. Why didn't he look round and watch where he was going? I do love this rocking about, don't you, Mr. HARRISON? Do try and keep close to the steam-launch. What? It makes rowing so uncomfortable? Well, you men are funny. . . . I don't think it was my fault we ran into the bank, for I was pulling the left string as hard as I could. That was the reason, was it? Of course, I forgot. Now let me see; what ought you to do when you come to a lock? I know you do something with boat-hooks or whistles. ALICE, can you whistle? No? I dare say it doesn't matter; the man will have to open all the same. Why did that woman glare at me so? She needn't think it makes her look pretty, because it doesn't. Oh, do take care, please do. Why is all that water pouring into the lock? There, I knew we should get crushed. They oughtn't to be in such a hurry. Besides, it would be much simpler to open both sets of gates at each end together, and then we could slip through without all this fuss and bother. No, thank you, Mr. HARRISON, I'm not a bit tired. I could go on steering all day in this delightful weather. Now, why did we stick in the bank that time? Why, I've dropped the string. Well, I suppose one can't always do things perfectly."

Said Khalid's Lament.

[Admiral RAWSON bombarded Zanzibar at 9 A.M., August 27.]

WHAT was the use of cannon? what was the use of words?
We could not come to terms,
For RAWSON was one of the early birds
And I was one of the worms.

"My Engagement."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—This discussion hits me in a vital and financial matter. I have been engaged all my life in fighting the enemy known as "The Writer. But still he swoops. Why not make it legal to shoot him on the wing? He too often swoops to conquer, in the opinion of, yours faithfully,
The Refuge, N.W. OLIVER OOFACK.

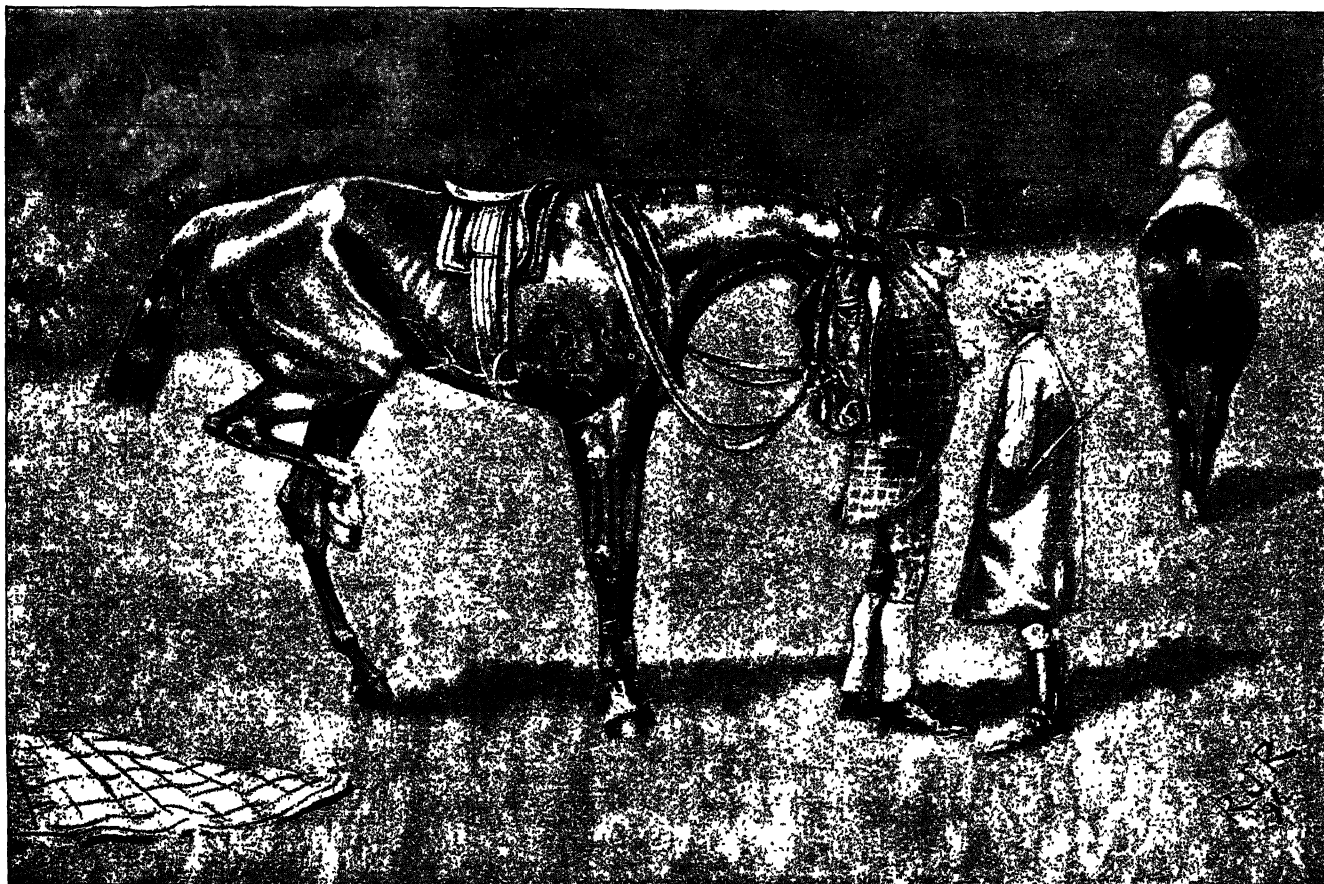


Sam Houston del.

TRYING IT ON.

Sultan of Turkey. "I WONDER IF THEY WILL LEND ME ANYTHING ON THIS LITTLE LOT?"

[Diplomatic circles fully recognise the powerful influence which financial considerations have had in bringing his Majesty the SULTAN to adopt towards the Cretans a conciliatory policy.—*Daily Paper.*]



Trainer. "NOW THEN, LOOK SHARP, AND GET MOUNTED."

Crack Light-weight. "ALL RIGHT, GUV'NOR. I'M JUST WAITIN' FOR MY VALET TO COME AND HELP ME OFF WITH MY OVERCOAT!"

IMPRESSIONS ON TOUR.

(Resulting from the Mania for Bold Advertisement.)

Abergavenny. That fields are incomplete without a placard of "Midnight Soap."

Bushey. That trees cannot get on without a notice of "Somebody's Paste."

Caterham. That hills are made for an announcement concerning "Sauce."

Dover. That the sea cannot be noticed without an *affiche* anent "Patent Glue."

Ealing. That the suburbs exist for the display of "Cat Biscuit" show bills.

Farnborough. That a military camp must have a poster of the newest city paper, *The Financial Farthing*.

Gravesend. That travellers *en route* for India must see "Mr. Thingamy's Travelling Tragedians from London."

Halifax. That people waiting for a train have time to master the details of the latest thing in "Disaster Insurance Companies."

Inverness. That Bonnie Scotland is the very place to learn the easiest and cheapest mode of "Housing Furniture in East Kensington."

Jarrow. That all who alight here will be interested in the fact that "Chose's Starch is the best and cheapest."

Knebworth. That five minutes can be usefully employed in reading the "contents bill" of the *North African Shareholder*.

Ladywell. That millions will hail with delight the assertion that nothing can compare with "Blowtrumpet's Influenza Lozenges."

Manchester. That there are at least thirty firms supplying "the premier bicycle of the century."

Norwich. That the enumeration of the qualities of "this season's tea," supplied by Messrs. So-and-so, is more entertaining than the charms of the oldest of cathedrals.

Oban. That yachts are not in it with "Jams at 3d. a pound."
Perth. That all who live must learn to dye with the aid of advertisements.

Queensborough. That "De la Snobb's Braces" are of paramount importance.

Rochester. That "The Pungent Pickle is necessary to every household."

Scarborough. That life would be a burden without "The Patent Potato Peeler."

Uckfield. That existence is useless unless brightened by "The New Shaving by Electricity."

Wye. That every want has an appropriate wherefore.

Yeovil. That the memory is not to be blessed of the man who first introduced hoardings, with their accompanying adornments.

THE COXSWAIN'S "CENTURY."

[One of the best-known heroes on the south-east coast, JARVISH ARNOLD, for twenty years coxswain of the Kingsdown lifeboat, who has played an active part in the saving of 100 lives from shipwreck on the Goodwin Sands, has just died.]

So Charon's death-boat o'er Death's stream at last
Ferries the life-boat coxswain! Well, the past
To brave old JARVISH ARNOLD must supply
An obolus e'en Charon can't deny.
The saviour of a "century" of lives,
When at Death's passage he at last arrives,
Should find the transit easier by far
Than he who slays his hundreds in red war.
Better with Kingsdown's coxswain take death's chance,
Than with some heroes of the sword and lance!

THOSE WHO ARE NEVER OUT OF SPIRITS.—Licensed victuallers.

THE REAL READ DEAR.—A lady journalist.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXII.

Mr. Jabberjee places himself in the hands of a solicitor—with certain reservations.

I CONCLUDED my foregoing instalment, narrating my service of a writ for breaching a promise of marriage, with a spirited outburst of *insouciance* and *devilmaycarefulness*.



"Would be greatly improved by the simple addition of some knee-caps."

But such courage of a Dutch evaporated deplorably on closer perusal of the said writ, which contained the peremptory mandate that I was to enter my appearance within the incredibly short notice of eight days, or the judgment would be given in my absence!

Now it was totally out of the question that I was to prepare a long complicated defence, and have the requisite witnesses, and also perfect myself in the customs and etiquettes of Common Law Procedure, all in such a ridiculously brief period; and yet, if I remained *perdu* with a hidden head, I could not hope for even the minimum of justice, since, heigh-ho! *les absents ont toujours tort*. So that I shed blistering and scalding tears like

a spanked child, to find myself confronting such a devil of a deep sea, and my day was dismal and my night a nonentity, until, by a great piece of potluck, on going up the next morning to the library of my Inn, I espied my young friend HOWARD in the compound, busily employed in a lawn tennis game.

Having partially poured the cat from my bag already into his sympathetic and receptive bosom, I decided to confide to him my hard case in its entirety, and so made him a secret sign that I desired some private confabulations at his earliest convenience, which he observing, after the termination of the match, came towards the remote bench whereon I was forlornly moping, and sat down kindly by my side.

This young ALBUTT-INNET, I am to mention here, had only just missed succeeding in the passing of Bar Exam owing to the inveterate malignancy of his stars and lack of a more industrial temperament; but from the coolness of his cheek, and complete man-of-the-worldliness, is a most judicious and tip-top adviser to friends in tight places.

Experto crede, for, when he had heard the latest particulars of my shocking *imbroglio*, he promptly gave me the excellent advice that I was to consult a solicitor; strongly recommending a Mr. SIDNEY SMARTLE, who was a former schoolmate of his own, and a good thundering chap, and who (he thought) was not so overburdened as yet by legal business that he could not find time for working the oracle on my behalf.

"And look here, JAB," he added (he has sometimes the extreme condescension to address me as an abbreviation), "I'll trot you up to him at once—and I say, A l idea! tell him you mean to be your own counsel, and do all the speechifying yourself. Native prince, in brand-new wig and gown, defending himself single-handed from wiles of artful adventuress—why, you'll knock the jury as if with old boots!"

"Alack," said I, sorrowfully; "though I am quite competent to become the stump orator at shortest notice, I do not see how I can enter my first appearance until I have carefully instructed Masters RAM and JALPANYBHOY in the evidence they are to give and leave untold, &c., and a week is too scanty and fugitive a period for such preparations!"

"Nonsense and stuff!" he replies, "you will have a lot more than that, since the week only applies to entering an appearance—which is a mere farcical formality that old SIR can perform in your place on his head." At which I was greatly relieved.

But on arrival at Mr. SMARTLE's office in Chancery Lane, we were disappointed to be informed, by a small, juvenile clerk, that he was absent at Wimbledon on urgent professional affairs, and his return was the unknown quantity. However, after waiting till close upon the hour of tiffin, he unexpectedly turned up in a suit of knickerbockers, carrying a long, narrow bag full of metal-headed rods, and although rather adolescent than senile in physical appearance I was vastly impressed by the offhanded cocksurety of his manner.

My friend HOWARD introduced me, and exhibited my doleful predicament in the shell of a nut, whereupon Mr. SMARTLE jauntily pronounced it to be the common garden breach of promise, but that we had better all repair to the First Avenue Hotel and lunch, and talk the affair over afterwards.

Which we did in the smoking-room after lunch, with coffee, liqueurs, and cigars, &c., for which I had to pay, as a Tommy Dod, and the odd man out of pocket.

Mr. SMARTLE, after listening attentively to my narrative, said that I certainly seemed to him to have let myself into the deuced cavity of a hole by so publicly proclaiming my engagement, but that my status as an oriental foreigner, and the fact I had asserted—viz., that my promise was extorted from me by compulsion and sheer physical funkiness—might pull me through, unless the plaintiff were of superlative loveliness (which, fortunately, is by no means the case).

He added, that we had better engage WITHERINGTON, Q.C., as he was notoriously the crosslest examiner at the Common Bar.

But to this I opposed the *sine qua non* that I am to have the sole control of my case in court, and reap the undivided *kudos*, assuring him that I should be able to cross-examine all witnesses until they could not stand on one leg. From some private motives of his own, he sought to overcome my determination, hinting that, as my calling and election to the Bar were not yet an ancient history, I might not possess sufficient experience; and moreover that, by appearing in barristerial garb, I should infallibly forfeit the indulgence shown by a judge to ordinary litigants; to which I responded by pointing out that I was a typical Indian in the matter of legal subtlety and ready-made wit, and that, if not capable of conducting my *own* case, how, then, could I be fit to undertake a logomachy for any third parties? finally, that it is proverbially unnecessary to keep a

dog when you are equally proficient in the practice of barking yourself.

Whereupon, silenced by my *a fortiori* and *reductio ad absurdum*, he gave way, saying that it was my own affair, and, anyhow, there would be plenty of time to consider such a matter, since the plaintiff might not choose to do anything further till after the Long Vacation, and we could easily postpone the hearing of the action until the Midsummer of next year.

I, however, earnestly protested that I did not wish so procrastinated a delay, as I desired to make my forensic *début* at the earliest possible moment, and urged him to leave no stone unturned to get the job finished by November at least, suggesting that if we could ascertain the name and address of the judge who was to try the case, I might call upon him, and, in a private and confidential interview, ascertain the extent of his disposition in my favour, and the length of his foot.

To which Mr. SMARTLE replied that he could not recommend any such tactics, as I should certainly ascertain the dimensions of the judicial foot in a literal and painful manner.

Now I must conclude with a livelier piece of intelligence: I am now in receipt of the wished-for invitation to visit the ALL-BUTT-INNETT family at the elegant mansion (or—to speak Scottishly—"manse") they have hired for a few weeks in the savage and romantic mountains of Ayrshire, N.B.

Mrs. A. I. wrote that there is no shooting attached to the manse, but several aristocratic friends of theirs own moors in the vicinity, and will inevitably invite them and their visitors to sport with them, so that, as she believed I was the keen sportsman, I had better bring my gun.

Alack! I am not the happy possessor of any lethal weapon, but, having since this invitation practised diligently upon tin moving beasts, bottles, and eggs rendered incredibly lively by a jet of steam, I am at last an *au fait* with a crackshot, and no end of a Nimrod.

I do not think I shall purchase a gun, for there is a young English acquaintance of mine who is the Devil's Own Volunteer, and who will no doubt have the good nature to lend me his rifle for a week or two.

As to costume, my tailor assures me that it is totally unnecessary to assume the national raiment of a Scotch, unless I am prepared to stalk after a stag. But why should I be deterred by any cowardly fear from pursuing so constitutionally timid a quadruped? I have therefore commissioned him to manufacture me a petticoat kilt, with a chequered tartan, and other accessories, for when we are going to Rome, it is the mark of politeness to dress in the Romish style.

The Caledonian costume is indubitably becoming; but would, I venture humbly to think, be greatly improved by the simple addition of some knee-caps.

EN ÉCOSSE.

À Monsieur Punch.

DEAR MISTER,—I come of to make a little voyage in Scotland. Ah, the beautiful country of Sir SCOTT, Sir WALLACE, and Sir BURNS! I am gone to render visit to one of my english friends, a charming boy—*un charmant garçon*—and his wife, a lady very instructed and very spiritual, and their child. I adore them, the dear little english child, who have the cheeks like some roses, and the hairs like some flax, as one says in your country, all buckled—*bouclés*, how say you?

I go by the train of night—in french one says "*le sleeping*"—to Edimbourg, and then to Calendar, where I attend to find a coach—in french one says "*un mail*" or "*un fourinhand*." *Nom d'une pipe*, it is one of those ridicule carriages, called in french "*un break*," and in english a char-à-banc—that which the english pronounce "*tcherribaingue*"—which attends us at the going out of the station! Eh well, in voyage one must habituate himself to all! But a such carriage discovered—*découverte*—seems to me well unuseful in a country where he falls of rain without cease.

Before to start I demand of all the world some *renseignements* on the scottish climate, and all the world responds me, "All-days of the rain." By consequence I procure myself some impermeable vestments, one mackintosh coat, one mackintosh cape of Inverness, one mackintosh covering of voyage, one south-western hat, some umbrellas, some gaiters, and many pairs of boots very thick—not boots of town, but veritable "shootings."

I arrive at Edimbourg by a morning of the most sads; the sky grey, the earth wet, the air humid. Therefore I propose to myself to search at Calendar a place at the interior, *et voilà*—and see there—the *break* has no interior! There is but that



INGRATITUDE.

Brown. "WHY DOESN'T WALKER STOP TO SPEAK? THOUGHT HE KNEW YOU!"

Smith. "USED TO; BUT I INTRODUCED HIM TO THE GIRL HE MARRIED. NEITHER OF THEM RECOGNISES ME NOW!"

which one calls a "boot," and me, AUGUSTE, can I to lie myself there at the middle of the baggages? Ah no! Thus I am forced to endorse—*endosser*—my impermeable vestments and to protect myself the head by my south-western hat. Then, holding firmly the most strong of my umbrellas, I say to the coacher, "He goes to fall of the rain, is it not?" He makes a sign of head of not to comprehend. Ah, for sure, he is scottish! I indicate the sky and my umbrella, and I say "Rain?" and then he comprehends. "*Eh huile*," he responds to me, "*ah canna sé, mébi huile no hé meruk the dé*." I write this phonetically, for I comprehend not the scottish language. What droll of conversation! Him comprehends not the english; me I comprehend not the scottish.

But I essay of new, "How many has he of it from here to the lake?" *C'est inutile*—it is unuseful. I say, "Distance?" He comprehends. "*Mébi oui taque toua hours*," says he; "*beutt yile no fache yoursel, its no sé lang that yile bi ouishinn yoursel aoua*." *Quelle langue*—what language, even to write phonetically! I comprehend one sole word, "hours." Some hours! *Sapristi!* I say, "Hours?" He says "*Toua*" all together, a monosyllable. *Sans aucune doute ça veut dire* "twelve"—*douze*. Twelve hours on a *break* in a such climate! Ah, no! *C'est trop fort*—it is too strong! "Hold," I cry myself, "attend, I descend, I go not!" It is true that I see not how I can to descend, for I am *entouré*—how say you?—of voyagers. We are five on a bench, of the most narrows, and me I am at the middle. And the bench before us is also complete, and we touch him of the knees. And my neighbours carry on the knees all sorts of packets, umbrellas, canes, sacks of voyage, &c. *Il n'y a pas moyen*—he has not there mean. And the coacher says me "*Na, na, monne, yile no ghitt down, yile djest baid ouar yer sittinn*." Then he mounts to his place, and we part immediately. *Il va tomber de la pluie! Douze heures! Mon Dieu, quel voyage!*

Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

At Scarborough.

'Arriet (pointing to postillions of pony-chaises). Why do all them boys wear them jackets?

'Arry. There's a stoopid question! Why, they're all jockeys a-training for the Ledger, of course.



"SAVOIR-VIVRE."

Mamma (to George, who is escorting his Sister to a Party). "NOW MIND YOU KEEP AN EYE ON MINNIE."

George. "OH—ER—WELL—YOU KNOW, MOTHER, IT DOESN'T DO FOR A FELLOW TO BE ALWAYS WATCHING HIS SISTER. OTHER CHAPS DON'T LIKE IT, YOU KNOW!"

LI HUNG CHANG'S ONE JOKE.

THERE has been much written in the papers about two jokes said to have been made by LI HUNG CHANG during his visit to Newcastle. One was translated, the other was not. Those who heard both think the one left untranslated was by far the funnier. His Excellency, for his part, is reported to have exceedingly enjoyed both, laughing till his pig-tail almost came off.

"Two jokes? my dear Toby," said his Excellency, when the M.P. saw him off at Southampton, bound for New York. "There has been only one joke connected with my visit to your country, but that has been a real good 'un. Several times it has occurred to me when I have been in public. I have had to say some un consequential things, like those two remarks at Newcastle. Then LO FENG LUH, who has a large mouth, laughs, and says, 'His Excellency has made a joke.' You people look all round for it, under the table, in corners of the room, up on the ceiling, as if it were a fly, and I quietly enjoy my own laugh."

"And what, Sir, if I may put the question without giving notice, is the joke?"

"The joke, my dear Toby, is that all you outer barbarians, beginning at Berlin, going on to Paris, swarming round me in this country, insist that I have come here to give big orders for ironclads, for guns, for railways, even for sewing-machines. I saw your picture of me at JOHN BULL's counter, with Germany,

France, and the rest looking in, wondering if I was going to buy anything here. Ha! ha!—Who drew that? TENNIEL? How old is TENNIEL? How much a year does he get?—Well, when I am taken to your foundries and workshops, and ship-building yards, with the expectation that I will forthwith buy everything up, I nearly kill myself with trying not to laugh in your face. That is why I sometimes go in a corner of a room and for a few minutes turn my back on the company. That is why LO FENG LUH, who values his place and his head, whenever he sees me beginning to go off, translates something to you and says, 'His Excellency jokes.'

"Good-bye, Toby. Excuse me running off, but I feel a fit of laughter coming on. Don't forget to come and see us in China. You're a nice dog. I'm so fond of you, I could eat you. Ha! ha! Must tell that to LO FENG LUH. It'll do for one of 'His Excellency's jokes' when we get to the United States, and they begin all over again with their big guns, their ironclads, their railways, and their sewing-machines."

At Grouse Tower, N.B.

Invalid (to early returning sportsman). What, back already! Good bag?

Sportsman. Yes! the head keeper, the MACWHUSKEY's cap, and my uncle's favourite setter. I'm going South to-night.



CAUGHT NAPPING!

THERE WAS AN OLD LADY AS I VE HEARD TELL,
SHE WENT TO MARKET HER GOODS FOR TO SELL,

SHE WENT TO MARKET ON A MARKET DAY
AND SHE FELL ASLEEP ON THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

BY CAME A PEDLAR—GERMAN—AND STOUT,
AND HE CUT HER PETTICOATS ALL ROUND ABOUT.

"MARIA WOOD."

(A Lament by a City Mam.)

[The Morning states that the famous barge, *Maria Wood*, is now lying in a dreadful condition off Isle-worth. She is for sale.]

ALACK! alas! and well a-day,
Maria Wood! Maria Wood!
 You once were young, and trim, and gay,
Maria Wood! Maria Wood!
 But now bereft of paint and gold,
 Unkempt, forsaken, lovelorn, old,
 You bear a placard, "To be sold"
 For fire-wood, *Maria Wood!*



You've had your time, 'mid civic pomp,
Maria Wood! Maria Wood!
 You've borne with many a river romp,
Maria Wood! Maria Wood!
 I've danced the Lancers on your deck,
 I've wasted on you many a cheque,
 And now must you become a wreck,
Maria Wood! Maria Wood!

The Victory on Portsmouth tide,
Maria Wood! Maria Wood!
 Is still of ocean queens the pride,
Maria Wood! Maria Wood!
 And can your claim less doubtful be
 On us, who never sailed the sea,
 But loved your horse-drawn majesty,
Maria Wood! Maria Wood!

Shame! that this sight should e'er be seen,
Maria Wood! Maria Wood!
 Shame! that the world can be so mean,
Maria Wood! Maria Wood!
 Up, up, ye cits, dispel this dream!
 Restore the splendours that beseeem
 The whilom mistress of the stream,
Maria Wood! Maria Wood!

PICTURESQUE ADVERTISEMENT.—The elegant auctioneering art of fanciful-descriptive-advertisement-composition has not yet departed from among us. The genius of JOHN ROBINS still inspires the compounders of these attractive mixtures. In the *Globe*, and probably in many other favoured papers, there recently appeared, and no doubt frequently appears, a delightful sample of this style in a small delicately-printed paragraph, which you do not discover to be an "Advt." until you come to within three lines of its last word, commencing, "All amateurs of elegant and worldly holidays,"—where, at once, the eye and the action of the brain are arrested by the simple adjective "worldly." You expect, after this, a sermon, a goody-goody lecture, or at least some highly meral advice. Not a bit of it. The paragraph only announces the fact that Ostend is a splendid watering-place within three hours

by boat of Dover. Then it gives a kind of Monte Cristo account of the Kursaal, of the saloons, of the society, and it finishes with this magnificent climax:—"All languages are spoken as in Babel and Monte Carlo. Attractions are also identical." Now we know what went on in Babel. The *tour de force* at Babel must have been a breaking of the bank, and consequent dispersion of the gamblers using all sorts of language. Antiquarian research will owe a great debt to the compilers of this paragraph from which we have quoted, and which is, after all, only an advertisement for a certain Tea-grower in Ceylon.

THE DOOM OF DULWICH.

(By an old Dulwich Boy in Doleful Dumps.)

ALAS for the famous old inns!
 Ah! progress is all very well,
 But one of its shockingest sins
 Is ringing antiquity's knell.
 The "Crown" and the "Half Moon" are gone,
 And now they the "Greyhound" attack.
 Ah me, for old frolic and fun
 In the days that will never come back!
 Old Dulwich is now merely dull,
 Wit shines with a feeblor and slacker ray.
 The "Greyhound" of memories is full
 Of the brave days of DICKENS and THACKERAY.
 Now the fine old-world flavour is fled,
 Old landmarks are gone and I'm baffled;
 New bricks are wherever I tread,
 My feet stray in a forest of—scaffold.
 The Dulwich I used to adore
 Is now grown almost out of knowledge.
 The fields I once roved are no more,
 Next, no doubt, they will pull down the College!
 Fine gentlemen now could not meet
 To settle disputes—by a duel.
 They might as well try Regent's Street
 To give one another their gruel.
 A nice little party, for bowls,
 Used to meet at that white-painted wicket.
 But now Jerry Builders, the ghouls,
 Have robbed us of bowls, quoits, and cricket.
 I used here with a rusty old gun
 To pop round those meadows—for sparrows;
 I used there with a well-beloved One
 To shoot at a target with arrows.
 But archery's now obsolete,
 A stroll in dear Dulwich now sickens;
 A DICKENS no more may I meet,
 Though Dulwich has gone to the Dickens!

CALVES AND CASH.

Friend of the Family. And your eldest boy, how is he getting on at school?
Materfamilias. Well, he just manages to keep clear of being superannuated, which is very satisfactory.
F. of the F. (drily). Very. Not good at Greek, eh?
M. Oh, he doesn't learn Greek. He's on the Modern Side, you know. He only blew himself up once last term—in the laboratory. And he's made half of a working model of a gas-engine, in his engineering set, he tells us.
F. of the F. And his health?
M. Capital! He keeps himself always in training, you know—we allow him an extra beefsteak for breakfast every day—

and he has the biggest calves and thighs of any boy of his age in the school.

F. of the F. (doubtfully). Calves and thighs; but will that sort of thing be much good to him in his future profession—the Law, I think you said?

M. (calmly). We have given up all idea of the Law for him.

F. of the F. Indeed! Perhaps he has a good head for mathematics, and if so, why should he not be a wrangler?

M. He can't understand the first book of Euclid. But so long as he can add up pounds, shillings, and pence, and plenty of them, that is all that will be required of him in the profession which we have selected for him.

F. of the F. (getting interested). Then what is to be his path in life?

M. Why, the cycling racing path, of course! He can follow the lead of his



sister. Listen to this: "One well-known wheeler has earned £2,000 in prizes alone during the past seven months, apart from the heavy retainer which he receives from the tyre and cycle manufacturers whose properties he uses. A leading professional cyclist has an income of from £1,500 to £2,000 a year." Where is the Law compared with that?

F. of the F. Nowhere, of course. But—er—would you call it exactly a liberal profession?

M. (carelessly). Oh, I believe the track proprietors are liberal enough—pay about £70 to you if you win, and £50 if you lose. Our boy says he "would much rather be a wheel-driver than a quill-driver." So we're going to let him.

F. of the F. (trying to conquer old-fashioned prejudices). Well, perhaps you are wise. Hope he'll avoid spills, that's all!

[Wonders, all the way home, if his own son (at the Bar) will ever make as much in a year as a crack cyclist earns from one exhibition.]

An Eastern Question Answered.

WHAT is the distinction between the Insurgents and the Turks?

The former are the "Cretans," and the latter the "Dis-crete 'uns" (in yielding to the persuasion of the Powers). On the same subject, and providing another answer to the same question, a correspondent, signing himself "Plaster of Paris," writes, "*Les premiers sont des Chrétiens et les derniers sont des crétins.*"

THE PORTAL OF THE BRAIN.—Gateshead.



SELF-EXPLANATORY.

THE CRY OF THE CRICKETER.

(In a Pluvial Autumn.)

RAIN, rain, go away,
Come again before next May!
The driving shower and chilling raw gust
Are most inopportune in August.
Rain has a chance to reign, remember,
Till early summer from September.
Why come and spoil cricket's last pages,
Our wickets—and our averages?

QUITE THE RIGHT THING TO DO, MY BOY!"—The Prince of Monaco, last week, announced that he had "discovered a bank" south of the Azores Archipelago. Of course he at once sent it off to Monte Carlo, where it will be uncommonly useful—until it is broken.

SOMETHING MILITARY.—The officers of the Blankshire Cavalry possess, individually and collectively, more money than those of any other regiment in her Majesty's service. If this be so—we name no names—these gallant heroes ought to be known as "The Tin Soldiers."

SUGGESTION FOR CHANGING THE TITLE OF A RISING SEASIDE RESORT.—For persons whom Providence has blessed with affluence and corpulence, Birchington, on the coast of Kent, has one advantage over Broadstairs, in possessing a Bungalow Hotel, on whose wall is advertised, "No Stairs." Now, as "Birchington-on-Sea" is quite distinct from Birchington-on-t'other-side-of-the-Line (L. C. & D.), and as it does not, as yet, find its name recorded in any map, why should not this place, when there exists such a paradise for the portly as the above-mentioned hotel, assume the title of "Nostairs," which it could easily do without affecting the popularity of ancient and highly-respectable Broadstairs? If there be a town council of Birchington, and if it be a "weighty body," surely a place of Nostairs would be an important consideration in the eyes of such a Birchington Corporation. N.B.—Never miss the annual Roddydendron Show at Birchington. Boys admitted *en bloc*.

AN ERA THAT SOME OLD STAGERS YEARN TO SEE.—*F'in de cycle!*

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Sportsman in the Highlands remembers a last year's incident of the Lake of Como.

Do you forget the peerless night
We spent by fair Bellagio's strand?
E'en now I feel the pure delight
Of holding tight your little hand,
Of hearing all your answers made
In accents too divine to last,
Of knowing you were half afraid
To tell why 'twas your heart beat fast!

Ah, me! the scene comes back anew:—
The starry splendour of the sky,
The ripple of the water blue—
Yes, blue it was—the moon was high,
And silvered every tiny wave
With greater sheen than it was worth,
While lambent fire the oar would lave,
As Heaven bent down to kiss our Earth.

Our boat, like some enchanted bark,
When where and how it pleased to stray.
Some call the midnight moments dark,
They shone for us that yesterday.
So on the lake's broad bosom rocked,
Reluctantly we steered for shore—
Your grandmamma was rightly shocked,
Your grandpapa was something more.

And so we parted, ne'er again
That vagrant vigil to enjoy.
Let dull Decorum croon her strain,
She cannot make of gold alloy,
She cannot definitely raze
The castles that we founded then!
She cannot spoil the hymn of praise
That may be sung by voiceless men!

A while, and but a little while,
And yet so long since that adieu.
Am I so very versatile?
Or is the changeable other—you?
Be that as may. Herewith receive
Some tokens of my Northern "*nous*,"
I send—my skill don't disbelieve—
A salmon, and three brace of grouse!

"LANCERS FOR THE CAPE."—The *Daily Telegraph*, in its report of the departure of the Ninth Lancers from the docks, notes that among the distinguished personages awaiting to receive them and see them off, were Major-General LUCK and Sir THOMAS SUTHERLAND of the "P. and O." The gallant Ninth did not take General LUCK with them, though "Good luck go with you" was of course the universal send-off wish. "General Luck" does not imply "Special Luck," though that he is Good LUCK *cela va sans dire*. But maybe the Chairman of the "P. and O." wished that this paticular LUCK should remain with him, and so he did.

Awful Lapsus Linguae.

(The Contributor is cashiered.)

MR. CONYNGHAM GREENE to Pretoria goes.
His task of his wit will make trial.
Great linguist is he, but we do not suppose
He'll be *vox et Pretoria nihil!*

LOST, MISSING, AND WANTED.—The customary weekly harangue of the German Emperor. Reporters please note.

A CRICKETER WHOSE FAME HAS THIS SEASON BEEN GREATLY EN-HANTS-ED.—Captain WYNARD.

APPROPRIATE NAME FOR CERTAIN CHEAP AND NASTY WINES.—The *Sink Ports*.

HERE'S TO THE FEMALE OF FIFTY!

(Sheridan's Toast adapted to the Time.)

["Mrs. Hardcastle, in *She Stoops to Conquer*, asks a London visitor 'What is to be the fashionable age next Season!' She learns that fifty is to be that halcyon period."—*Daily News*.]

Modern Sir Harry Bumper sings:—

A FIG for the maiden of bashful fifteen,
She's mawkish, and silly, and shifty.
Here's to Society's genuine queen,
Here's to the Woman of Fifty!

Chorus—Let the toast pass

To the elderly lass,

I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass!

Here's to the matron whose humour we prize!

Now, the maiden of fifteen has none,
Sir!

She has only a pout, and a pair of doll's eyes;

The fifty-year nymph is good fun, Sir!

Chorus—Let the toast pass,

To the cheery old lass!

I warrant she'll tell you a boy is an ass!

Both the maid with a bosom of snow,
Rosy cheeks, and red lips like a cherry!
She's dull as a sermon, she's not in the know,

And she's shocked if you're mellow or merry.

Chorus—Let the toast pass,

To the jubilee lass!

The Woman of Fifty alone is first class!

The young'uns are awkward, and silly,
and slim,

A fifty-year girl's in full feather.

To Fair, Fat, and Fifty I fill to the brim,

Fifty knocks out fifteen altogether!

Chorus—Let the toast pass,

Drink the Old Lass!

I'll warrant fifteen is not worthy a glass.



THE BISHOP'S SERMON.

The Bishop's Wife (to the Vicar's wife, who is getting drowsy). "MAY I LEND YOU MY SMELLING SALTS?"

The Vicar's wife. "OH NO, THANKS! I WOULD MUCH RATHER GO TO SLEEP!"

AT HOME AND ABROAD IN LESS THAN A JIFFEY.

(By Our Travelling Impressionist.)

EARLY to bed and early to rise. Breakfast at eight, in one's own dear home (never dearer than when the rates are five and sixpence in the pound!), and then away to the Victoria terminus of the L. C. and D. R. At nine, sharp, starts the capital express for Dover, reaching the favourite Cinque-port shortly before eleven. From the comfortable carriage to the luxurious boat, and the coast of France is reached as A.M. changes to P.M. Then, after a practical recognition of the culinary attractions of the admirable buffet of the Hotel Terminus, away to the market-place, and (with the assistance of a car) to the sea-shore. The *plage* is reached—Calais Plage!

And now you are in front of the sea. The sands are free from niggers, brass bands, and other irritating distractions. Extending for about half a mile is a row of small apartments. Each apartment has folding doors, which can be closed and locked. And now I am particularly attracted by an apartment which has an awning in front of the entrance, decorated with two small tricolour flags. In my mind I christen this war-like looking apartment "The Citadel." In front of it are the regulation two little girls digging the customary hole.

A gentleman of middle age—say about sixty—emerges from the Citadel, carrying in his hand a small Japanese kite. He looks towards the sea, and then prepares to fly the paper representation of the strange bird he clutches. He seizes his opportunity and throws the kite in the air. The ascent is not a success. The strange bird plunges one way, then another, and finally descends. The gentleman of middle age seeks advice. He addresses someone in the Citadel. His appeal is responded to by a French military officer in full uniform! The General (he can scarcely be less than a General) has his kepi, his tunic, his spurs, and his *legion d'honneur*! However, he shows that he is not on duty by wearing his tunic unbuttoned at the waist, and smoking. He is enjoying a long German pipe. The General gravely regards the wind, and offers a suggestion. The gentleman of middle age (I take him to be the warrior's brother) bows

acquiescence and lengthens the tail of the kite. Ah, the good hour! The kite rises and rests steadily, supported by the breeze. Then the string is pegged into the sand, and the relatives supply themselves with long-handled spades and begin digging.

But what is this? Why, a lady passing along has become entangled in the string of the kite. Thus disturbed, the strange bird (known better in Japan than in Europe) has suddenly descended. The lady offers to the General and his brother a thousand apologies. The *amende* is courteously but gravely accepted. The warrior brings himself sharply to "attention" as he gives a military salute. The kite rises once more, and the peg is restored to its sandy bed. Then there is a consultation—a council of war—to decide how in future the peg shall be protected. The General hits upon an idea. He fetches from the Citadel a small French flag. He places the banner of his country next the peg. From that moment the kite is under the protection of the *drapeau de la belle France*!

Having succoured the kite, the General and his brother return to their digging. Now comes a cessation of work to watch a veritable sportsman walking along the sands in search of prey. The veritable sportsman carries a real gun and a real game bag. The latter looks as if it had been bought at a toy-shop. On either side of the veritable sportsman march a boy and a priest. The boy no doubt will, when the important moment is reached, let off the gun. And if there is an accident the services of the chaplain will be accepted with gratitude.

Those who have not apartments on the sea-shore have now noticed that the shadows are becoming longer. *En route!* Back by the car "in the service of the administration" to the market-place. From thence to the good steamer of the L. C. and D. R. is but a few minutes' walk. The Paris train arrives, the bell rings, and the excellent vessel backs out of the harbour. *En route!* We are at Dover! *En route!* We have reached Victoria. And then in less than a jiffy we are seated at dinner. And while we are eating in London the happy families of Calais Plage are no doubt locking up their day apartments before the sea and preparing to occupy the neighbouring *châlets*. May their night dreams be as pleasant as the day reality!



THWARTED AMBITION.

She. "YOU DID STARTLE ME! I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!"
 He (a trifle bitterly). "I DECLARE YOU SEEM QUITE DISAPPOINTED I'M NOT IN AFRICA!"
 She (apologetically). "No; I DON'T MEAN THAT. ONLY—I DO SO WANT TO SEE A GHOST!"

THE PENDULUM OF WEALTH.

(A Forecast.)

CHAPTER II.—"Experto crede."

THE Duchess was about to speak, when a respectful knock sounded on the door, and in response to the Duke's loud "Come in," an aged man in the threadbare uniform of a major-domo entered, and, bowing low, whispered in tremulous accents:—
 "Mr. MACLAZARUS, your Grace, is here. He says, by appointment."

"Quite right, PLANTAGENET," said the Duke. "Show him in. Stay, turn on that other light."

"The pictures must go, then," sighed the Duchess. "Can't you—"

"They must, madam," broke in the Duke, sternly. "Let us have no scene over the matter. Let this money-grabber see that a VANPERKEN can swallow misfortune as easily as a little neck clam."

The Duchess gave a little shiver, but managed to raise up a watery smile when Mr. MACLAZARUS was announced. He was a well-dressed gentleman of perhaps forty, slim and fair, with no trace of opulence in his appearance, except in the matter of his waistcoat buttons, each one of which was a single black pearl of great size. His manners were most finished, and on the Duchess putting forth her hand, he raised it to his lips with infinite respect, but forbore to touch the delicate white skin.

"Your Grace sees," he observed, drawing a nickel Waterbury watch from his pocket, "that I am, as usual, punctual."

"Just so," said the Duke, without attempting to produce a timekeeper. "What's the news?"

"There's a considerable fall in stocks," replied Mr. MACLAZARUS. "It is, however, expected that Mexicans will recover and—"

"Pooh!" interrupted the Duke, rather rudely, "I wasn't referring to your world, but to mine. How are *we* getting on?"

Mr. MACLAZARUS paused before replying to the ducal query. Then he said cautiously, with a compassionate smile, "Badly, your Grace, very badly. The Earl of POTOMAC is going through the Court, Lord MASSACHUSETTS is selling his estates, Sir RUP VAN WINKLE has lost a fortune over the Duke of Niagara Stakes."

"How dreadful!" cried the Duchess. "And is it true that Lady CHICAGO has eloped with Mr. WEINSCHNITZEL the brewer?"
 "Unfortunately, it is," replied Mr. MACLAZARUS. "The news has caused a great sensation at Court. The Empress is furious, and the Princess of TAMMANY has removed Lady SYBIL SPLODGE—Lady CHICAGO's sister—from the number of her Maids of Honour."

"Poor girl!" said the Duchess; "she is not to blame."

"Nonsense!" snorted the Duke; "she'd have married WEINSCHNITZEL herself if she'd only had half a chance. But let's to business, MACLAZARUS, for I guess you've other fixings to look after."

"I have, your Grace," said the financier, suavely; "but at present I am at your commands. Let me see," he added, referring to a notebook, "you desire to dispose of your collection of pictures, including the Whistler, the Marcus Stone, and two so-called Turners—"

"How do you mean—the so-called Turners?" broke in the Duke, angrily.

"I regret to say," said Mr. MACLAZARUS, calmly, "that the Turners, the Millais, the Leighton, the three Herkomers, the Dicksee, and four out of the five Leaders, are undoubtedly copies."

"Copies!" echoed the Duke, hotly. "Do you mean to tell me that I am proposing to sell you a parcel of shams? You'd scarcely have ventured to say as much to my grandfather, the first Duke, who lived in the good old days of smart shooting. I suppose he was fooled when he laid out over a million on this collection?"

"I regret to say he was," answered Mr. MACLAZARUS, with the greatest possible *sang froid*. "But I beg your Grace to understand that I do not say all the pictures are forgeries."

"Forgeries!" shouted the peer, rising from his seat and breaking his pipe violently on the table. "Forgeries! How dare you use such a word to me?"

And he advanced, boiling with rage, towards the imperturbable dealer. The affrighted Duchess flung herself upon her husband's neck, crying, "O! JONATHAN, JONATHAN, calm yourself!"

(To be continued.)

AT CODDLETON-ON-SEA.

[The *British Medical Journal* warns parents against allowing their children to paddle in the sea.]

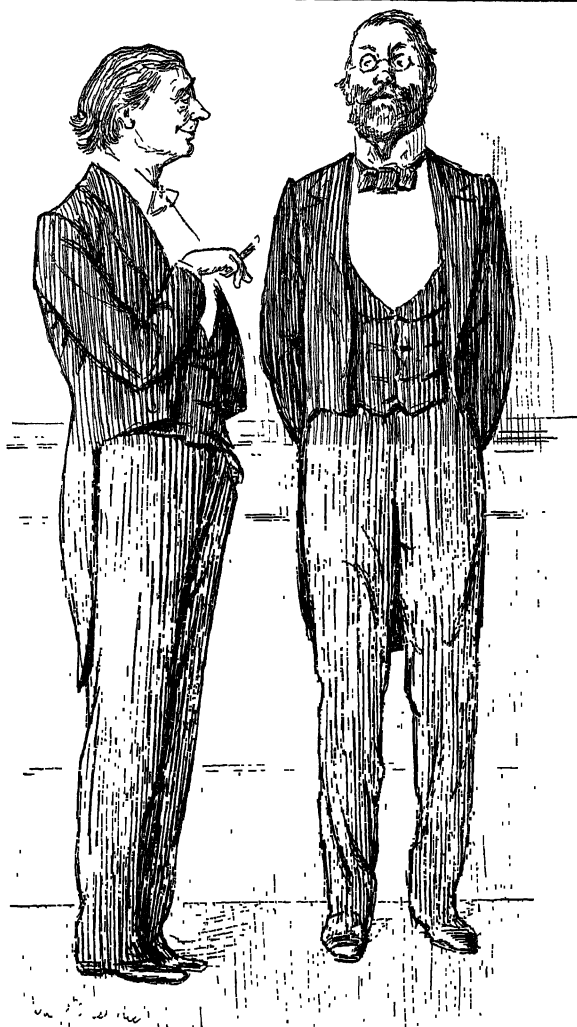
THE attention of parents cannot be too seriously drawn to other dangers of the sea-side. Take crabs, for instance, though we don't advise the average parent to take a crab unless he is used to them. A little boy that we know of was bitten by a crab on the sands, and the effect of the bite, possibly aided by a fall of twenty feet from the pier on to some rocks, produced *brain fever*! The only safe plan is, not to let children go near the sands.

Bathing on a shingly beach is *most dangerous*. We have heard of instances where children have cut their feet on the sharp pebbles, which might have ended in blood poisoning and laming for life, had not the blood been in an exceptionally pure condition. Such cases should act as warnings. Never think of bathing till all the shingle has been cleared away!

Donkey-riding at the sea-side is also very deleterious. A lad of eight, who fell from a donkey, has been so mentally injured that he seems incapable of doing simple addition sums, though when at school he could do compound subtraction. It is true that his mother ascribes the circumstance to the fact that "JOHNNY never will do sums in holidays," but we prefer to believe that a brain-lesion has occurred, which must be serious and may be permanent—always supposing that JOHNNY has any brain to be lesed, which, considering his mother's inaccessibility to medical advice, is doubtful.

It is hardly necessary to add that the prudent parent will rigorously discourage such dangerous weapons as spades, buckets, and toy boats. A spade skilfully used can amputate a toe, the mainmast of a boat may put out an eye, and a baby, after considerable practice, might contrive to drown itself in its own bucket. Don't let children have any good games, either. Games make them hot and feverish. Coddling, and coddle-liver oil, and plenty of both, may make your children somewhat fretful, and a little unbearable in small lodgings, but it will preserve them from some of the awful perils sketched above.

AN OLD SONG (SLIGHTLY ALTERED) LIKELY TO BE POPULAR IN EUROPE THIS AUTUMN.—"Have you seen the Czar, boys, have you seen the Czar?"



SUCCESS HAS A SOFTENING EFFECT.

Bavius (who has at last achieved quite a decent literary position). "DO YOU KNOW, I USED TO ASSERT THAT THE MERE FACT OF A BOOK'S REACHING A SALE OF 50,000 COPIES WAS ENOUGH, OF ITSELF, TO STAMP IT AS BEING AN UTTERLY VILE AND WORTHLESS PRODUCTION. SOMEHOW I NO LONGER FEEL QUITE SO CONVINCED UPON THAT POINT!"

Mævius (who has at last produced a dramatic work which has already run a fortnight, and is even running still). "PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT. ANYHOW, I MYSELF AM NO LONGER OF OPINION THAT A MAN IS NECESSARILY A GENIUS JUST BECAUSE HE HAS WRITTEN A PLAY THAT WAS HISSED OFF THE STAGE THE FIRST NIGHT!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

STRAY NOTES ON WOMEN.

I WONDER that no philosopher has yet written a monograph on the meals of women. It is an important and a fascinating subject—important in its relation to food, fascinating in its relation to the female appetite. To any investigator who shall feel tempted to undertake it, I beg to offer the following notes as a sort of *mémoires pour servir*, the rough blocks, as it were, which he may afterwards hew into shape for the purpose of his edifice.

I TAKE it that ever since EVE eat the unpermitted apple between times, women have in every age displayed a liking for odd meals at odd hours. If by dint of scheming and good luck, a modern housewife has been able to get rid of the males of the household, her first impulse is to heave a sigh of relief at the blessed thought that there need be no dinners. She will take unto herself a female friend, and somewhere between six and seven o'clock in the evening, a tray will be brought in to them and will be placed, not on a solid dining-room table, but (and this is essential) on a rickety little side-table. The tray groans under a varied assortment of mixed eatables. There are sand-

wiches, butter, a cake, a fragmentary aspic from yesterday's dinner, two meringues and a half, some ginger-bread biscuits, a dish of strawberry-jam, three poached eggs, some chocolate creams, muffins, dry toast, and a saucer of mixed pickles. So much for the solid part. The liquid is composed of tea, cold water and cream, the last being generally taken separate. It would seem, in the nature of things, impossible that one fragile tray should bear all this load; but it does. Indeed, half the pleasure of the meal is that it should come in all at once on a single tray, and that its disjunct members should later on be gathered together from the four quarters of the room, replaced on the tray, and whisked away into oblivion at one fell swoop.

AND oh, with what a sense of comfortable *abandon* do the two feasters revel in this innocent orgie. There is no hateful formality, no impassive butler stands behind to chill the fervour of conversation, there are no dismal pauses, no taunts from rude men as to the quality of the food or the capacity of the cook. Everything is spread out in full view; you can have a spoonful here, a handful there; you can start with a chocolate cream, follow on with a poached egg and a slice of cake, and wind up with a meringue and a muffin. Glorious meal, and wondrous feminine digestion, to which nothing comes amiss! Men, in comparison, are the merest slaves of a cut and dried routine—apt to be thrown out of gear by the slightest departure from their wretched dietetic ordinances. Give me rather the free and untrammelled meals of a woman when she has been left to herself.

THE average woman, too, is a confirmed supper-eater. Supper is an irregular meal, and women are, therefore, devoted to suppers. Without the substantial support of women all the great supper-providing establishments of the metropolis would have been in the Bankruptcy Court long ago. At balls, after theatres and concerts, at home, or in restaurants—wherever the supper is there will the women be gathered together. Lobster, dressed crab, mayonnaise of salmon or chicken, soup in cups, cold cutlets, ortolans, all disappear as if by magic if only you call the meal supper and provide a reasonable number of lady-guests. If you called it dinner, and fixed it for a decently-digestive hour, the noblest efforts of the *chef* would be sent away untasted, or at most, picked at and dallied with.

AND so we come to picnics and afternoon tea. Now, with regard to afternoon tea, the discussion is a delicate one, for I understand that the great increase in the import of tea during recent years is due to the fact that man, proud man, who formerly used to drink a brandy and soda when he came home from work or play, now puts away his two cups of tea regularly. I am told, that if you offer a man spirits on his return from shooting, he will scout the suggestion and declare that tea is his drink. This may be so, and for the present, therefore, I pass by afternoon tea. But in the matter of picnics our withers are unwrung. Is there a man worthy of the name who dares to affirm that he likes a picnic? Who is it that proposes a picnic? Is it a man? Never. Picnics are merely another method of escape from regularity and comfort in meals, and it is to women that they owe such vogue as they have ever obtained. Who but a woman could ever have had a sufficiently vivid imagination to believe that there was pleasure in dumping your food down amidst stones and wasps and patches of grass, devouring it in ridiculous positions, and leaving a litter of paper to destroy the landscape? But it is a curious fact that there is about most organised picnics a ceremonious formality, which is rarely observable at meals served in the humdrum fashion on a table set on a floor under a ceiling and within four walls.

Hands and Hearts.

"HANDS off, in South Africa!"—so says our Joe, Is our watchword in Africa, our Doctrine MONROE. The Dutchman, remembering some things that are gone, Might hint that our watchword was lately "Hands on!" May be, the best watchword at last will be found, That of TENNYSON's patriot song, "*Hands all Round!*" In which he expressed better patriot pride Than did his successor in "JAMESON'S Ride."

In an Hotel at Southsea.

First Stranger (referring to third). Your friend says that he owns a liquid gum.

Second Stranger. Naturally. Haven't you observed the way in which he sticks to his liquor?

ODE TO THE BLACK PRINCE,

KUMAR SHRI RANJIT SINHI, CHAMPION CRICKETER, 1896.

(A Western Dithyrambic in an Eastern Style.)

PRINCE RANJIT he marched to the westward, from the borders of Bombay he came,
To the banks of the Cam, and he collared the crown of the glorious game,
The game which the GRACES and STODDARTS, the flannel-clad ones of the West,
Declared of all masculine pastimes the proudest and noblest and best.
In the cohort of century-pilers, the sphere-smiting GILBERT was king,
But RANJIT the Run-Getter entered the lists; of his triumphs I sing.



THE BLACK PRINCE (OF CRICKETERS).

Though the poets from PENTAOUR to PETRARCH, from HOMER to AUSTIN would fail
To picture in adequate tints this swart boss of the bat-ball-and-bail!

His sire was a Jam in the East, and so is his son—*real* Jam!
In the Raj-Kumar school in the East, or in Trinity College, by Cam,

Upon cocoa-nut matting at home, or green turf at the Oval or Lord's,

"RANJI" shaped like a cricketer sound, and there's scarcely a sight which affords

More pleasure to judges of "form" than the sight of the slim, swarthy Prince,

In batting as neat as a trivet, in fielding as sharp as a quince,
Giving beans to the best British bowling, or stopping or sprinting like steam,

Or making that lovely late cut, a serene thing of beauty, a dream
Of delight, an ideal of art, with the charm of a perfect technique,
Which a fellow who knows what is what at the wickets, could watch for a week!

The public soon knew "Mr. SMITH," and they yelled every time he appeared,

And they gave him the nick-names crowds give to the cracks to their bosoms endeared,—

"Ramsgate JIMMY," or "Rum-Gin-and-Whiskey"—more pat than polite, to a Prince,
But the cricketing crowd by familiar facetiousness loves to evince
Its rough but sincere hero-worship, as he the great Doctor doth know,
Whom they love to acclaim as "the Old'un," and chaff when he bends for a "blow"
After running a fiver—near fifty! But RANJIT the Run-Getter soon
Began piling "centuries" quickly to a most remarkable tune,
And having a cut at all records. Some toppers that way he's rubbed out.
He's a-top of the Averages now, and he means getting higher, no doubt—
If that's not a bull—Sussex' hope, and the pride of the Cam he appears,
And when the Light Blues give that banquet, your lovers of big British cheers
Will have every tympanum tickled by shouts for the "Black Bat,"—*not* night,
As TENNYSON put it in *Maud*, and SIMS REEVES to a nation's delight,
Hath flutily piped it so often. And faith! the "Black Bat" hath *not* flown,
And all Britons hope well he won't do, for we love to think "RANJI" our own.
An ode to him, then, unto whom we, this season, have owed such a lot!
And when British bats fight for those "ashes," and there are some signs of a "rot,"
When we want someone brilliant *and* steady, hawk-eyed, lion-hearted, and cool,
A blend of MACLAREN and GRACE, with the "stick" of the SHREWSBURY school,
The sparkle of STODDART or WYNARD, the patience of Surrey's brave BOB,
May RANJIT the Black Prince of cricket, be with us, and "well on the job"! ! !

THE TRAVELLING 'ARRY.

(From a Cynical Point of View.)

HE leaves, on setting foot on the Continent, his normal toleration of the foreigner, and regards everyone and everything with undisguised contempt.

He declares that St. Peter's is inferior to St. Paul's, the British Museum superior to the Louvre, and Notre Dame not a patch on Westminster Abbey.

He appears to be recalling Waterloo every time he comes across a French soldier.

He never touches his hat to anyone, and drops "Monsieur" and "Madame" in spite of the custom of the country.

He appears on the boulevards in a pot hat, and ignores evening dress in places where *grande tenue* is *de rigueur*.

He laughs contemptuously at all he fails to understand, and never takes the trouble to comprehend anything.

He assumes that no one but an Englishman can drive, row, shoot, or engage in athletics.

If he travels in France he becomes aristocratic, and socialistic if he wanders in Germany.

He sees nothing in Venice, Florence, Dresden, or Berlin.

He yawns in the Vatican, and goes to sleep in the Paris Opera House.

He walks about everywhere as if the whole place belonged to him, and resents as an intrusion the presence of the original inhabitants.

He speaks his own tongue and no other, and expects everyone to understand him.

He bullies the waiters, and regards the hotel-keepers as brigands.

He never enters a shop without assuming that the persons behind the counter are banded to rob him.

He expects everyone to bow before him, and to make way for him.

He is bumptious and obstinate and stupid and inconsiderate, and then, after disporting himself as an overbearing boulder everywhere in foreign parts, he learns with surprise, on his return to his native land, that the Briton is the reverse of popular abroad.

MOTTO FOR BRITISH CRICKETERS.—Strike only at the ball!



THE DEPTH OF IGNORANCE.

Dissatisfied Competitor (leaving the Ring at a Horse Show). "WHAT! CALL YOURSELVES JUDGES OF HOSSES? WHY, YER AIN'T FIT TO JUDGE BLOOMIN' BROKEN-DOWN BICYCLES!"

EN ÉCOSSE.

A Monsieur Punch.

DEAR MISTER,—I have spoken you of my departure from Calendar on the *breack*. Eh, well, he rained not of the whole of the whole—*du tout du tout! Il faisait un temps superbe*—he was making a superb time, the route was well agreeable, and the voyage lasted but two hours, and not twelve. What droll of idea! In scottish *twa* is two, not twelve. I was so content to arrive so quick and without to be wetted that I gave the coacher a good to-drink—*un bon pourboire*—though before to start all the voyagers had paid him a "tipp," that which he called a "driver's fee." Again what droll of idea! To give the to-drink before to start, and each one the same—six pennys.

My friend encountered me and conducted me to his house, where I have passed fifteen days, a sojourn of the most agreeables. And all the time almost not one sole drop of rain! *J'avais beau*—I had fine—to buy all my impermeable vestments, I carry them never. One sole umbrella suffices me, and I open him but two times. And yet one says that the Scotland is a rainy country. It is perhaps a season *tout à fait*—all to fact—exceptional. But fifteen days almost without rain! One would believe himself at the border of the Mediterranean, absolutely at the South.

And I have eaten of the "porridg," me AUGUSTE! *Partout* I essay the dish of the country. I take at first a spoonful pure and simple. *Oh la, la!* My friend offers me of the cream. It is well. Also of the salt. *Quelle idée!* But no, before me I perceive a dish of *confiture*, that which the scottish call "marmaladde." *A la bonne heure!* With some marmaladde, some cream, and much of sugar, I find that the "porridg" is enough well, for I taste him no more.

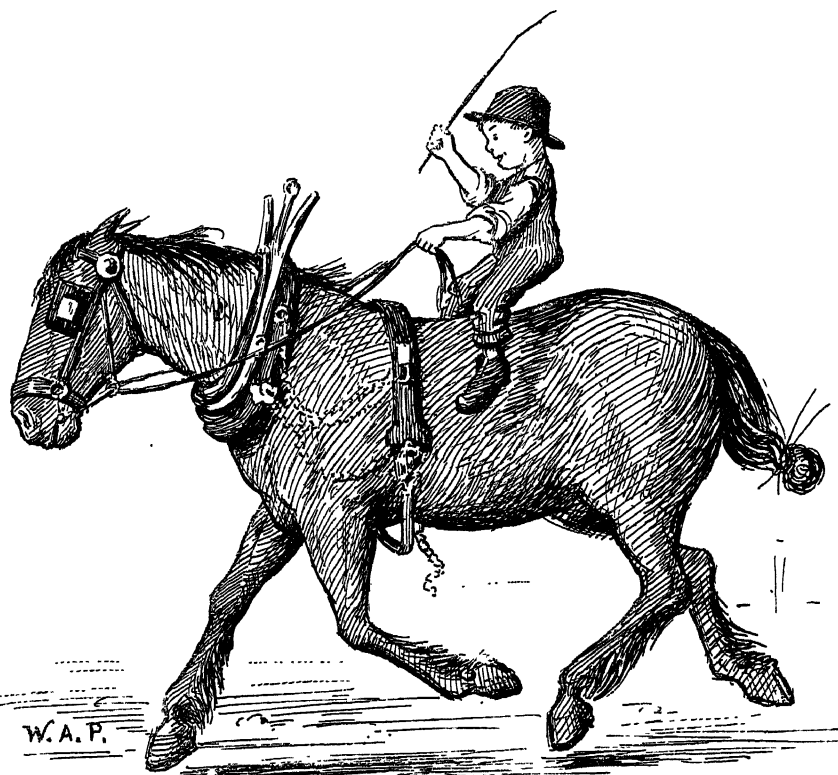
One day we make an ascension, and we see many grouses. Only we can not to shoot, for it is not yet the season of the huntings. It is but a hill that we mount. The name appears me to be french, but bad written. "Ben Venue," that is to say, "*Bienvenu*"—*soyez le bienvenu*. She is one of the first of the scottish hills, and she says "welcome" in french. It is a

pretty idea, and a politeness very amiable towards my country. I salute the hospitable Scotland and I thank her. It is a great country, of brave men, of charming women—ah, I recall to myself some eyes so beautiful, some forms so attracting!—of ravishing landscapes, and, at that epoch there, of a climate so delicious. She has one sole and one great defect. The best scottish hotels cost very dear, and, my faith, the two or three that I visited are not great thing like comfortable—*ne sont pas grand chose comme comfortable!*

One day we make a little excursion on the Lake of Lomond. The lake is well beautiful, and the steamboat is excellent. But in one certain hotel, in descending from a *breack*, and before to embark, we take the "lunch." We bargain not, we ask not even the price, we eat at the *table d'hôte* like all the world in Swiss, in France, even in Germany, when there is but one half hour before the departure of the train or of the boat. *Oh la, la!* I have eaten in the spanish hotels, on the steamboats of the italian lakes, even in the *restaurants*—*mon Dieu!*—of the english railways, but never, never—*au grand jamais*—have I eaten a *déjeuner* like that! One dish I shall forget never; some exterior green leaves of lettuce, without oil or vinegar, which they called a "salad." *Parbleu*—by blue! In all the history of the world there has been but one man who would have could to eat her with pleasure—NABUCHODONOSOR! Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

"Gentlemen v. Players."

THIS title, given to a popular enough cricket match, may sound a little "invidious" to the democratic spirit of to-day, more so, perhaps, than in the times of "Mr." MYNN and FULLER PILEO. "Amateurs v. Professionals" would perhaps do equally well, and create less heart-burning in certain quarters. Mr. C. B. FRAY, that admirable all-round athlete, says that "The so-called sham amateurism exists entirely in the imagination of the few discontented professionals, and in the mischief-making columns of certain negligible journals." Mr. Punch trusts this is so, and Mr. FRAY ought to know. Mr. Punch is inclined to believe that the "real enemies" of the glorious old game are the "Gentlemen" who are not (fair) players, and the "Players" who are not (true) gentlemen.



ILLUSTRATING THE TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER MATTER.

(A Common Object on the Seashore.)

A WORD WI' WALLACE.

(By an indignant Brither Scot, after reading a wild screed in disparagement of Robert Louis Stevenson.)

AIR—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

SCOTS, wha hear what WALLACE said,
 Scots, wham STEVENSON has led,
 Keepin' ye from cosy bed,
 Wi' his glorious minstrelsie,

Now's the day and now's the hour!
 See the front o' WALLACE lour!
 But yon ROBERT has nae pow'r
 To wipe t'ither ROBERT's ee!

Wha will play the traitor-knave?
 Wha, o'er ROBERT LOUIS' grave,
 Ca's him pharisaic slave?
 Fie, fause WALLACE! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's pride and a'
 Scotia's sword will strongly draw,
 And on this crank creetic fa'
 Caledonian, on wi' me!

By Romance's golden gains,
 By sweet poesy's silver strains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 STEVENSON's fair fame to free!

Lay the unworthy WALLACE low!
 ROBERT LOUIS Scotland's foe?
 Then ROB BURNS and SCOTT were so!
 Degenerate WALLACE, mind your ee!

Every Man to his Own Trade.

Ship-owner (joyfully, while reading newspaper). By Jove! the Belgian authorities have arrested BEN TILLET and (sorrowfully) let him go again!

DIS-CUSTED CITIZENS.

EVIDENTLY the National Portrait Gallery is not conducted on popular principles, judging by the following correspondence:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—On visiting the National Portrait Gallery this afternoon, I was astonished to find that there were no likenesses of such celebrities of the turf as CHIFFNEY, ROBINSON, and other famous jockeys, though, to be sure, I noticed a picture of Lord DERBY. What is the Government about? Let the Sporting League take the question up without delay. Yours indignantly,

WELLINGTON MORTAR.

Epsom Chambers, W., September 2, 1896.

SIR,—I have just been to the National Portrait Gallery, and am truly shocked to find that most of our bygone patriots are not represented. Where, for instance, is the inventor of the chimney-pot hat? Why do we not look upon the features of the Worcestershire nobleman, who first compounded the immortal sauce? To whose professional jealousy may I ascribe the absence of the lineaments of that philanthropist, who first brought out flaming fuses? Is Captain WHITE, of mixed pickle fame, not worthy of a place in the National Collection? Where is the subtle chemist, who originated soda-water, or that other, who perceived how happily the sparkling beverage blended with brandy and whiskey? Where is the deviser of the elastic brace, and where the gifted being who brought the Welsh rarebit and its brother, the "buck," into existence? Where—but there, Sir, my patience is exhausted, and so no doubt is your space. This is an age of ingratitude. Our true benefactors live after all, not by the brush of some wretched dauber, but in the continuity of their famous inventions. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

FREDERICK MANDOG.

John Bull Club, September, 5, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—Surely in the National Portrait Gallery there ought to be found some of those exquisite types of female loveliness which delighted an older generation? I have inherited from my revered great aunt, Lady SNIFFLETON, a very valuable library of Books of Beauty and Elegant Annuals, profusely illustrated with the most ravishing representations of fair dames and damsels, whose bright eyes and sweet lips still smile as radiantly as of yore. I have not the distinguished honour of knowing Mr.

LIONEL CUST, but understanding that you are acquainted with everybody, I venture to suggest that you should ask him to purchase the volumes in question? Our being strangers one to another must alone prevent my calling upon you in person. I am, dear Sir, yours artistically,

MATILDA MIFFKINS.

Strawberry Rest, Bath.

HONORED SIR,—Wot's all this rot about a Nashional Portrit Galery? I've bin to see it. There's no JACK SHEPHARD, JONATHAN WILD, CLAUD DUVAL, DICK TURPIN, nor any sich anshient 'eroes, to say naught of miner crib crakkers. Give me Madame Twoswards and the Chamber of 'Errors! Your obedient

JACK DOOKSON.

c/o Potman, Bag of Brads, East.

× His Mark.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE PLAY.—If you are tied to town in September, and yet yearn for the distractions of the continent, you cannot do better than visit the Avenue Theatre. There, to the strains of lively music, you may see the Casino overlooking Monaco, and the Isle of Malta, as viewed from the deck of a yacht, not entirely unsuggestive of *H.M.S. Pinafore*. You will find yourself in the midst of the most agreeable company, inclusive of the Misses LOTTE VENNE, KATE CUTLER, and (thanks to the genuine "kindness of R. D'OYLEY CARTE, Esq.") EMMIE OWEN. There will be Mr. ERIC LEWIS, too, who will introduce you to an unconventional wearer of the Victoria Cross, and Mr. E. W. GARDEN, who will suggest an equally original *garçon* at a restaurant. Then, after enjoying a couple of hours or so of unalloyed amusement, you will return home to Belgravia the Deserted, Brixton the Lonely, or Brompton the Gradually Awakening to Life, satisfied with the comforting reflection that you have passed a pleasant and consequently profitable evening at Monte Carlo without losing touch of the Thames Embankment.

"Cabby knows his Fair."

Middle-class Lady (who has just been driven to High Street, Kensington). What! Half-a-crown!

Cabby. I beg pardon, mum, but I understood yer to say yer was a-going to call at 'Olland 'Ouse.

[Incident closed without further debate.]

THE PENDULUM OF WEALTH.

(A Forecast.)

CHAPTER III.—"Noblesse oblige!"

So the tableau was formed; the Duke trembling with anger, the Duchess with fear, and Mr. MACLAZARUS impassively defiant, when the door was flung open and PLANTAGENET entered, bearing a missive on a japanned tray.

"Pardon me, your Grace," he panted, "but it's a cablegram—no doubt from England."

"Leave the room, Sir," thundered the Duke; and the majordomo, after making a low obeisance, slunk from the apartment.

Despite his wrath, the Duke was a gentleman.

"Excuse me," he said to Mr. MACLAZARUS, before opening the envelope. The dealer bowed, and watched the Duke as he read the inclosure. His Grace's eyes sparkled behind his pince-nez, his form grew more erect, and all trace of indignation vanished from his countenance. Without a word he handed the paper to the Duchess. On her, too, the message had evidently a pleasant effect, for a happy expression came over her face, and soft tears, evidently not caused by grief, made little canals amid the cosmetics on her cheeks.

"Thank Heaven!" she murmured, while Mr. MACLAZARUS wondered what the scene might mean. He had not long to wait for an explanation.

"Mr. MACLAZARUS," said the Duke, in his grandest style, "I shall not sell my pictures, forgeries or otherwise."

"As your Grace pleases," acquiesced the financier.

"Your time is money," continued the Duke, "therefore charge me for the same."

Mr. MACLAZARUS bowed, inwardly resolving that the nobleman must certainly be distraught.

"This despatch," the Duke went on, "is from my son, the Marquis of MANHATTAN; you may as well know its contents." Then in a voice swelling with triumphant emotion, he read:—

"To the Duke of SARATOGA, Milwaukee House, New York.—Am engaged SERINGA BROWN-SMITH, wealthiest heiress in Great Britain. Beautiful and charming lady aged twenty-three. Have explained our position. She agrees to settle one million pounds sterling on you for life, and two millions without conditions on myself. Total fortune, twelve millions. Expect you and mother attend wedding fixed for New Year's Day St. Paul's Cathedral. PRESIDENT gives away bride. Best love. Boom intelligence. MANHATTAN."

"There, Sir, what do you think of that?" added the Duke, with a beaming smile.

"Je-hoshaphat!" was all that Mr. MACLAZARUS could ejaculate. Then recollecting himself, he said, "I sincerely congratulate your Graces."

"Many thanks, my dear Sir," said the Duke, well pleased with the effects which he had made. "You may communicate the information to the Press if you please, but be particular that the sums named are in pounds sterling, not dollars. Let the world know that the Duke of SARATOGA can accept as well as bestow."

"That's true," said Mr. MACLAZARUS to himself, as he thought of the many ducal bills which had passed through his hands.

"Ah! your Grace," he cried, with no feigned enthusiasm; "this is, indeed, a great day for America!"

"It is," said the Duke, simply. "And now, Mr. MACLAZARUS, I pray you, leave us, for the Duchess and myself must instantly cable our blessing and good wishes to the hope of our house and his bride elect."

As Mr. MACLAZARUS leapt into his luxuriously-appointed motor-car, he said, with a quiet chuckle, "So the pendulum is swinging back at last from the other side. I must look out for a British heiress myself. I guess there'll be no infringement of the MONROE Doctrine in this new invasion of the United States."

A Jingo to Joe.

STOP this Dutch farce! KRUGER has scored.

You yield to him a deal too much, man!

The play I'd place on the Boer board

Would be "The Flying Dutchman"!

At Doncaster.

Timid Southerner (to pitman, who is trampling on his corns). I beg your pardon, Sir, but you are—er—walking on my boots.

Pitman. Then, dang it, mon, why didst put thy foot under mine? I want to see t' race, understand.

[Southerner endures silent agony till the Leger is over.]



THE WONDERS OF NATURE.

(A Sketch near Dublin.)

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY LONG AFTER STERNE'S.

(A Romance for a "Ladies Only Compartment.")

SCENE—Reserved Carriage on the London and Utopian Railway. Female Traveller in possession. Enter, suddenly, a Male Traveller.

Male Traveller. A thousand apologies! I really nearly missed my train, so was obliged to take refuge in this carriage. Trust I don't intrude.

Fem. T. (after a pause). As you have no one to present you, I must ask "if you are any lady's husband?"

Male T. (with a sigh). Alas, no! I am a wretched bachelor!

Fem. T. (dryly). That is nothing out of the common. I have been given to understand that all bachelors are miserable.

Male T. No doubt your husband agrees with the opinion?

Fem. T. (calmly). I have no experience. I am a spinster.

Male T. (smiling). Indeed! And you selected a ladies' carriage?

Fem. T. (quickly). Because there was no room anywhere else.

Male T. Well, well! At the next station I can get into a smoking compartment.

Fem. T. Surely there is no need to take so much trouble.

Male T. Why! don't you object to a cigar?

Fem. T. Not in the least. The fact is, I smoke myself!

[Red fire and tobacco.]

Male T. (after a pause). I have it on my conscience to make a correction. I said just now that I was not somebody's husband.

Fem. T. (annoyed). Then you are married!

Male T. (with intention). Well, not yet. But if you like you can receive me as somebody's betrothed.

Fem. T. (regardless of grammar). Who's somebody?

Male T. (smiling). Think of your own name.

Fem. T. What next?

Male T. Why, give it to me; and if you like you shall have mine in exchange. (Train arrives at a station.)

Guard (without). All change! [And later on they do.]



Jack. "WHY DO THE CHURCHES ALWAYS BEGIN AT ELEVEN, GRANDPA?"
Grandpa. "AH—THE ELEVENTH HOUR, MY BOY!"

A SEISMATICAL SHAME!

(By a "Human Boy.")

[It is reported that Juan Fernandez, *Robinson Crusoe's* island, has been entirely destroyed by an earthquake.]

POOR Island of *Robinson Crusoe*!
How could e'en an earthquake treat you so?

Though earthquakes are shocking,
And too fond of rocking,
I'd not have believed one could do so!

Your earthquake is cocky and "sidey,"
And apt to leave places—untidy,
But one must be callous

To scorn all that hallows
The home of dear Rob and Man Friday!

Big Ben goes off Strike.

(By a Sleepless Dweller in Westminster.)

BIG BEN has stayed his strident voice,
His all too constant call!
Big Ben is hushed! I say, rejoice!
Big benefit for all!

Among the Turnips.

Host (to cockney solicitor). Hang it all,
DEEDS, you oughtn't to shoot into the
brown like that!

DEEDS. Shoot into the brown! What
are you talking about? I fired at the
partridges, and I'll bet you drinks I
wounded four!

BOUND TO THE WHEEL.

(A modern Torture happily unknown to poor
Iaxion.)

THE Member of an Ordinary London Club arrived at the pleasant country place to which he had been invited.

"Five o'clock tea going on?" he asked, as he divested himself of his travelling wraps.

"Well, no, Sir. You see, the young ladies—in fact, all the ladies—are cycling, and won't be back until the hour for dressing. But I daresay I can get you a cup if you want one."

Slightly depressed, the Member leisurely assumed the regulation dress suit for dinner, and made his way to the library. No one was there, but there was plenty of literature. The periodicals dealt, it is true, only with wheeling, but there were many of them. The books were locked up in their dust-covered shelves. However, there were a few volumes lying open. They were exclusively devoted to biking, in all its branches.

The time passed slowly, then came a rush of tyres, and the house party had returned to head-quarters.

In due course the hosts and visitors assembled. The Member received a hearty greeting.

"Ah, my dear fellow," cried the squire, cheerily, "you should have come down this morning. Such a splendid run! Went sixty miles without sustaining a puncture!"

The Member was at sea, and said so. Then the Squire discoursed upon the advantages and disadvantages of various makers. One was lighter than the other, and the third was easier to keep in order than the fourth, and so on.

The Member—in his own circle considered "an amusing rattle"—found himself nowhere. He was out of it, completely out of it. The ladies vanished after dinner, and the men were left to their coffee, liqueurs, and cigarettes.

"Next Session there may be a question about the leadership," began the Member.

"Not at all," replied his host. "We are not likely to see the record broken yet awhile. But to return to to-day's run. I do not remember anything to equal it."

And they talked cycling until it was time to join the ladies. They kept up the subject until the appearance of the tray and glasses. They continued it in the smoking-room, in *négligé* jackets and slippers.

The Member had nought to say. And if he had had there would have been no one to listen to him. They talked cycling, and nothing but cycling, until the early hours of the morning.

"By jove," yawned the Member, as he put out the candle, "on my word, much as I hate hunting stories, I do really believe the chatter of the shires, half a century ago, must have been more interesting than nothing but wheeling."

And when the Member made this observation he voiced the opinion of most people who don't bike, and consequently are sane upon the subject of cycling.

MUSICAL.—MR. GLADSTONE declares that Yorkshire is pre-eminent for its bands. Mr. Punch cordially agrees with the right honourable gentleman, for he has never yet come across a "Tyke" who did not appreciate the power of "brass."



CHAIN SC

THE MAN FOR THE JOB!

JACK TAR (*log*). "A TERRIBLE TURK IS HE! AND YOU DON'T CARE TO TACKLE HIM! WELL, SIRS, JUST LEAVE HIM TO ME!"

[On seeing the blue-jackets the Armenians rushed to them for protection, which was readily given. . . . Urgent complaints were addressed to the British Government, when Mr. HARRINGTON replied that, given the same condition of things, English sailors would do it again.—*Daily Paper*.]

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An Old Beau turns over an Album of Portraits, and soliloquises.

THE years, as HORACE says, glide by,
And we change with the lapse of time;
The months that made us laugh or cry,
The weeks of prose, the days of rhyme.
But, looking at this book to-night—
'Twas filled some forty years ago—
I feel an exquisite delight
At meeting those I used to know.

In truth there has been such a change
In each and ev'ry pretty face,
That all of them are very strange,
And seem of quite another race.
Yet once they were the fairest flowers
That ever social garden grew,
To deck the fashionable bowers
Of those who held themselves The Few.

Can this be Lady ALDEGONDE,
This sylph with lilies on her brow?
Of course she is *de par le monde*;
How flesh and years oppress her now!
And here is FANNY, Countess X.,
Who held her sway at many a court.
Poor thing! She joined the fleet of
wrecks,
And never brought her ship to port.

There smiles the Duchess! No one dared
Dispute her right to lead the way.
A Queen of Women, we declared.
She's like a bag of bones to-day.
Ah! Lady NINON, wondrous fair!
For men a goddess to adore.
You must be Time's especial care,
For now you're only thirty-four!

A rosebud bevy next, of girls,
Each in my being had a part;
Mid ringlets, plaits, Madonnas, curls,
I broke in pieces all my heart.
For each a little bit. At last
I found I had no heart to give;
Yet, after such a holocaust,
How was it that I dared to live?

Ah! this was why! That saintly face
Made light, where all before was blind!
My spirit felt the touch of grace
That gave the unknown peace of mind!
Sweet countenance! that ever shone
With pure and beatific flame.
Dearest— Good Gad, my memory's
gone,
I cannot recollect your name!

A CLOSE SHAVE.—By the casting vote
of the Lord Mayor, the Manchester City



Council has decided not to take proceedings against Sunday barbers. *Mr. Punch* congratulates his Lordship and the knights of the razor. There's nothing like lather!

MUST BE NAUTICAL.—Mr. GOSCHEN, when not at the Admiralty, is usually at Seacox Heath, whence he still rules the ocean *cum dignitate*.

DARBY JONES ON THE LEGER.

HONoured SIR,—Once more I take up my pen to refer to a classic carnival, not with that ease, I confess, which distinguishes the Hon. FRANK LAWLEY, Mr. "HOTSPUR" GREENWOOD, and others of the *incognoscenti*, but with a certain amount of confidence, inasmuch as I know that unhappily *St. Frusquin* can't possibly win. I had a modest fiver on him, at your expense; but let that rest



till we settle up my travelling expenses to Doncaster and back. Let me now give my muse a canter:—

If Royalty capture this classic event,
There'll be cheers that you'd hear on the banks of the Trent.

But a bird, who ne'er perches upon a green tree,
Whispers Something that's good for 1, 2, or 3.
If a Derby with Leger could well be combined,
This Something will leave many others behind.
And don't you forget, if a mare's in the race,
That the gentlemen may have to quail at her pace.

With this simple and straightforward enigma, I leave all noble sportsmen to return to their several castles, mansions, and parks, not forgetting the unpretentious cottage *orné*, laden with tons of Doncaster butter-scotch, or the means wherewithal to purchase the same. I regret to say, that although we are well into the partridge season, no boxes of the succulent flyer of the moors have yet reached me from my numerous patrons. Possibly this fact accounts for several dinner-parties which I understand you gave recently, but to which entertainments you omitted to bid

Your faithful servant,
DARBY JONES.

[We ought, perhaps, to mention that a basket, addressed to D. J., and labelled "Game—with care," did reach this office on or about August 14. In deference to the Sanitary Inspector we opened the hamper, and found that it contained what we took to be sweepings from Leadenhall Market. Perhaps Mr. JONES will kindly forward the sum of 5s. 4d. paid out for carriage?—ED.]

ALL VERY FINE AND LARGE!

(A Straight Tip to Cutting Tobacconists.)

FINE-CUT tobaccos are all very fine,
But fine-cut profits make trade decline.
Honest small traders must fall at the charge

Of profits too small in shops too large.
Selling at cost-price, or at a loss,
Reduces business to pitch-and-toss;
And he is the CAIN among business brothers

Who seeks success in ruining others.
Would-be monopolists, this is no joke,
But—something to put in your pipes and smoke!

A DEER INSECT.—The stag-beetle.

THE PULL OF THE POSTERS.

(An imaginary Sketch of what is not of necessity an impossibility.)

["The County Council have under consideration the advisability of letting out the hoardings put up to shield condemned dwelling-houses for advertisements."—*Daily Paper*.]

"BUT I assure you that it is in excellent repair," urged the landlord.

"How can you say that," calmly asked the official, pointing to a fractured pane of glass, "in the face of that broken window?"

"It can be mended. It can, indeed."

"And see that crack in the wall. That is fatal to its stability."

"I see no crack," observed the landlord, mournfully.

"Take my microscope, and the fissure will be clearly discernible." And the official handed the instrument that had been such a valuable auxiliary to the naked eye. After a careful inspection the two men resumed their glasses—the inspector his eye-glass and the inspected his *pince-nez*.

Then the landlord made a last appeal. He pointed out that the house was in better condition than many, than most of its fellows. Considering that it was at the apex of an angle of streets, it bore the attacks of the wind and storm wonderfully well.

"That is the worst of it," said the official. "You see, your house is so well situated. It can be seen for half a mile either way."

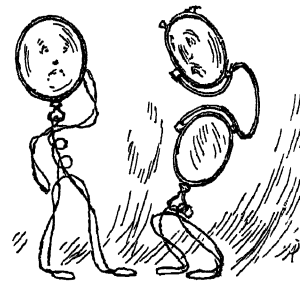
"But why is that an objection? If it were pulled down the hoarding would be up for months—possibly years."

"That has decided the question," responded the until-now wavering official. "Your tenement must come down."

The landlord bowed his head, and knew his house was doomed. He sorrowfully walked away.

"And now, Sir," said the official, turning to a cloaked figure, "I am in a position to deal with you. Nay, concealment is no longer necessary. You can relinquish your disguise."

Thus invited, the newcomer discarded



his mask and slouch hat, and went into figures about the value of advertisement stations, especially at street corners.

Rhodesia Restored.

(By a Well-wisher to the East Africa Co.)

THE E. A. C.'s gold-grubbing craze
Mischief, perchance, forbodes;
But if they will but mend their ways,
They may repair their RHODES.

Mrs. PHOSSYL writes to inquire why the papers state that "Home Railways are flat." She does not know of any mountainous line in England, though she has been, of course, up the Right.



THE WORM THAT TURNS—TOO MUCH.

Angler. "NOW THEN, SAUNDERS, HURRY UP WITH THAT ROD!"

Gillie. "BIDE A WEE, MASTER WULLIE, BIDE A WEE! EH-H! A NEVER KENT THE WUR-R-MS SAE WILD TO THE HOOK AS THEY ARE THE DAY!"

THE INVESTOR'S GUARDIAN.

(Submitted for consideration during the Recess.)

Question. To whom does the originator of a company of limited liability at all times pay the greatest attention?

Answer. To the investor desirous of finding suitable employment for his money.

Q. Must an investor be a millionaire to suit the purposes of the promoter?

A. Not at all, for, in the establishment of a company, fifty one-pound shareholders are just as remunerative as ten five-pound shareholders.

Q. But how can the many learn the advantages of the institution the promoter desires to establish?

A. Through the valuable aid of advertisements in the Press.

Q. Do not *réclames* cost money?

A. They require either cash or credit.

Q. Is there not a mode of collecting the necessary capital without running any risk of failure?

A. Yes; by getting an already-established company to underwrite the shares.

Q. When the prospectus is launched, what further step becomes desirable?

A. It is considered by experts a good plan to give the new venture a hearty "send-off" by inviting chosen representatives of the Press to dinner.

Q. But how does this banquet affect the fortunes of the Isle of Sky and Golden Eldorado Copper Mines of Timbuctoo, Limited, or some corporation of a kindred nature?

A. It has the desired effect of suggesting to the chairman of the company that the promoter can command the services

of the journalist with the aid of a *menu card*.

Q. Is the title of the promoted company of the first importance?

A. Certainly; for the title is the hook (baited with the names of suitable directors) that is intended to catch the golden fish swimming in the direction of Capel Court.

Q. Describe a "suitable director."

A. A suitable director is a person with a title or a reputation, who does not mind advertising either or both at the head of a prospectus.

Q. After becoming a director, what does this suitable person do?

A. If he be wise, he will hold his tongue, receive his fees, and if he have any shares in the company, be ready at a moment's notice to unload.

Q. What is "unloading"?

A. The operation of giving up the old love for some later fancy. When it is *couleur de rose*, and shares are at a premium, then is the time to realize.

Q. When his cash has been paid, what should the promoter do?

A. Gracefully retire from his established venture, and promote something else.

Q. What is the customary fate of the company promoter?

A. A long run for his money, generally followed by an equally long run from his creditors.

THE THREE C'S.

(By a Common Chap.)

["The teaching of cookery is perhaps the most practical form in which elementary schools contribute to the material welfare of the community." *Daily News.*]

Ah! them "Three R's" is mighty fine,
But if you're poor, and a bread-winner,
You know the virtue—when you dine—
Of sitting to a well-cooked dinner!

Pianner-playin' we can shirk,
Likeways recitin' potry passages;
But when a cove comes 'ome from work,
There's comfort in some 'ot fried sas-

sages.
Then taters, too. Not arf bad tack,
If the old hen knows 'ow to bile 'em,
But then, yer see, that needs some knack,
And 'eaps o' working women spile 'em.

There's my old woman—bless her heart,
She's a good sort—but a rank duffer
At makin' of a rhubub tart,

And so my teeth—and temper—suffer.
Now, NELL, my gal, at the Board School
'As larned a bit o' kitchen gumption;
And though I rank as a old fool,

In who it might be thought presumption
To give advice to them, my betters,

Who says we *must* be edicated,
I say there's nore to larn than letters.

NELLY, as I've aready stated,
Can cook a chop or make a stew,

Or fake cold scraps to somethink tasty,
Give tips to her old mother, too,

Who *means* well, but is awful wasty.

We keeps no sarvent—reason why,
It won't run to it in *our* station;

But when young NELL made her fust pie,
We felt the good of education.

And if the School Board wants to send
Comfort to many a 'umble rookery,

It's bound to play the poor man's friend
By teaching of our gals Cheap Cookery.

That makes two C's, and for the third,
Comfort is pooty sure to foller.

And though perhaps it sounds absurd,
For *Home* they beat the Three R's
holler!



Clerk of Booking-Office. "THERE IS NO FIRST CLASS BY THIS TRAIN, SIR."
'Arry. "THEN WOT ARE WE GOING TER DO, BILL?"

THE DEATH OF THE DANCE.

A TURVEYDROPPIAN LAMENT.

["I had rather be old and teach deportment than be young and teach people to romp the barn-dance."—*A Speaker at the recent meeting of the British Association of Teachers of Dancing.*]

OH! what has become of deportment in dancing?

The dance of to-day is *no* dance, but a romp!

The once "light fantastic" is now heavy prancing,

Befitting a big Flanders horse, or VAN TROMP.

A Dutchman in knickers full primed with dull liquors,

Galumphing around in a heavy-heeled style,

Were as dear to the Muse as the clumsy high-kickers,

Whose antics might make e'en an elephant smile.

Terpsichore's rulings and Turveydrop's schoolings

Are wholly ignored in the balls of to-day.

Delicate footings would now be dubbed foolings;

All "steps" disappear—lounging languor's dull way!

To "walk through" a sluggish quadrille like a yokel,

Or kick up your heels in a vulgar barn-dance,

Seems the choice of automata limp and unvoiced,

Spasmodic of limb, and despondent of glance.

Oh! where are the gallant old *beaux* plump and bloomy?

And where are the *belles*, with their prim pointed toes,

Who ambled with unction through halls high and roomy,

Arch-eyed, pink of cheek, and tip-tilted of nose?

It's really too shocking, this languorous mocking

Of old-fashioned elegance, vigour, and *verve*!

The generous glimpse of an open-worked stocking

Our youths seldom thrill with, and scarcely deserve.

What great house and Court meant to pooh-pooh deportment,

Punctilious step and elaborate bow;

To tolerate dawdlers in dreary assortment,

Who pose like pump-handles and dance—*anyhow*;

Why "pantaloons" natty and "pumps" prim and pointed

Give way to cylindrical "bags," who can tell?

A maundering mollusk, dejected, disjointed,

Our "dancing" young fellow, or drawing-room "swell."

What profits plump calf or trim, tightly-hosed ankle

If hid by cloth tube or full floor-sweeping skirt?

What profits *complaint*? Yet such horrors will rankle,

And Turveydrop tenderness terribly hurt.

Nay, MENDELSSOHN'S "*Roamer*," as rendered by FOLEY,

Might well say "what profiteth arm, leg, or span,"

In square dance mechanic, or waltz melancholy,

Unless they be used, as of old, "like a man"?

THOUGHTLESS MANAGERIAL CONDUCT—NO UNDER-STUDIES.

(See "*Greenroom Rumours for September.*")

"In consequence of the annual holiday of Mr. RUPERT SNAGGS, the Jocular Theatre will be closed for the next six weeks."

"Madame KLARINSKA KORDOVA being under contract to supply herself with a three months' rest, the successful run of the charming opera *Tweddledee* and *Tweddledum* has been unavoidably interrupted. It will, however, probably be replaced on the boards in April next."

"Mr. GUSHINGTON JONES, the eminent comedian, has been the victim of a sad misunderstanding. It appears that this rising young histrion, during his recent visit to the United States (when his nightly income exceeded that of the Prime Minister), purchased an exceedingly fine grey mare of the true blue-grass blood. Unfortunately, some hitch has arisen in connection with the delivery of the animal in this country, and Mr. "GUSH" (as he is affectionately termed by his colleagues) has been summoned across the Atlantic Ocean by cable. This naturally terminates the career (for the present) of the phenomenal musical comedy, *The Black Cockatoo*."



"DOING TIME."

(Fancy Sporting Sketch—Old Style.)

LIFE IN A MOTOR-VILLA.

(Being Pages from a very Modern Log-book.)

Monday.—Capital idea that about motor-houses I heard the other day. Must invest in one at once. MARIA is charmed with the notion. Says she's too stout for cycling, and never gets change of air. . . . Just been to the agent's—most obliging man—showed us round his works, and gave us several trial runs. He has got quite a little village on wheels, from a family mansion, weighing 3,000 tons, with lodge and front drive complete, down to a delightful little six-roomed touring cottage, with creepers, verandah, mudguard, cow-catcher, and automatic brake—just the thing for a newly-married couple. However, we eventually decided on a stylish-looking, but solidly-built petroleum-fed villa, about 400 tons in weight, with pneumatic tyres and a small front garden for the children, guaranteed to go ten miles an hour against head winds, and insured against collisions and explosions. Took it on a three years' lease, and engaged an engineer on the spot, but mean to drive it myself as much as possible. Had it sent round to Oxford Street to-night. We shall have to embark early to-morrow morning as the whole street is on the move, and the rush of houses out of town is something tremendous just now. Have already christened it "Roly"—short for Petroleum Villa.

Tuesday, 4 A.M.—Roly was rather restive during the night, and wanted to start off on its own accord before daybreak, having had a double allowance of oil. I am sorry to say it tore up the lamp-post to which it was tethered, but was chased by a policeman and brought back safely. No other damage done, except a shop window stove in and a bit of our front garden chipped off. . . . We got away a little later than originally intended, owing to the cook having struck, saying she wasn't a-going to ride in a gipsy caravan. We finally arranged to double her wages. The nurse nearly fell overboard with the baby, but MARIA managed to stop her in time. Also TOMMY was lost at the last moment, but we found him at last, eating tarts in the engine-room, next to the kitchen. He was in a dreadful state, all over oil. Little MAUDIE was rather fractious at her strange surroundings, and her cries attracted the attention of the police, who requested us to move on. This we did about six o'clock, after taking in the milk. I myself drove, MARIA keeping a lookout from a bedroom window. I managed very well, with hints from the engineer, though I ran into the Marble Arch shortly after starting, which delayed us a bit. However, our abode held very well together, and we only dropped a chimney-pot and a window-sash. We had an exciting race with another villa going west, and were nearly being beaten, when

the latter, in trying to pass us on the wrong side of the road, fouled the Park railings and exploded. We then forged ahead, and turned south towards the river, oiling up at Putney Bridge. I began to find the amount of petroleum consumed rather heavy, having used up a large cisternful in the morning. Still, I found the motion pleasant, but the housemaid was rather seasick, and gave notice. GLADYS fell out of the nursery window, on to a passing cart, fortunately, so we recovered her without much trouble. We nearly stuck fast on the bridge, but managed eventually to squeeze through, though we upset the front gate and part of the garden walk into the river. Nothing further happened till we got to Barnes, where we anchored for the day. Our nerves were somewhat shaken, and we were rather glad of a stoppage. There were also some repairs to be done, and the engineer had to be discharged, as he said the machine required whisky. He rolled off the back yard, so I declined to take him aboard again. Shall run the show myself.

Wednesday.—Roly refused to budge this morning, and, unluckily, a local grocer threatened to sue us for obstructing his "ancient lights." We had stopped in front of his shop, I found. I pointed out that it was an excellent advertisement for him, but he would not listen to reason. We were in danger of getting mobbed, when somehow the apparatus started off automatically, and ran away with us in the direction of Wimbledon Common. Here we got off the tracks entirely, and, after a series of mishaps, landed in a gravel-pit. MARIA made some rather unkind remarks about my bad steering. I admitted I was only a beginner, but I pointed out that we were in a most fortunate position (though undoubtedly somewhat badly bunkered), as gravel was now, so to speak, laid on, and we could execute some needful repairs on our front walk. The roof was slightly damaged by the fall, and showed signs of caving in, and the dining-room floor gave way, but otherwise Roly was as fit as ever. We decided to picnic for dinner among the furze-bushes, and bivouacked for the night outside, just as a change. No further incident occurred, and the villa was quite quiet throughout the night.

Thursday.—I spent the best part of the day trying to get our abode out of the gravel-pit. We effected it at last, with the aid of six steam-cranes, only to find that both our hind wheels were punctured. This caused further delay, and we had almost to turn Roly upside down. MARIA was considerably upset, and GLADYS rolled down the stairs and landed in the gorse. We got under way at last, but did not go far, as we stopped at Rayne's Park to pay a call. Our friend was delighted at seeing we had brought the whole establishment round. She said the mountain was going to Mahomet, after all. Whether the villa was trying to show off or not I don't know, but we finished the evening by demolishing Mrs. E.'s front hedge, and generally damaging the landscape.

Friday.—An off-day—that is to say, we were off, and lost our way completely. A fog came on—most unusual in August—and we ran over an old woman, though only going half-speed and blowing foghorns all the time. After that we heve to.

Saturday.—Our at-home day, but no callers, as our friends had apparently been unable to catch us up. The postman also had failed to discover our whereabouts. After waiting till past tea-time we made a move for Sutton, and soon set off at a brisk pace. We passed a good many other motor-villas, detached and semi-detached (or tandem), going along the Brighton road for the week-end. MARIA thought she would like to drive for a change, while I steered from the front gate. I successfully eluded two tax-collectors and a gas-man, and knocked one or two widders down. We met the DE SNOOKSES in their autobungalow going from Morden to Mitcham, but they were pursuing such an erratic course that we had to back into a hedge to let them pass. Several large boarding-houses and a family hotel overtook us, cutting up the roadway frightfully. They ought not to be allowed to go more than ten miles an hour. Near Benhlton, Roly jibbed rather at a dog-cart, horses being such a strange survival in these days. At last MARIA put on a spurt, and automated in fine style up Sutton High Street. Unluckily, on nearing the top, the gradient proved too strong for our tonnage, and our wheels began to go round the wrong way. We rapidly descended the hill, back yard first. We charged the church, tore up the pavement, cannoned into a public-house, leaving our night-nursery behind. MARIA then quite lost her head, while the steering apparatus got beyond my control. With a superhuman effort, however, I managed to direct Roly at the gasworks, which blew up on the impact, severely shaking the baby. We then came to a standstill, and were taken in charge by the local policeman for furious moting. On the whole, we have had quite an exciting little expedition, and shall not be averse to a Sunday rest.



A FRIENDLY REBUKE.

"THANKS FOR A VERY PLEASANT EVENING, AND GOOD-NIGHT, HERR PROFESSOR. I'M SORRY TO HAVE TO LEAVE YOU SO EARLY!"
 "ACH! FRÄULEIN, WHEN YOU COME TO SEE US, YOUR STAYS ARE ALWAYS SO SHORT!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

"THE UNIVERSAL LITERARY SUPPLY COMPANY, LIMITED."

I HAVE just gone through a startling experience, and I desire to communicate the details to the public before they shall have faded from my memory. It is of course a mere truism to say that many strange things are being done in our very midst without our being in the least aware of them; but it is certainly extraordinary that anything connected with literature should at the present day remain hid, for has not the man in the street taken to literature, and do not countless periodicals, illustrated interviews, articles on "How I do my work," with flash-light photographs of eminent authors in the act of composition—do not all these prove how deep and wide-spread is the public interest in all matters of literary concern? There are reasons, no doubt, which would lead those who know the institution of which I am going to speak to keep their knowledge to themselves. These reasons, however, do not affect me; my withers are unwrung, though many a galled jade will wince when I have finished my story. To my task, therefore.

I HAPPENED—it was on Friday last—to be wandering in one of the less frequented streets in the neighbourhood of the Mile End Road, when my attention was arrested by a small black board hung over the entrance of a dingy block of buildings. I scarcely know why I should have stopped; perhaps it was an intuition, perhaps it was a mere chance. Anyhow, stop I did, and read the following advertisement, painted in dirty white letters on the board:—"The Universal Literary Supply Co., Limited. Office hours, 10 to 6. Knock and ring." Impelled by an irresistible curiosity, I knocked and rang. There was a shuffle of feet in the passage, the door was half opened, and the untidy face of a house-wench peered dubiously at me. "I called—I mean, I wanted to see—" I began.

"Want to see the manager, I suppose," she interrupted. "e's 'avin a sangwich and a pint just now, and p'raps if you'd call again—" At this point, a door on an upper floor was opened, and a gruff male voice, rendered thick by the mastication of bread and meat, called down, "What's up, SALLY?"

"Another on 'em wants to see you, Sir."

"All right, let him in."

"Come, in Sir," she said to me; "fust door on the right on the fust landin'. Mind yer 'at." I minded my hat, and walked upstairs.

THE door indicated was open, and I stepped in. I found myself in an immense room, brilliantly lit by electricity. Some fifty clerks were busily writing at desks, and hardly noticed my entrance. The walls were lined with cupboards and shelves, all lettered and numbered. Huge iron boxes were ranged all round the room. The atmosphere was heavy, a sort of mixture of foolscap, ink, type-writers, proof-sheets, copying-presses, beer, whisky, and biscuits. I cannot remember ever having noticed air of this peculiar kind anywhere else, and yet, somehow, I recognised it at once as familiar. I breathed it in with immense gusto, and my hand strayed mechanically to the pocket in which I keep my note-book. I did not know what notes I was going to set down, but I felt that I must write something. Before I could do so, however, an elderly man, with a grey moustache, a red face, a brown alpaca jacket, a turn-down collar, a brilliant red tie, baggy shepherd's plaid trousers, carpet-slippers, and with three quill pens stuck behind his right ear, came up to me and addressed me.

"I PRESUME," he said, "that you have the usual introduction?"

"Introduction?" I faltered. "I don't quite know. What kind of introduction do you mean?"

"Oh, well, any introduction will do. We prefer a note from an editor, but publishers are accepted. Yes, we've done a lot of business through publishers. Of course, we can't supply everybody—we do our best, but the business has grown so enormously that we find that we can't accept fresh customers without an introduction."

"Of course, of course," I said; "I quite see that; but I'm afraid I omitted to provide myself with one. I saw your notice, and as it said you were universal, I thought I'd step in. But perhaps a cheque would do, a cheque signed by an editor, I mean. I've got one or two about me."

"Oh, yes, a cheque would do, though it's rather unusual. We should not undertake to cash it, but if it is drawn for anything over £5 there would be no difficulty."

As luck would have it I had that very morning received a cheque for precisely that amount from dear old BOLDERS, the editor of "Snapshots, with which is incorporated *The Raffle*." I produced it with a certain modest pride. The effect was instantaneous.

"My dear Sir," said the manager, "such a reference is ample. We shall be proud to open an account with you. What might you require?"

This was another poser. I really had no notion what I required; indeed, I didn't know what class of goods the establishment supplied.

"Perhaps," I ventured to say, "I might take a look round first. I shall probably want a large order executed."

"By all means; delighted to show you round myself. All our articles, I may mention, are of the very best. We receive them direct from the manufacturers. Now, here," he continued, tapping one of the iron boxes, "here we have a large consignment of heroines."

"Of what?" I gasped.

"Of heroines," he went on, without moving a muscle; "heroines of novels, you know. We used to let them have the run of the place, but during the last year or two we found they carried on so dreadfully with the clerks, and put such curious ideas about marriage and all that into their heads, that we've had to keep them shut up. The mothers of the clerks complained a good deal, and it's always best to avoid rows. Shall I show you one or two?"

(To be continued.)

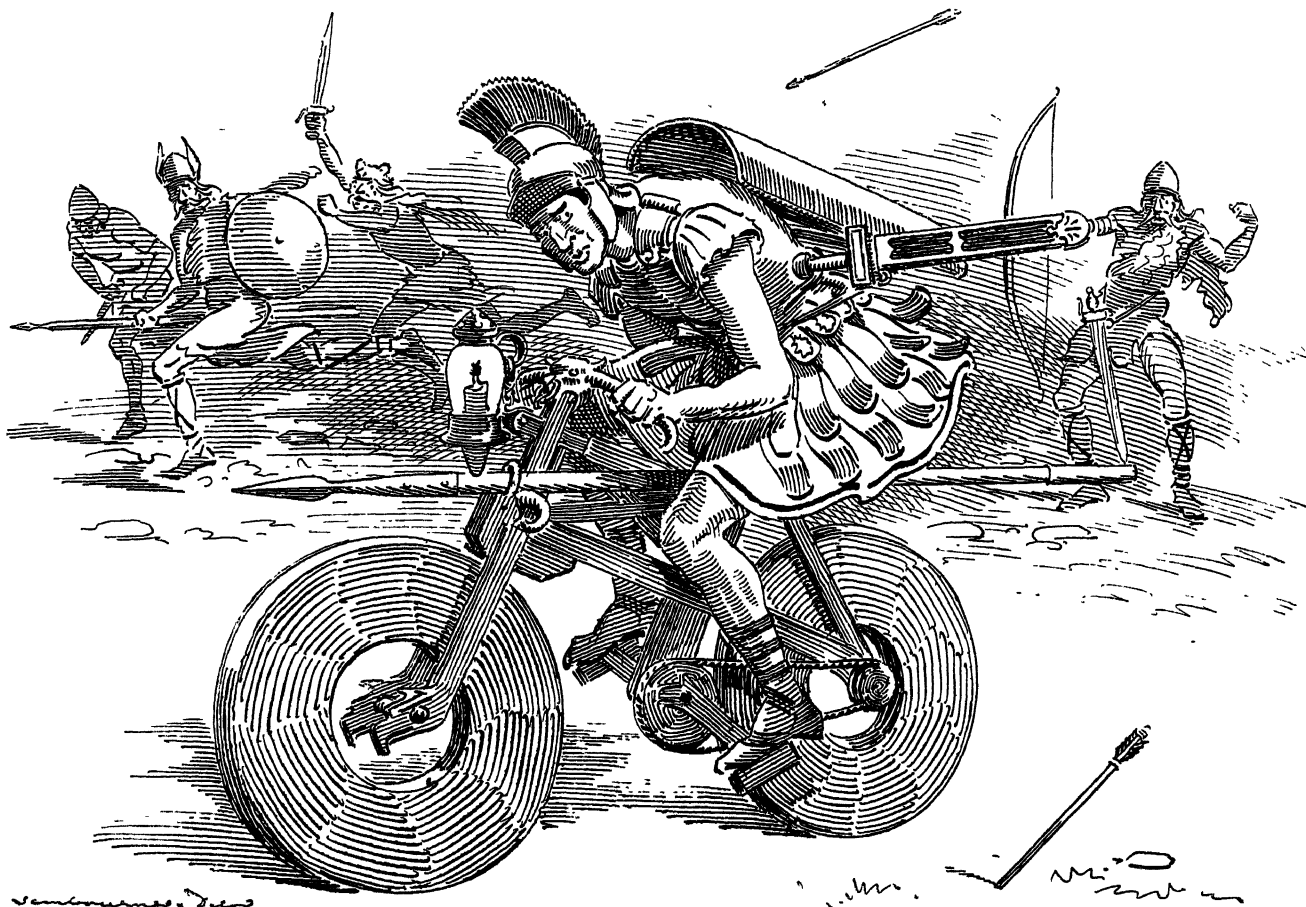
An Unpublished Soliloquy.

(Picked up in an Imperial Railway Carriage.)

"THE KAISER and the TZAR tenderly embraced one another, when parting at Görlitz."

DEAR WILHELM, many and many a time
 I've longed your Teuton nose to tweak.
 To do so now would be a crime,
 Since I have hugged your matchless cheek.

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (in want of bail).—Q. Why should a sea-captain be invaluable in a shop? A. Because he is usually a good counter skipper.



"NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN."

(Cycling known to Shakspeare.)

Messenger.

SPIES OF THE VOICES

HELD ME IN CHASE, THAT I WAS FORCED TO WHEEL

THREE OR FOUR MILES ABOUT."—*Coriolanus* Act I., Sc. 6.

MEETINGS IN THE NORTH—NEW STYLE.

(As arranged by the Commissioners of H.M.'s Office of Works.)

SCENE—Holyrood Park. TIME—Noon.

PRESENT—EDWIN and ANGELINA, seated beneath the trees.

Angelina (with enthusiasm). I can assure you the piece was most amusing. The villain said, raising his arm, "I have been the cause of the death of your brother."

Edwin (apprehensively). My own one, pray be careful, you are giving a representation.

Angelina (astonished). And why not? Surely I can tell you what I saw at the theatre.

Edwin (sotto voce). My own, I fear that the Commissioners, unless they authorise it, will not allow it.

Angelina (with a smile). How absurd. (Continuing her story.) You see he laid his hand upon her arm like this.

Edwin (looking around in alarm). Oh, don't, dear. As a barrister I must tell you that that gesture may be taken as an "action in dumb show." You are really seriously infringing the by-laws.

Angelina (pouting). You are very disagreeable. I always thought you so clever! And now I believe you are dull and silly!

Edwin (distressed). My angel, you know that I would not harm a hair of your head; still, it is only right to say that such a speech as yours might be held as an act calculated to provoke a breach of the peace.

Angelina (testily). You wish to irritate me!

Edwin (imploringly). How can you say such cruel things! But Holyrood is now under new rules, and we must be bound by them.

Angelina (after a moment's consideration). Well, we must wait until we return to London. We will continue our conversation in Kensington Gardens.

Edwin (mournfully). Alas! loved one, that would not better the situation! The rules apply equally to them, and to St. James's Park, the Green Park, Regent's Park, Primrose Hill, Greenwich Park, Kew Gardens, Kew Green, Hampton Court Gardens and Green, Richmond Park and Green, Linlithgow Peel and Park, the Royal Botanical Gardens, Edinburgh, and the Victoria Tower Gardens. (Gently, after a long pause.) My own, my dearest, do speak to me. Come (with an attempt at gaiety), a penny for my thoughts?

Policeman MacX. (confronting them). Now, Sir, I have caught you in the very act. Asking for a penny when the regulations say "that no money shall be solicited or collected in connection with any performance, recitation, or representation, And thinking is a performance, as you know as well as me."

Edwin (with dignity). Constable, I am a counsel. If you knew the by-laws you quote so glibly you would be aware that all this may be done "by permission of the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Office of Works."

Angelina (in tears). Oh, we haven't got a permission!

Policeman MacX. (sternly). Then, Sir, all you will have to do is to pay a penalty not exceeding £5. That is when the charge is proved.

Edwin (after a moment's hesitation). Constable, you are a man of the world. Do you not think that half-a-crown, payable at once to you, would do as well?

[The scene closes in upon Policeman MacX. considering.]

REAL AUTUMN HANDY-CAP.—A deerstalker.

THE NEWEST PALACE OF (POSTER) ART.

(Fragments of the Cryptic Confession of a Disillusioned Devotee of the Subterhuman and Anti-natural.)

I BUILT my soul a poster-pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease to drowse and dwell.
I said, "Oh, soul, at neo-pagan nous,
Dear soul, thou art a swell!"

A railway station big as Charing Cross
I chose. Abundant space and height
Were needful. It had windows green as
moss,
Which let in little light.

Posters I hung on every ledge and shelf,
O'er wall-place clear, or winding stair.
My soul could live alone unto herself
With her ideals there!

And "while the world plods round and
round," I said,
"Reign thou apart, a High-Art king,
Still as a parrot who, its supper made,
Sleeps in its brazen ring."

To which my soul made answer like a shot,
"You bet, my boy! Here I'll abide
Far from old Nature's inartistic rot,
In superhuman pride!"

Full of big bills and small the palace stood,
All various, each a perfect whole.
Unknit from Nature, fit for every mood
Of my superior soul.

For some were hung all gaudy green and
blue
Like Covent Garden at the morn;
Imps with lank cheeks and currant eyes
askew,
And wreathed satyr-horn.

One seemed all black and red—like Alum's
sands—
With Something ogling there alone,
A subterhuman shape, with spectral
hands,
And surplusage of bone.

One showed an inky coast and steely
waves,
Shaped like flat-irons big and small;
With orange-coloured nymphs who wanted
shaves,
Else vested scarce at all.

And one a full-fed satyr waddling slow,
With harpies on a purple plain,
High-kicking horrors in a hideous row,
Dancing like imps insane.

And one a causeway black with chunks and
crag,
Beyond some snaking lights, and higher
Two haggard shapes with serpentine
scrag,
And eyes of lurid fire.

Nor these alone, but every landscape
queer,
Smudge-slopped and inkily be-lined,
Haunted by vaporous shapes of fiendish
fear,
Like nought that is designed.

Or a maid-monster just let loose from
Styx,
Nondescript, nameless, flat of form,
Tangled in arabesques—a curious fix—
Like rigging in a storm:

With eyes oblique which stared but could
not see,
A scarlet porter's knot her hair,
Wound round green temples; lips curled
mockingly
Sky-blue her bosom bare.

Nor these alone: but each chimera quaint
Which the supreme artistic mind



"THE ANCHOR'S WEIGHED."

(Sketched on an Excursion Steamer.)

Shaped from the inane, was there, in
lurid paint,
Like nought in life designed.

"Oh, all things rare to sate my morbid
eyes!

Oh, shapes and hues that please me
well!

Oh, bogey faces! Oh, mad phantasies!
My gods, with whom I dwell!

"Oh, High-Art isolation which art mine,
I can but count thee perfect gain,
Watching the drudging droves of wash and
line,
The pretty and the plain!"

So my soul thrive and prospered, several
years

She boomed it; then a slump befell—
In posters; though the public has long ears,
Horrors no more would sell.

Deep dread and loathing of sheer solitude
Fell on my soul, from which was born

Longing for beauty and for human mood,
And freshness of the morn.

But in dark corners of her palace stood
Those spectral shapes; and unawares
She shrank from phantasies in ink and
blood,

Art's horrible nightmares;
And shapeless shades wrapt in fuliginous
flame,
And with lewd lips, faun-foreheads, all;
And was compelled to turn, for very
shame,
Their faces to the wall.

So when the boom was wholly finished,
She threw its relics all away.

"It is small use to try and sell," she said,
"Posters no longer pay!"

"Yet pull not down my palace walls,
which are
Substantially and strongly built.
Art is not all riddles crepuscular,
Of subterhuman guilt."



Enthusiast. "THIS IS RATHER A GOOD THING I PICKED UP THE OTHER DAY. I'M AFRAID IT 'LL HAVE TO BE RESTORED, THOUGH."
Flippant Friend. "WHY, WHOM DID YOU SNEAK IT FROM?"

"A WONNER."

AMONGST much interesting reading in the current number of the always fresh and well-informed *Bookman*, is a review, signed WILLIAM WALLACE, of the centenary edition of BURNS, edited by Mr. HENLEY and Mr. HENDERSON. There have been many WALLACES since "Scots wae hae" bled with the original WILLIAM. A glance down this review convinces TOBY, M.P., that this particular W. W. is none other than his esteemed colleague in the House, the Member for Edinburgh. Mr. WALLACE does not like Mr. HENLEY, nor does he hanker after Mr. HENDERSON. They have the same effect upon him as is wrought by the blameless presence of the

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD seated on the front Opposition Bench in the House of Commons. He begins his article in the self-restrained manner in which he precluded his last attack on his esteemed leader for temporary absence from the post of duty—a homily interrupted, it will be remembered, by the SQUIRE's solemnly stalking in. Before proceeding far he breaks forth into full invective, and knocks together the heads of the hapless joint editors till one does not know which is HENLEY and which HENDERSON.

Mr. WALLACE's indignation culminates at the discovery that the editors dismiss the first poem in the first volume, "The Two Dogs," without note explanatory of the epithet, "Wee blastit wonner." "What

is the meaning of wonner?" he angrily asks. If he really wants to know, he should look up *The Old Curiosity Shop*. "Miss SALLY's such a wonner, she is," said the Marchioness, on the occasion of *Dick Swiveller's* first visit to the kitchen of the Brass household. "Such a what?" asked *Dick*. "Such a wonner," the Marchioness repeated.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Sojourner in North Britain goes Salmon-fishing with a New Young Woman.

FAR from the busy haunts of men,
 'Mid hazel, heather, gorze,
 You are the Beauty of the glen,
 And I the Beast, of course.
 I fetch and carry at your wish,
 I wait your beck and nod,
 And yet your soul is with that fish,
 Your ardour in your rod.

He struggles hard, gives now a lunge,
 Like boxer in the ring,
 And now he executes a plunge
 That makes your tackle spring;
 And then again he quiet lies,
 As if in cunning thought
 Of how to lose this worst of flies
 That he so gladly caught.

Anon we see his silver back
 Rush madly up the stream,
 And then he takes another tack,
 An effort that's supreme;
 He tries to leap the rocky wall
 That environs the pool.
 How hot that rush! How low that fall!
 While you are calm and cool.

You utter not a word; your wrist
 Must surely be of steel;
 For, let your captive turn or twist,
 You never spend the reel.
 But with your eye fast fixed you stand—
 Diana with a hook—
 Determined that good grilse to land,
 And bring your fly to book.

Well done! He weakens! With the gaff
 I'm ready for the prey.
 And now you give a little laugh
 That means "He must give way!"
 "Look out!" you cry. I do look out,
 And then I lose my head.
 You've missed the fish without a doubt,
 But captured me instead!

At Battle Abbey.

Guide. This is the Banqueting 'All—
American Tourist (looking at his watch).
 Come, stow that. If you'll only point
 out the bedchamber in which King
 HAROLD died, I'll make tracks. What!
 didn't pay in his checks here? Then I
 won't be imposed on any longer. It's my
 belief there never was any Battle of Hast-
 ings. The whole thing's a tarnation fraud!
[Exit angrily with family and grip-sacks.]

The Poet and his Love.

(A Lapsus Linguae.)

He. I see that you wear brown boots,
 sweetheart—a sign of the falling of the
 year.

She. Yes, it is in concord with the de-
 cadence of the leaf.

He. Say rather with the cutting of the
 corn.

*[And then the match was broken off
 through no fault of his.]*

CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(For Ladies only.)

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—I have done it, *moi qui vous parle*. Henceforward look upon me as devoted to the most reckless dissipation on the most immoral lines. That I am sure is the impression which my conduct would suggest at Little Piggewick, where your dear father has for so many years and so vehemently inveighed from the pulpit against the sins of the turf, on the Sunday before the Derby. And yet I, who was at one time a lambkin in his flock, have strayed among the wolves, and actually seen the race for the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, which till then I only knew by reason of its succulent butter-scotch.

It was in this wise. Papa and I were staying at the NIBBLETHORPE-NOBBES's, near York, when Lord ARTHUR RANTIPOLE implored me to accept a seat on his coach (which he takes about with him like a hat box), and, *ma mie*, as does the damsel in the play, I fell before *les beaux yeux de son altesse*. Lord ARTHUR is one of those unfortunate noblemen who is married but not wedded. Many years ago, when a mere boy, he was entrapped by the charms of a female (I cannot call her anything else), who posed in the choreographic ranks of a theatrical company, collected for the purpose of showing the advantage of beauty unadorned. He, as he has often told me, out of pure chivalry espoused this creature. He was *sans peur* if she was not *sans reproche*. I need not tell you how the ill-fated alliance ended; but this I do know, *it was all her fault*. He has given her, in the noblest way possible, every chance of releasing herself from this odious entanglement, but she refuses to accept the opportunities. Meantime she is a constant drain on his income and a stumbling-block in his career. "Ah, KADJ" (we are on most friendly terms), he said, only the other night, "if you only knew what it is to bear it and grin." Papa says that Lord ARTHUR was referring to the Stock Exchange; but I never take any account of his remarks.

Mrs. PLANTAGENET-NIBBS, who of course was of the party, suggested a "sweep" over the great event. I did not at first grasp her meaning, thinking it had something to do with smoky chimneys. Not so the rest of the party, and we were very shortly afterwards, after paying five shillings a-piece, engaged in taking slips of paper out of Mr. NIBBLETHORPE-NOBBES's hat. I drew a horse called *Phœbus Apollo* (*quel joli nom!*), but nobody thought I should win; though Mr. SWINBURNE JENKINS offered me ten shillings for my chance of taking the pool. "*Pas si bête!*" I replied, much to the discomfiture of the poet. Lady TYPINA TIPCAT, having obtained H.R.H.'s noble steed *Persimmon*, was so elated that she handed a whole five-pound note to a smart-looking individual, who implored her "to back her fancy for a place." But when the Prince conquered, he did not appear to pay her Ladyship her winnings. Sir WILLOUGHBY WEAR said that he must have come from Wales. I did not know that the gallant little principality, so famous for its leeks, Sir WATKIN WILLIAMS-WYNN and Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, could be capable of producing such inhabitants; but Sir WILLOUGHBY remarked that he had never come across such unscrupulous beings as those who are born the legitimate subjects of the Heir Apparent to the throne of Great Britain. In this opinion he was supported by Mr. KAMP-TULICON, who was exceedingly annoyed that his sister should have imperilled five shillings with the same unprincipled individual.

Mr. SWINBURNE JENKINS, who insisted on our drinking to the memory of poor JAMES THE FOURTH of Scotland, it being the anniversary of Flodden Field, at once began an ode on the race. He wrote on the back of an envelope, and I know that the first two lines ran:—

"Light the beacon on Snowden and mighty Plinlimmon!
For the tale that is told of the hero *Persimmon*."

There was a good deal more, but the groom, who looked after the refreshments, inadvertently swept the paper into the ice-pail, where the fugitive lines were speedily destroyed, to the great and natural wrath of the bard. Lord ARTHUR—*toujours à propos*—said that Mr. JENKINS ought to be called "the Water poet, with a(n) ice sentiment." It would be useless for me to attempt to describe the scene. This intoxicating combination of colour and life, the Yorkshire dialect, the yells and the cheers when H.R.H.'s success was known, made me feel quite reckless, despite the doleful drizzle, and I threw pence to the negro minstrels with the prodigality of an Eastern satrap. And the costumes! There were some actresses in a break near our coach whose head-dresses suggested a flower show of the Royal Horti-



Doctor. "Now, WHAT DID YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER DIE OF?"
Applicant. "WELL, SIR, I CAN'T SAY AS I DO 'XACTLY REMEMBER;
BUT 'TWARNT' NOTHING SERIOUS!"

cultural Society. These ladies looked wickedly nice in grass lawn and lace, which Mrs. PLANTAGENET-NIBBS—who is always inclined to be nasty—said would give their mothers no trouble to renovate, as they were mangled already by the pressing attentions of their male friends. I noticed that Papa seemed somewhat annoyed by the presence of *ces dames*, and carefully avoided looking at them.

Not so Lord ARTHUR, who waved his hat to the party, and afterwards entered into conversation with them. But, as usual, *noblesse oblige*; Lord A. says that he feels it his duty to be all things to all women. I need not write more, for you will have read the daily papers, but I most strongly advise you, after going to races, to breakfast on the following morning as I did—taking the advice of dear Lord ARTHUR—on the soda water, which is always associated with the name of—* and the red herring, for which Messrs.—* are so celebrated in the fish-curing world. And yet for lunch I ate heartily of roast partridges, though it is so cruel to kill these, the dearest, plumpest, and most toothsome little birds in the world.

Ever, dear, Your loving cousin, KADJ.

* Both names indecipherable.—Ed.

EARLY BIRDS.

British Beauty. An early marriage is very well,
With a good income, and a carriage!

American Beauty. Have you a chance of that? Do tell!

Yank dollars tempt the British swell,

My dollars spring from an oil-well,

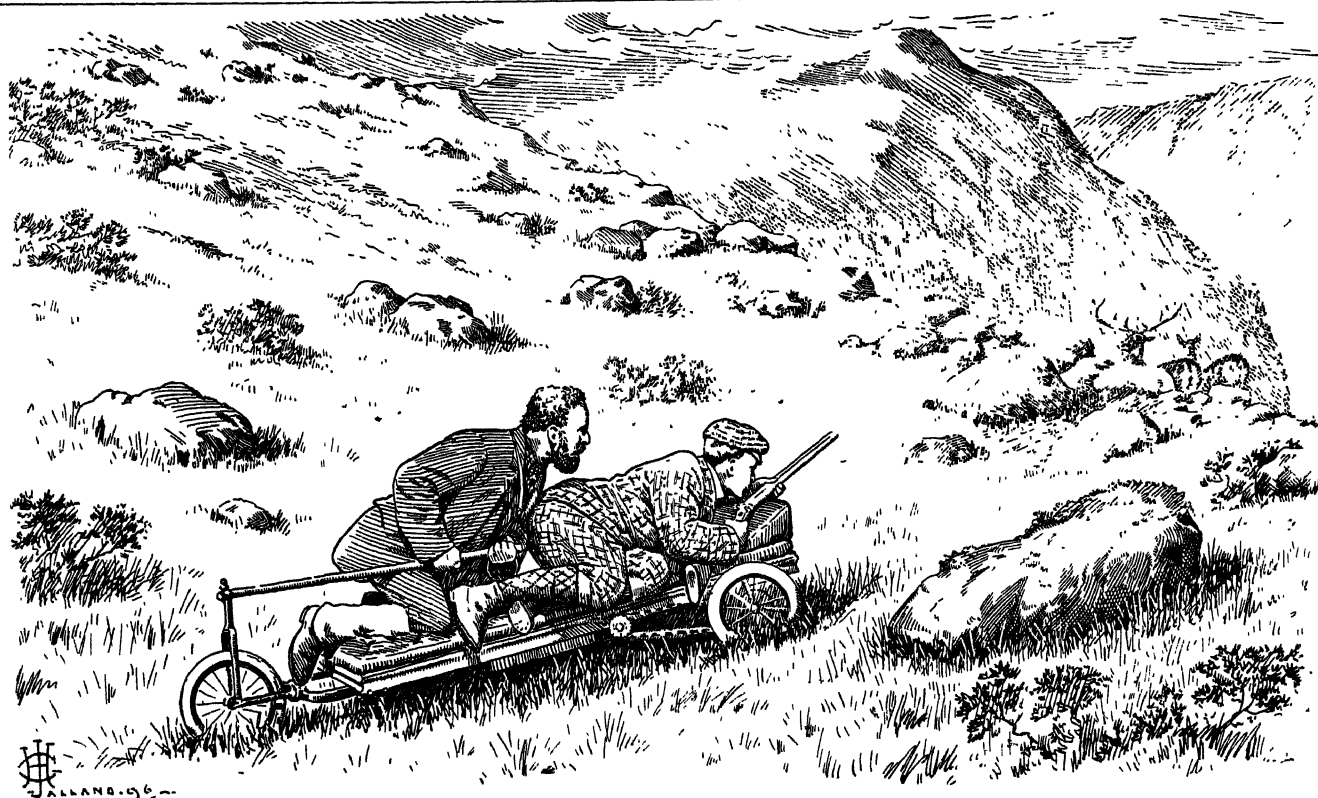
So I shall make an *Earl-y* marriage!

British Beauty (sorrowfully). As a Republican sure you ought not to.

You do dishonour to your dear democracy!

American Beauty (smartly). Oil-well that ends well! That, dear, is my motto;

An oil-well sometimes ends in—aristocracy!



DEER-STALKING MADE EASY.

THE PATENT SILENT MOTOR-CRAWLER.

"THE EUROPEAN POWERS."

POWERS? Hard by the Golden Horn
 Those satyr lips, as cold as cruel,
 Must curl in sly, sardonic scorn!
 Will *nothing* serve as kindling fuel
 To fire the chilly "Christian" heart,
 Or move from apathetic meekness
 The timid thralls of mode and mart?
Powers? What then is craven weak-
 ness?
 From Thames to Neva runs all blood
 As icily as the pole-world frozen?
 Kaisers and Tzars, in fulsome mood,
 May dub each other "Christian cousin,"
 War lord, or knightly emperor;
 And he, the Unspeakable, sits smiling
 At "Christian Powers," of spirit poor,
 Who waste in mutual reviling
 The black-winged hours, like birds of prey
 Full gorged with carrion, vulture, raven,
 Flapping in the full light of day,
 Fearless of Christian kings turned
 craven!
 What marvel carrion-fowls are bold
 When full-armed war lords pale and
 palter,
 Like angry spinsters chide and scold,
 But at "the name or action" falter?
 Meanwhile the death-heaps swell and
 swell.
 Mercy, a pale and piteous pleader,
 Weeps helpless at the gates of hell,
 The Christian crowd calls for—a leader
 Who cometh not! Each lord, each chief,
 In diplomatic bonds entangled,
 Scarce dares to stir. No strong belief
 Moves any man. The "Powers" have
 wrangled,
 Worried, and watched; but none dares
 cut
 The Gordian knot, drawn redder, tighter,

But him, with sinister eyes half shut
 In scorn, who mocks at crown and
 mitre.
 Who'll lead? who'll strike? the peoples
 cry.
 Impotent seems appeal or urging;
 Yet, hid from cold official eye,
 Christian humanity seems upsurging,
 To those who watch. Wistful appeal
 To an old leader, worn and weary,
 Proves what small trust the people feel
 In younger chiefs, callous or cheery.
 Who'll stir? Who'll strike? Scant an-
 swer yet!
 The throned assassin lolls and lowers,
 Mocking, with Crescent crimson-wet,
 Powerless things called "Christian
 Powers."

QUEER QUERIES.

AUTUMN ARRANGEMENTS.—I am about to
 take a late holiday, and wish to see Swit-
 zerland, the Austrian Tyrol, Italy, and Ma-
 deira. Can I get there and back, and tour
 about for three weeks for £4 10s.? If not,
 would some other tourist take me with
 him and pay my expenses, if in return I
 looked after the luggage, secured rooms
 at hotels, and so on? I don't know any
 foreign language, and have never been
 abroad before, but am active and easy
 to get on with when not ruffled.

QUITE ACCOMMODATING.

AIDS TO HEALTH.—Will some medical
 man (without fee) advise me as to my
 health? I am often unable to sleep more
 than eight or nine hours, and after sitting
 in a draught for a long time I am apt to
 catch a cold in the head. Then, after a
 full meal, with unlimited spirits, I ex-
 perience a feeling of more than Armenian

oppression. These symptoms make me
 rather nervous. I have tried nearly every
 patent medicine sold, and have been re-
 fused admittance at two hospitals. A
 new prescription would be welcomed by
 AMATEUR MEDICINE MAN.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.—Where is a
 good place to go to for the autumn,
 abroad, where I can get *all* English com-
 forts, and meet *no* English people? Must
 be between 3,500 and 2,500 feet up, warm,
 and at the same time bracing, with
 southern aspect, good cooking, terms
 about five francs a day *en pension*,
 liberal *table d'hôte*, thoroughly conscien-
 tious proprietor (Low Church preferred),
 and a separate iron staircase outside each
 bedroom window in case of fire.

EASY TO PLEASE.

HENCOURAGING.—Could anyone tell me
 why my Dorking hen fails to bring off the
 brood of young chickens I have been ex-
 pecting for some time back? I placed
 her on the eggs—three dozen of them—
 somewhere in June, and shut her up in
 an outhouse under a bucket, as I was told
 this was the proper way. She has not
 been out since, though I feed her at in-
 tervals. Shall I really have to wait till
 Christmas for the brood, as a friend
 suggests "that I may pullet off by that
 date"? N.B.—The hen seems to be
 getting thinner.—POULTRY PATRONESS.

'At the Cric-Crac Restaurant.

Customer (looking at bill). Here, waiter,
 there's surely some mistake in this total.
Waiter (politely). Zehn thousand par-
 dons, Sir! Mit my usual garelessness I
 have added in ze date and vorgot to
 charge you for ze butter.



“THE WAR LORD.”

“HE, THE WAR LORD OF A MOST MIGHTY HOST, WILL YET ONLY EMPLOY HIS TROOPS IN THE PROTECTION OF PEACE.”—Reference to the *Tear* by the German Emperor at Görlitz.

THE COMPLETE SPEECH-MAKER.

WE are enabled to give the following extracts from a very important collection of speeches, to be published shortly. The first of the series, on "the floating form of the knightly emperor" was delivered at Görlitz on the 8th inst.

To the King of the Belgians.—Oh, royal ruler of Belgium and King of the Congo! with great joy see I yet again thy tiny and delicate figure! Thou too lovest to travel as I, and goest from Saturday to Monday to Corfu, or to Montreux for the day. Hail, royal fellow-tripper! In this speech say I no word about LOTHARING, except that, if he a German been had, never had we even him tried. I love such men, if only they Germans are. Now say I yet again that the sight of thy sweet and sylphlike shape my stern soldier-life sweetens. Some day perhaps come I to Ostend my luck at thy gambling tables to try. Then canst thou perhaps me a tip give. *Hoch! hoch! hoch!*

To the King of Spain.—Oh, mighty monarch, successor of the sovereigns who the rich realms of Spain ruled, gladly gaze I again at thy terrible and towering form! Hadst thou a German been, then in my Pomeranian Grenadiers wouldst thou nobly served have. But now fights thine army against the rebels in Cuba. I drink, oh colossal King, to the success of thy soldiers! If thou me to say couldst, whether this a good time Havana cigars cheap to buy is, very much obliged would I be. *Hoch! hoch! hoch!*

To the Sultan.—Oh, courageous Commander of the Faithful, how rejoice I thine alert and active form, ever fearless in the fight for the good of that nation which so happy as to call thee its ruler is, to see! Thou lovest not a life of luxury and laziness. Thou leavest not thy people to the mercy of murderous miscreants. Strive then as ever, oh, Sultan! sleepless in thy solicitude for thy subjects. And if thou, whom but sherbet drinkest, in the cellars of Yildiz Kiosque some rare old wines discover shouldst, perhaps some tip-top tokay or some sublime port, forget not thy friend, the ruler of Germany, where temperance in words or deeds not enforced is. *Hoch! hoch! hoch!*

To the French President.—Oh, proud and peerless President, successor of the never-to-be-forgotten and altogether-un-surpassable Emperor NAPOLEON THE FIRST, as thy fairylike form forward before our fascinated faces floats, see we in thee the eminent embodiment of the lithe and lightsome lissomeness of thy nimble nation, and, more than ever, long I thy captivating and coruscating capital to visit, in order there to see, perhaps at the Casino de Paris or the Moulin Rouge, forms that in the daring dance even more freely than thine float! Perhaps in the year 1900 come I. *Auf wiedersehen! Hoch! hoch! hoch!*

"G. B.," writing from New York, U.S.A., sends a cheque for £4 "for the Little Hero," which has been forwarded. He says, "Perhaps LEONARD STEELE wants a bicycle, and this may help him to get one, and let him know that at least one American appreciates his noble deed."

NOTE BY A NATURALIST IN THE HIGHLANDS.—The only parallel to the grey mare in connubial circles is the grey hen.

A FEW HOURS IN PARIS—AT THIS MOMENT.

(By Our Travelling Impressionist.)

START from Victoria at 9 P.M. Train gets punctually to Dover at quarter to eleven. Then by capital new boat *Dover* (vice the *Wave*, *Foam* and *Breeze* superseded) to France in a little over the hour. At the Gare Maritime. Twenty minutes for excellent refreshment. *En route*. Carriages. Amiens at 8.40. Paris two hours later. Douane, and *café au lait* opposite the Gare du Nord. Then in the early morning a drive to the hotel. Room ready (for you have written for it), and rest for a couple of hours. Bath, contents of portmanteau utilized, and *grande tenue* for the Boulevards.

As to dress. Of course quite right to bring high silk hat. But no one wearing it. Fashion, brigand's cut-down chapeau in soft grey felt. Parisians assume black band with white one added. Americans same idea, but garnished with diamonds.

To lunch. Can't do better than keep to your hotel, a hostelry which is famous for



its courtyard, just opposite the Grand Opera, and in the very centre of Paris. Hors d'œuvres, two *plats* at choice, and accessories. If accompanied by wife, practically four dishes at will. You select three. Then you look out for a fourth. An old French officer, *decoré*, is eating something very good. Apparently chicken, game, and carrots. "*Pot au feu français*," no doubt. You order it. Waiter recommends that your selection shall come last, as "it takes some time in preparation." You agree. You breakfast. You are prepared (after the practically three dishes) for a plate of bones—to toy with. You look forward to your *pot au feu*. It arrives. Oh, despair! (as said in the English translation to the opera books). Oh, horror! (see same source). It is a big tureen of steaming soup!

Having lunched, what to do? Streets full of Americans. Shops prepared for the United States market. Bonnets composed chiefly of precious stones worn in high heaps on the left side. Cloaks (drab) with Medicis collars, are sufficiently gorgeous for New York. Otherwise nothing particularly novel, save enormous ruffles extending from back to waist.

Usual monuments. In the hands of the U. S. A. Louvre interesting, but scarcely as crowded as the Grands Magasins of ditto. Versailles played out. All the rest ditto. Driving the same as ever. When in doubt (saith the golden rule of *Cocher*) run over an "*Anglais*." Cochers (to judge from their driving) always in doubt. Motor carriages in full operation

behind the Madeleine. They go on rails to Asnières. Last-mentioned place a few years ago—when one was a boy—delightful spot. Beautiful hills, calm turfed banks, silvery river. Little cemetery on the banks—quiet spot for last home. Asnières up to date. Smoke, chimneys and manufactories. River slate-coloured. Cemetery full and closed, and masked with hideous hoardings, covered with flaring advertisements. Motor carriages get to Asnières to the terror of horses drawing carriages. Gee-gees rush out of their way sometimes by trying to climb the statues recently erected to ALEXANDRE DUMAS père and DE NEVILLE.

Dinner. To those who know, always excellent. Now for a theatre. A selection from a list of old favourites, *The Bells of Corneville*, *Round the World in Eighty Days*, the originals of half-a-dozen comic operas done into English many years ago. For the rest, that popular performance (so much in evidence at this season of the year) "*relâche*." At the music halls nothing startling. At the Palais de l'Industrie an "exposition" of *Le Théâtre et la Musique*. Music and the drama chiefly represented by stalls for the sale of patent pottery and home-made beer. In addition (to give local colouring) an international orchestra. Advice to those who hate to be done—avoid the exhibition in the Champs Elysées.

You have seen Paris. You have dined thrice and breakfasted four times. Is there more to do? Yes, to return. Pay hotel bill. Complain of being treated as Cerberus—three persons rolled into one. Ordered single liqueur, charged for a triplet. Blot upon an otherwise satisfactory document. Leave Gare du Nord at 9, arrive at Victoria before 6. Entertainment between whiles, two short railway journeys, and a pleasant passage. Grand result, increased love for "Home, sweet home," and English now spoken (temporarily) with a slight Parisian accent.

At Whitby.

Visitor (to *Ancient Mariner*, who has been relating his experiences to crowd of admirers). Then do you mean to tell us that you actually reached the North Pole?

Ancient Mariner. No, Sir; that would be a perversion of the truth. But I seed it a-stickin' up among the ice just as plain as you can this spar, which I plants in the sand. It makes me thirsty to think of that marvellous sight, we being as it were parched wi' cold.

[A. M.'s distress promptly relieved by audience.]

A MEAT REWARD.—The New Zealand papers announce that the exportation of frozen lamb to Great Britain has exceeded all previous records. Naturally the result is mint-sauce on hand at the Bank of England.

REMARK BY OUR PRIVILEGED POLITICIAN.—"Lord LONDONDERRY hurling invectives at the Government for releasing some of the Irish dynamitards reminds me of a man sending coals to SALISBURY."

AN "OUT-CIDER."—The Head Constable of Hereford reports that drunkenness prevails in that ancient cathedral town. The deceitful apple must be again at work.



EXPLICIT.

Uncle Harry. "AND DID NAUGHTY DADA WHACKY-WHACK POOR MEDJÉ!"

Medjé. "'Iss, UNCLE!"

Uncle Harry. "OH, POOR OLD GIRL! AND WHERE DID HE WHACKY-WHACK YOU?"

Medjé. "ER—ER—ON THE B-B-BACK OF MY TUMMY, UNCLE!"

L'ILE DE WIGHT.

DEAR MISIER,—After to have visited my friends in Scotland, I am come here to Sandown to pass some days at—chez, how say you?—one other friend. It is a long voyage, but in the superb sleeping from Edimbourg to London one sleeps so well—ah but, so well!—that one gets himself up the morning fresh as some daisies, as one says in your country. And one pays all simply five shillings of supplement. That is very little. From Calais to Cannes one pays 100 francs. Only two times the distance, and sixteen times the price! Ah, the drolls of little trains on your Island of Wight! They are as droll as the bathings machines at Sandown, only they go not so rapidly. Sometimes the English mock themselves of our french trains. However you complain yourself also of your trains to you, above all in the south part of England. But go then to essay your trains of the Island of Wight, and you will not laugh more of the french trains. It is all this that he has there of the most drolls. And also of the most dears. The prices are changed without ceasing. They are changed for the soldiers, for the sailors, for the childs, for the workmen, for the yachtmen, for the excursionists, for the families. One day the price is more, one other day he is less. If one voyages by one train there will be the prices of the third class, by one other train not at all. There is the ticket of the third class, but no waggon of the thirds. There is the waggon of the seconds, less comfortable than the thirds of the other english railways, but the prices are the ordinary prices of the firsts. The prices of the firsts are enormous, and these waggons, in summer, are ordinarily full of the voyagers of the third class, for whom there was not enough of place in the seconds.

Thus often I am forced to mount in the *fourgon des bagages*—the baggages truck—with the conductor of the train. Figure to yourself how I seated myself—me AUGUSTE—at the middle of the baggages! But I laughed, and my friend laughed, and the conductor laughed, and alldays—*toujours*—I offered to the conductor a cigar, and he took it to smoke *chez lui*, and said "Thanqui, maounsiah." They are brave boys, those conductors there. And they said all "Maounsiah" as all the men of the people in your country, and I comprehended not of all, until to

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE anonymous writer of *Here and There Memories* (FISHER UNWIN) undertakes a perilous task. In varied experience, my Baronite finds few things more wearisome than the company of the man who fancies himself as a story-teller. His existence is made endurable by the fact that he is usually constrained by a time limit. He can tell his stories only as long as the dinner lasts. H—R—N has a whole volume to fill, pouring out page after page of anecdote, to do him justice, without pretence of sequence. Some are good; others require for full enjoyment a preliminary glass of punch and a contemporary pull at the pipe. H—R—N's experience has been extensive and peculiar. He has rollicked through life much after the fashion of *Charles O'Malley*, and *Tom Burke of Ours*. He has known everyone, from the Emperor NAPOLEON to JACQUES ELI, money-lender of Great Queen Street, Westminster. Of these two he tells what is not the least amazing story in the book. "NAPOLEON III.," he writes, "did not forget ELI, whom he had known as Prince CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE." But perhaps R—H—N did not really mean to affirm that the money-lender had been posing as the Prince. It is a catastrophe of conjunctions, and grammar is not our author's strong point. It shows how, even when he means to be serious, an Irishman drops into drollery.

The Seats of the Mighty is the infelicitous title given by GILBERT PARKER to his latest romance, which seems like a poor imitation of his own style and manner. It begins well, but soon ceases to be interesting. THE BARON.

that my friend told me this word is all simply "M'sieu" in english. *A la bonne heure!* But we amused ourselves well.

The most part of the trains go very slowly. The *grande vitesse* is truly *petite vitesse*—little quickness—and we go all by the little quickness as if we were baggages. But there is one train which is superb, it is the Orient Express of the Island of Wight, the rapid from Ride to Ventnor. At Sandown it is one of the objects of interest to see to pass this train. He traverses the country like a meteor, before one can speak, as you say in your country, of JOHN ROBINSON, he is gone. It is marvellous! And I go to tell you it, I have not seen him of all!

Several times my friend and me we walked ourselves to the station towards the three hours to see pass the express. Sometimes we were in delay—*en retard*—sometimes the train was in delay and we waited not. One time I saw on the horizon a cloud of dust, but the train came not, he had passed, he went himself away to Ventnor. In fine one day we waited at the station, we resolved ourselves to see him. It was tedious. But we waited. Then my friend said "Let us cross the line and wait on the other platform." I consented, I followed my friend, we descended the steps, we were in the tunnel. At that instant there we heard a noise at above, a noise as the thunder, we hastened ourselves, we ran, we mounted the steps as fast as possible, but still one time, *parbleu*—by blue—I was too late! I had heard, but I had not seen, the Orient Express of the Island of Wight.

Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

A Blast from Brummagem.

JOSEPH pats HEALY on the back!
But give him Home Rule? No!
TIM may be cleverest of the pack,
But Birmingham's aglow
To fight for the old Union Jack,
Led on by Union JOE!

MILTONIC MOTTO FOR THE EAST LONDON WATER-SERVICE (commended to Mr. Crookenden).—"They also serve who only stand and wait."



THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE.

Mr. Pryer. "AH, HOW PURELY SWEET!"

"INK!!!"

[Enter the Lady of the House.

PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.

No. I.—OUR TOWN.

THIS is our town. What say you, Sir?—A trifle dull and flat, Sir? I beg you will not speak of us in such a way as that, Sir, For, whatsoever others in their ignorance may think, Sir, We know ourselves Creation's cream and Culture's very pink, Sir. What do we do?—Well, mostly after breakfast, sun or rain, Sir, We play a round of golf, and after lunch we play again, Sir; And after dinner we discuss the fortunes of the day, Or comment pretty freely on our adversaries' play. We can't imagine how we came to fizzle at the burn; We vow it was the vilest luck, that stumy at the turn; You noticed our long iron from the bunker at the seventh, Sir? And what a fluke the Major made approaching the eleventh, Sir!

But if you're not a golfer, we have lions here *ad libitum*, And I shall be delighted, I assure you, to exhibit 'em; We'll take the churches first, I think—there's something like a score of them,

Or possibly, for aught I know, there may be rather more of them. See, there's the Parish Kirk. The style? Well, no, not perpendicular,

Nor does it much resemble any other in particular. Beside it is the Catholic Church, behind it the U. P., And higher up the Methodists', and lower down the Free, And up the court the Baptists, down the slum the Congregationalists,

And here and there and everywhere still more denominationalists.

But here we are at Market Street. Look round you as you enter! This is the spot our parsons call "The city's pulsing centre,"—A phrase we never fail to hear with faithful regularity Whenever the collection is in aid of local charity.

Perhaps, if you're a Cockney, used to London noise and riot, Sir, Our other roads may possibly appear a little quiet, Sir; Few people drive about them but the butcher or the grocer, Our North Street is not quite the Strand, nor Paternoster Row, Sir.

But here, at least, in Market Street, there's always something going on,

Here, as the parsons say, "the tide of life is ever flowing on,"—I told you so! Come when you will, there's something still to see, And look! There's *Grip*, the butcher's bull-dog, hunting for a flea!

And there's the butcher, too, by Jove, with portly corporation, Who watches *Grip's* exciting sport in lazy contemplation.

And there is *May*—alack the day!—the milkman's pretty daughter, Sir,

Replenishing the milk-cans from a pail of chalk-and-water, Sir!

But hold! Why dally with the deeds of vulgarised democracy? For lo! here comes the jewel of our local aristocracy!

Ah! Miss *JOANNA* meets mine eye, Minerva-like Divinity! More chaste than Dian, pure as snow—unparalleled Virginity! She comes! She comes! We'll cross the street and reverently greet her,

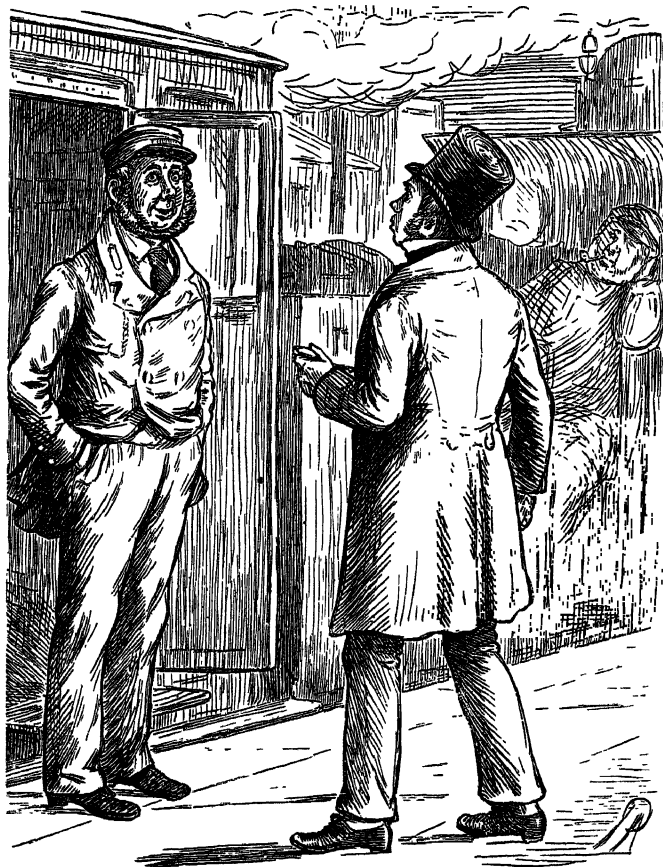
And p'rhaps 'twill be as well to drop this somewhat flippant metre,

And our cigars. She brooketh not the odours of Havannah, Sir, Now, are you ready? Then, here goes! Allow me—Miss *JOANNA*, Sir.

Overheard at the East End.

Sanitarian. By hook or crook a man must drink and wash, The poorest has a whistle, and must wet it!

Slum Dweller. Get it by hook or crook? Oh, that's all bosh! By hook or Crook(enden) I cannot get it!



AN IRISH TRAFFIC RETURN.

SCENE—Rural Railway Station. TIME—8.30 A.M.

Traffic Superintendent. "HA'F AN HOUR LATE, G'YARD! H'WAT'S THIS TRAIN WAITING FOR?"

Guard. "SURE, WE'RE WAITING FOR THE PASSENGER, SORR!"

INTERVIEWING A RAINMAKER.

(Being Pages from a very modern Log-book.)

[A gentleman in the Isle of Wight claims to be able to control the weather by means of "Odylc force."]

THURSDAY being about as sopping and miserable a day as one could imagine, I automoted down, on behalf of *Mr. Punch*, to interview the modern rainmaker in his villa at Beachdown upon the subject.

"Good afternoon," I timidly remarked, as I found the wizard perspiring in his shirt-sleeves, and busily preparing the evening's weather in his laboratory. "I came to ask, if by any chance—"

"Don't disturb me, pray," ejaculated the rainmaker. "The War Office authorities have not paid me the twopence a head I demanded for providing fine weather during the manoeuvres, and so I will make it hot—I mean damp—for them, with a vengeance. By Jove, Sir, the country shall pay for it! I'll teach them a lesson. Besides, I've a friend who's an umbrella-maker, and I owe him a good turn."

"But, if you would kindly——"

"Yes, yes, I know what you were going to say. But I'm not just at present in a kindly frame of mind, and the United Kingdom has got to know it. I showed you London people a sample of my powers on Tuesday night, if you remember the little thing in the way of thunderstorms that I turned off. I should have let that loose on Salisbury Plain instead, if the London County Council had only advanced me the little sum, the absurdly inadequate amount of three thousand pounds I asked for. However, I let them off easily, on the whole, and, besides, gave the East London Water Company a bonus in the shape of extra rainfall. But there, the way some things are mismanaged! Take that Solar Eclipse, now."

"Yes, that was a failure!"

"Well, would you believe it. I had arranged for the whole

thing to be a most brilliant success, steady light, no clouds or anything to interfere, for a paltry two thousand pounds. I waited for it up to the last moment, but as my honorarium was not forthcoming, of course I had to let them go on a false errand. Those astronomers will be wiser next time, I fancy! It is merely a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence."

"You have a scale of fees, then?"

"Certainly; here it is," said the cloud-compeller, producing a document in the following terms:—

WEATHER TARIFF.

Terms: Cash on Delivery; Reduction on taking a Quantity.

Families supplied during the holiday season.

Parishes or counties contracted for by the year.

	£	s.	d.
April Showers	1	1	0
Thunderstorm (sufficient to damage Rival Picnic)	3	10	0
Constant Drizzle (for those who like their Sundays at Home)	4	17	6
Regular Soaker (especially adapted for Duck-breeders)	5	14	0
Fine Days (ordinary, local)	8	0	0
Do. for Benos and Bank Holidays, per head	0	0	2
Special Brand for Honeymooners, Butterfly-catchers, and other Lunatics	10	0	0
Queen's Weather (Town or Country)	20	0	0
Blizzard (choice and reliable, adapted for the Medical Profession)	30	0	0
Fog (best London, fruity and well-matured, recommended to City Clerks, Burglars, and the like)	31	10	0
Frost, per day (reduction to Skating-clubs and Potato men)	35	0	0
Tidal Wave (for Sensational Reporters)	100	0	0
Earthquakes, per minute	500	0	0
Eclipse, partial	1,000	0	0
Do. total, Corona and Appendages complete	2,000	0	0
Comet (on approval)	10,000	0	0
Precession of the Equinoxes (warranted punctual to the tick, with special provision for general upset of the Universe, at three months' notice)	100,000	0	0

Weather while you wait.. Samples sent per Parcel Post. Call or write to Chief Clerk, Managing Department, Meteorological Bureau, Beachdown, I. W.

"There," said the modern J. Pluvius, "take your choice. The whole thing's in a nutshell. What can we do for you?"

"Thank you," said I, looking at the steady downpour outside; "I think I'll take two penn'orth of dry goods, if you please."

"What! you would insult me?" thundered the latterday St. Swithin. "*Mr. Punch* shall hear of this! Ho, there, turn on two waterspouts, a cyclone, a doldrum, four monsoons, three sciroccos, a peasoup fog, and six weeks' drought, this instant, in Bouverie Street!"

I hastily mounted my automotor and travelled back to town, but, strange to say, the weather cleared up remarkably in London that evening, so the Odylc Odin must have repented of his decision, or, more probably, his force was powerless against that of *Mr. Punch*.

TENNYSON FOR TRADESMEN.

(Adapted by Sir John Lubbock.)

If you're waking, close us early, close us early, M.P.'s, dear,
And that will be the happiest day of all the glad new year;
Of all the ninety-seven, gents, the gladdest, jolliest day,
For we shall have time for play, brothers, to close, and get off to play!

Let the two-thirds close us early, close us early, M.P.'s, dear!
Twelve thousand London tradesmen want that two-thirds vote,
'tis clear.

We're kept close-bound all the year round. Heed St. LUBBOCK's prayer, we pray.

Let us shut and get off to play, gents, shut up shop and get off to play!

MORE AMERICANO.—It is said that the candidature of General PALMER for the American Presidency has injured Mr. BRYAN on account of the General's "sound money" principles. Surely this must be another version of "ringing the changes."

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXIII

Mr. Jabberjee delivers his Statement of Defence, and makes his preparations for the North. He allows his patriotic sentiments to get the better of him in a momentary outburst of disloyalty—to which no serious importance need be attached.

My fair plaintiff has not suffered the grass of inaction to grow upon her feet, having already issued her Statement of Claim, by which she alleges that I proposed marriage on a certain date, and did subsequently, on divers occasions, treat her, in



"I am addressed by an underbred street-urchin as a 'blooming blacky!'"

the presence of sundry witnesses, as an affianced, after which I mizzled into obscurity, and on various pretexts did decline, and do still decline, to fulfil my nuptial contract, by which conduct the plaintiff, being grievously afflicted in mind, body, and estate, claims damages to the doleful tune of £1,000.

(N.B.—I have thought it advisable here and there to translate the legal phraseology into more comprehensible verbiage.)

Now such a claim is to milk a ram, or *prendre la lune avec les dents*, seeing that I am not a proprietor of even one thousand rupees. Nevertheless (as I have informed Mr. SMARTLE), my progenitor, the Mooktear, will bleed to any reasonable extent of costs out of pocket.

I have held frequent and lengthy interviews with the said SMARTLE, Esq., who is of incredible dispatch and celerity—though I sometimes regret that I did not procure a solicitor of a more senile and sympathetic disposition.

Assuredly had I done so, such an one would not, after perusing my Statement of Defence—a most magnificently voluminous document of over fifty folios, crammed and stuffed with satirical hits and sideblows, and pathetic appeals for the Bench's indulgence, and replete with familiar quotations from best classical and continental authors—such an one, I say, would not have split his sides with disrespectful chucklings, thrown my composition into a wasted paper receptacle, and proceeded to knock off a meagre substitute of his own, containing a very few dry bald paragraphs, in the inadequately brief space of under the hour.

Such, however, was Mr. SMARTLE's course; and the sole consolation is that, owing to his unprofessional precipitation,

the action was set down for trial previously to the commencement of the Long Vacation, and my case may come on some time next Term, and I be put out of my misery at the close of the year.

My aforesaid legal adviser, finding that I adhered with the tenacity of bird-slime to my determination to conduct my case in person, did hint in no ambiguous language, that it might perhaps be even better for me to do the guy next November to my native land, and snip my fingers then from a safe distance at the plaintiff.

But it is not my practice to exhibit a white feather (except when prostrated by severe bodily panics), and I am consumed by an ardent impatience to air my fluencies and legal learnedness before the publicity of a London Law Court.

Now, begone dull care! for I am to dismiss all litigious thoughts till October or November next, and become a *Dolce far niente*, chasing the deer with my heart in the Highlands.

My volunteering acquaintance, by the way, has declined to lend me his rifle, on the transparent pretence that it was contrary to regulations, and that it was not the *bon ton* to pursue grouse-birds and the like with so war-like a weapon.

So, on young HOWARD's advice, I made the purchase from a pawnbroker of a lethal instrument, provided with a duplicate bore, so that, should a bird happen by any chance to escape my first barrel, the second will infallibly make him bite the dust.

I have also purchased some cartridges of a very pleasing colour, a hunting knife, and a shot belt and pouch, and if I can only procure some inexpensive kind of sporting hound from the Dogs' Home, I shall be forewarned and forearmed *cap à pie* for the perils and pleasures of the chase.

Miss WEB-WEE did earnestly advise me, inasmuch as I was about to go amongst the savage hill tribes of canny Scotians, to previously make myself acquainted with their idioms, &c., for which purpose she lent me some romances written entirely in Caledonian dialects, and the composition of Hon. Poet BURNS.

But hoity-toity! after much diligent perusal, I arrived at the conclusion that such works were sealed books to the most intelligent foreigner, unless he is furnished with a good Scotch grammar and dictionary.

And *mirabile dictu!* though I have made diligent inquiries of various London booksellers, I have found it utterly impossible to obtain such works in England—a haughty and arrogantly dispositioned country, more inclined to teach than to learn!

How many of your boasted British Cabinet, supposed to rule our countless millions of so-called Indian subjects, would be capable to sit down and read and translate—*correctly*—a single sentence from the Mahābhārat in the original?

Not more, I shrewdly suspect, than half a dozen at most!

So it is not to be expected that any more interest would be displayed in the language and literature of a country like Scotland, which is notoriously wild and barren, and less densely populated and productive than the most ordinary districts of Bengal.

Oh, you pusillanimous Highland chiefs and other misters! how long will you tamely submit to such offhanded treatment? Will the day never come when, with whirling sporrans and flashing pibrochs you will rise against the alien oppressor, and demand Home Rule, together with the total abolition of present disdainful British *insouciance*?

When that day dawns—if ever—please note this piece of private intelligence from an authorised source: *Young Bengal will be with you in your struggle for Autonomy*. If not in body, assuredly in spirit. Possibly in both.

I say no more, in case I should be accused of trying to stir up seditious feelings; but, as a patriotic Baboo gentleman, my blood will boil occasionally at instances of stuck-up English self-sufficiency, and the worm in the bud, if nipped too severely, may blossom into a rather formidable serpent!

As, for instance, when, in the course of an inoffensive promenade, I am addressed by an underbred street-urchin as a "blooming blacky," and cannot induce a policeman to compel my aggressor to furnish me with his name and address or that of his parents, or even to offer the most ordinary apology.

Enough of these rather bitter reflections, however. I omitted to mention that I am also the proprietor (at the same pawnbroker's where I bought my breeches-loader gun) of a very fine second-hand salmon-rod, a great bargain, and immense value, with which I hope to be able to catch a great quantity of fishes.

For there is, according to young HOWARD, good fishing in a burn adjoining the Manse, so I shall follow King Solomon's injunctions, and not spare the rod and spoil the salmon, though if I should happen to "spoil" my rod, the salmon would inevitably in consequence be "spared."

This is a sample of the kind of verbal pleasantries in which, when in exhilarated high spirits, I sometimes facetiously indulge.



DESIGN FOR PROPOSED STATUE TO BE ERECTED IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

(SUBSCRIPTIONS INVITED.)

RANJITSINHJI;

OR, A NEW LIGHT OF ASIA.

HAIL, HOTSPUR of a losing side!
Of runs you're never stingy;
Both East and West acclaim with pride
Your average, RANJITSINHJI!

"Britons should form an 'England'
team"—

That rule may be a fit 'un,
But lives there one who'd basely dream
He's not a "Greater Briton"?

To England's luck let's beakers quaff!
Though "England" still we style it,
'Tis half the world—its better half;
An Empire, not an islet.

The on-looker expects a feast
When he defends the wicket;
They count by centuries in the East,
And so does he in cricket.

Punch rings thee in with merry chimes,
Star risen in far-off Injy!
"England has need of thee"—sometimes—
Slogging Prince RANJITSINHJI!

VIVAT REGINA!

[On September 23 Her Gracious Majesty will have happily reigned longer than any of her predecessors on the English Throne.]

Queen Bess. "ODDS MY LIFE! SWEET COZ! THOU HAST REIGNED LONGER THAN THE THIRD GEORGE, AND MORE GLORIOUSLY THAN MYSELF!"

"Farmer George." "HEY, WHAT? WHAT? WHAT? REIGNED LONGER THAN I DID? 'WHY THEN, MY BOYS, LET US HAVE A HUZZAY!'"

"A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed.
She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it."
Henry the Eighth, Act V., Sc. 4.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

A VALUABLE FIND.

(In a Family Photograph Album.)

OLD family photos! No, I strike!
I really can't, my best of cousins;
I know exactly what they're like;
I've looked at dozens.

A chamber of horrors, worst of shows!—
Well, if I must—but you'll do showman?
Who's that? Aunt SOPHY? What a
nose!

It's more than Roman.

I wonder grandfather got "took,"
His "points" somewhat resemble Tow-
ser's—

What guys our worthy fathers look
In peg-top trousers!

A languid one of Uncle BEAU,
Who's that beneath him?—he looks
brisker.

I wonder what they did to grow
Such yards of whisker.

There's HUBERT, with a queer old hat
Standing beside him on the table.
They all got taken just like that—
D'you notice, MABEL?

And mother in a crinoline
And such a bonnet! Oh, I hate her!
(The sweetest mother ever seen,
Dear little mater!)

Yourself aged two—and what a grin!—
How could I tell? It's very simple.
Of course I knew you by your chin;
I twigged the dimple!

Rude boy! Not I. That's CHARLIE, eh?
I never see my Scotch relations,
Although they've asked me up to stay
In long vacations.

Here's ROSE! How she and I and WILL
In nursery days the orchard raided!
I'm glad to think she's blooming still,
Though here she's faded.

And who's the roguish little girl;
I'll swear it isn't you or MITTIE—
With saucy eyes and hair a-curl?—
She's rather pretty!

My picture! How was I to know?
First time, I vow, I've ever seen it!
Me five-and-twenty years ago!
By Jove! d'you mean it?

'Twill do to grace some future *Strand*;
Celebrities—you know those pages—
Portrayed in various fashions and
At various ages!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

(An enamoured Southron endeavours to address a Highland Damsel in her own tongue.)

Yon sky is bonny blue, fair lass,
But you boast bluer een;
Yon sun is bricht the noo, fair lass,
Your locks hae brichter sheen;
The fowl ahint the windy scaur
Flees to its hame awa',
But, oh! my heart is fleetier far
Whene'er I hear you ca'.

The cushat seeks the hazel broch
Therein his mate to woo,
But I hie to the mountain loch
To lilt my lays o' lo'e.
For here it was I speered you first
In a' your pride o' race,
You set my ardent soul athirst
When I gazed on your face!

I sat me down beside that cairn,
And looked, a feckless loon,
On you, the great MACMUCKLE's bairn,
Wi' ne'er a pair o' shoon!
Wi' winsome feet sae white as milk
You paddlit' the faem,
Your snoodless locks, sae soft as silk,
Whished roun' your gouden kaem!

I looked and looked, and marvelled sair
If human you might be;
You laughed to see the wonder-stare
That came frae oot my ee.
And then you broke the eerie spell,
And oh! your voice was douce!
Like water trickling frae a shell,
What time the ebb runs loose!

An' noo I maun my heart declare!
(Would you could hear its beat.)
I've lands, and siller, too, to spare,
An' sic a hamestead sweet!
I ken you are MACMUCKLE's chiel,
His only dearest ane,
But tell him that I lo'e you weel,
And canna bide alane!

RETIREMENT IN RETREAT.

(A Possible Page from a Grand Old Diary.)

Monday.—Received letter begging me to establish a cosmopolitan library. Seems a simple idea. The notion is to translate all the best books into foreign languages. For instance, turn SHAKESPEARE into Chinese and MOLIÈRE into Russian. If I had not made up my mind to give up all serious literary work (save magazine articles, fresh versions of Homer, and the like) would consider the matter. But, under the circumstances, think it best to decline.

Tuesday.—Asked to re-organise the State defences. A few years since, nothing would have pleased me better. Of course, know a good deal about both the Navy and the Army. Could scarcely have failed to pick up the knowledge in the course of my reading. Have somewhere or other plans for new forts at the mouth of the Thames, round the Isle of Wight, and on the more prominent portions of the Channel Islands. Have a scheme for national mobilization in one of my pigeon-holes. Might do something, too, with my double-action rudder and extra explosive gun cotton. But perhaps better leave the matter in younger hands. Not that I shrink from the responsibility, but doctor's orders are, after all, doctor's orders.

Wednesday.—A most polite correspondent again urges me to complete the fede-



TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

"OH, FLORA, LET US BE MAN AND WIFE. YOU AT LEAST UNDERSTAND ME—THE ONLY WOMAN WHO EVER DID!"

"OH YES; I UNDERSTAND YOU WELL ENOUGH, SIR ALGERNON. BUT HOW ABOUT YOUR EVER BEING ABLE TO UNDERSTAND ME?"

ration of the English-speaking races. Have of course, like every one else, I suppose, the scheme worked out on paper. No serious difficulty; but, to carry out the idea properly, one should visit the various parts of the empire in person. No objection to a trip to Australia, India, and Canada, but doing the Cape and the Mauritius would be weary work. So reluctantly forced to decline.

Thursday.—For the fiftieth or sixtieth time this year I am implored to undertake an oratorical tour. I am to create enthusiasm in England, Scotland, and Wales. Not a difficult matter. In fact, have done it before. Still, I must remember that I am not as young as I was, say, fifty years ago. However, very tempting proposal, but afraid I can't accept.

Friday.—"Will I save the British farmer?" Same old question. All I have to do is to establish jam manufactories in every part of the United Kingdom. I have often thought of doing this, but never have had the time. I could work all the empty farms at the same time. I don't know why I shouldn't, but "powers that are" say I mustn't.

Saturday.—Cannot remain inactive any longer. Asked to speak at a public meeting to denounce the lowest scoundrel that ever disgraced the nineteenth century! Of course I will, and what's more, if they don't listen to me, I will raise the nation in revolt, provoke a general election, come in at the head of the poll, and resume my old rooms in Downing Street! To think of the knave continuing his roguery! Well, it is not too late, and I am fit for anything!

Sunday.—Customary service. Very soothing. Calm and sedate. Perhaps, after all, I had better reconsider the situation, or at any rate curtail the programme.

A CLERICAL TRIPPER.

[The Vicar of France-Lynch, near Stroud, proposes to teach the girls of the village to dance during the winter months.]

HERE's a cheer for this sensible vicar!
May he ever keep time like a "ticker!"
As he gracefully shows
The address of his toes,
May his classes grow thicker and thicker!
In the valse let him swim *con amore*!
Let him polk with persistent *furore*!
In galop none quicker,
In lancers a kicker,
Let him rival the *jeunesse stage-dorée*!
Let the Puritans banter and bicker,
Here's his health in a pint of malt liquor!
Let each Terpsichorean
Re-echo the psan,
"Success to the hops of the vicar!"

"For the Rain it raineth every day."

Parson (to farmer, whose barley is sprouting). Miserable weather, Mr. Roots!
Farmer. Aye, it be a sort of judgment on them folks as was so plaguery anxious to pray for rain last July.

[*Parson hurries on.*]

To the Cormorant in Kew Gardens.

Poor bird! quite alone
You sit on a stone,
And dream that you once were a flyer;
No more shall you range,
E'en your plumage must change,
Since you live 'neath the rule of a Dyer.

At Corfe Castle.

Professor (to assembled picnickers). I would remark that this ancient ruin is memorable for the use of the knife—

Hungry Pilgrim (interrupting). And fork. Here goes for that veal and ham pie!
[*Historical lecture postponed.*]

SOME CIPHER WIRES.

From No. 1, New York, to friend in England.

AM leaving for Europe Thursday. All safe. Police have not least suspicion. My movements quite unknown to them.

From Detective Shadow, New York, to Scotland Yard, England.

Our man sails for England Thursday. Have secured berth in cabin adjoining.



Friend in England to No. 1, New York.

Be very careful—don't think we are suspected, but you never know.

No. 1 (reply).

Nothing to fear. Police absolutely ignorant of my appearance and whereabouts—have given me up long ago. Shall go from Liverpool to Paris and thence Boulogne.

From Shadow, New York, to Scotland Yard.

No. 1 has shaved off beard and greatly altered appearance. Will probably go to Paris and then to Boulogne. Shall accompany, of course.

From No. 1, Boulogne, to friend in London.

Most cowardly of you to have misgivings. Police all fat-heads, and know positively nothing of my movements.

From Shadow, Boulogne, to Scotland Yard.

Our man over-eat himself to-day—said beef was tough at dinner—stood him two whiskies afterwards, when I noticed he had one waistcoat button missing, and was wearing pair of new boots. Wire me when you'd like him.

From No. 1, Boulogne, to friend in London.

Manufacture proceeding most expeditiously—shall be ready for forcible action in a week. Have no fear—we are absolutely safe, and police do not even suspect.

From Scotland Yard to Shadow, Boulogne.

Think we should like our friend to-morrow.

From Shadow, Boulogne, to Scotland Yard.

Certainly. Will annex him to-night.

The Dainty Fancy of Love.

He (after hearing Miss Clorinda warble). Do you know that you reminded me of an Indian Prince just now.

Miss C. An Indian prince! How? He (impressively). Because you were Dew-lip-sing. May I, sweetheart?

[Sample exchanged.]

HEARTS ALL ROUND.

(A Memory of the Past, with a Moral for the Present.)

"Pray God our greatness may not fail
Thro' craven fears of being great."
TENNYSON.

GREAT patriot voice, though silent now,
Yet sounding on the air of song
In endless echoings; laurelled brow,
All reverence; did a giant wrong
Rise in thine England's road, thy cry
Was for resistance to the death,
Seeing that freedom—though to die—
Was our soul's soul, our life, our breath.

"Hands all round!"

So in our ears that clarion voice did sound,
And so it sounds to-day from cliff to cliff
Of the white coasts of England round
and round.

"First pledge our Queen!" And so we do!
Her sixty years of splendid reign,
By compact with earth's craven crew
Of despots, we care not to stain.
Even the dumb-dog policy
Of acquiescent silence irks.

Mute conscience cannot bend the knee
To oppressors, Muscovites or Turks.

Hearts all round

Burn at the tale of hearths in hearts'
blood drowned

To sate the throned Assassin's murderous
hate,

Whilst like poor muzzled curs the
Powers crouch round.

Oh! Queen, to whom all hearts to-day

Turn loyally; oh! youthful Tsar,

Her honoured guest, hailed on thy way

As peace-protecting "Lord of War";

The secular East ye hold in fee

Between you, royal host and guest!

Is there no way joint wit may see

In honour's cause to band the West?

Hands all round,

And hearts, and heads, humble or
proudly crowned!

In the great name of Peace clasp hands
as friends,

Link hearts for mere humanity round
and round!

And ye, ye "loyal hearts who long

To keep our English empire whole!"

Sons of the stout old Northland, strong

To scour earth's seas from pole to pole;

Pale silence which red guilt condones

Is not your fashion from of old.

Speak out, speak all, in manful tones!

Honour hath claims as well as Gold!

Tongues all round

Speak for plain Right with no uncertain
sound,

In the joint name of England speak, as
friends

Of faith and truth and honour round
and round!

And ye, our statesmen, see ye be

"True leaders of the land's desire."

When at the sights men sit and see

Slow-moving Saxon spirits fire.

We urge you not to a mad rush

That may wake war, or shake the State,

But—see that Britons need not blush

For craven counsels all too late.

Hands all round!

In patriot bonds, not party shackles,
bound.

Bound—not for faction's gain, but na-
tional pride,

And the good name of England round
and round.

And you, old chieftain, white and worn,
But wakeful still at honour's call,
Whose lifted voice, like ROLAND's horn
At Roncesvallés, rouses all,
Sound the alarm, *réveille* raise,

In England's and in honour's name!
Faction's least touch would mar the praise,
Party's least bias blot the fame.

Hands all round!

That should ring clearly in the clarion's
sound,

That should base faction's skulking
hope confound.

In the great cause of honour rouse her
friends,

And the good fame of England round
and round!

NOTES OF A LITTLE CRUISE IN A
LARGE YACHT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE LOG OF TOBY, M.P.

Greenock, Saturday Morning.—Curious arrangement of the sleeping berths in the train which brought us up ("Like a mushroom," SARK says) in the night. Not equally divided. One side sacrifices something of its width to corridor passing full length of car. Depends upon which side you happen to be ticketed for whether you get a broad bed or a narrow one.

Oddly enough, SARK didn't get the broad bed. Almost wish he had. Being short of temper, and bulky in person, he spent an appreciable part of my night's rest in grumbling. He was particularly angry because we had each alike paid five shillings for our bed.

"If you have five shillings' worth of bed," he woke me up to say, the idea presenting itself to him at 3.20 A.M., "mine doesn't run beyond three-and-nine-penny-worth at the most."

It's a pity men allow these trifling matters to annoy them. If such a thing happens again, I think—the idea didn't occur to me till we were running into Greenock station this morning, when it was of course too late to carry it out—I'll change berths with SARK.

Off Arran, Sunday.—The *India* is the latest message the P. & O. Co. have sent to the sea. She is magnificent in all ways.



Eight thousand tons burden. Chairman SUTHERLAND, K.C.M.G., says, with gleam of triumph in his eyes, she is of 10,000 horse-power. I wonder where they keep the horses. In the hold, I suppose. Must be stuffy in the Red Sea, and dreadfully monotonous. SARK says he believes they are sea-horses, which will probably make all the difference.

Arranged when the cruise was planned that *India* should proceed from Clyde to Dublin. Last night route altered. Captain

BRISCOE says there "isn't enough water." Seems strange. Always heard that if there was a drawback to attractiveness of Ireland, it was the too constant rain. Certainly it has been a dry summer with us. Water famine at East End and the like. Probably average not yet made up at Dublin. However it be, instead of crossing Channel to Ireland, we steer up Scotch coast to Lamlash Bay. A fresh injustice to Ireland.

After luncheon, went ashore. Some question whether we should be able to land. Rumour current that the pier is locked up on Sundays. Advanced cautiously. Reconnoitred. Not a soul in sight. Landed on pier. At gate a board proclaimed that a fee of two-pence is levied on every passenger. Feel for our coppers. A ghostly silence reigns over hut whence collector might be expected to spring. Gate open; we walk through untaxed. Hope the collector not regarding us from window of one of the houses near. Pitiful to think of his emotions on seeing bang go at least twenty twopences uncollected.

Turning to the left, we come on a long street, facing the turfed sea. This is Lamlash, a congeries of lodging-houses, none more than a story high. The lodgers are mostly on the cold ground, sitting on chairs or benches in front of their apartments. They don't talk, much less "whistle." The nearest approach to carnality is the possession of a spy-glass. Coming from Glasgow, and further inland, this gives the final touch of nautical circumstance to the too brief holiday. From time to time one puts up his spy-glass, slowly surveys scene in the bay, and solemnly brings the glass back to his knee. They must have seen it all before through many days. Nevertheless, at brief intervals they sweep the horizon, always beginning at the same place, and with slow motion leaving off as before.

"I think," said SARK, involuntarily dropping his voice to a whisper, "they're looking out for Monday, when they can talk to each other again, bustle around, bathe, or even catch mussels."

A fair scene of Sabbath peace, broken only by the lapping of the waves among the sea-weed on the beach. Meeting an elderly gentleman, looking uncomfortable in an aggressively square-built suit of rusty black, I ventured to expatiate on the beauty of the scene. The patriot Scot evidently pleased at the artless enthusiasm of a mere Southron. He hadn't a spy-glass with him, having evidently just come out of church. But he looked round in search of some climax in the peerless beauty of the scene with which he might cap my remark that the people living here were very fortunate, and ought to be happy.

"D'ye see that vessel lyin' avre there?" he said, pointing to a good-looking craft, but as a penny steamer beside our stately liner. "Weel, that's the *Jupiter*. She sails every day between Greenock and Lamlash. She's the fastest boat on the Clyde, and forbye that she beats them a' for breakfasts. Man, when ye tak' ane o' her breakfasts ye need neither dinner nor supper, and a' for twa shillings a head. If ye tak' a dozen tickets at a time ye get them for eighteen pence apiece. Sixteen breakfasts for the price of twelve!"

As the old gentleman spoke, the light of the setting sun falling on his furrowed face brightened it with a look of ecstasy. Sixteen breakfasts for the price of twelve! At Lamlash life is certainly worth living.

Plymouth Harbour, Tuesday.—SARK is not in good luck this trip. The narrow bed—"Put in it before my time," he says, gruffly—was bad enough. This morning was worse. Thought he would try the spray bath, of which he had heard high approval. It's a framework of perforated pipes, within which you stand, turn a wheel-handle, and water, hot or cold, dashes forth in fine thick rain. SARK had heard that the thing to do is to turn on both handles, modifying the heat according to taste. He began with that labelled "hot water."

It was surprisingly hot. SARK dashed at the handle; gave it another screw, meaning to turn the water off. In excitement of moment, blinded with the dashing spray, agonised by the nearly boiling water, he turned it wrong way. The water played upon him with redoubled force and heat.

SARK's observations were, I am told, heard at some distance.

"Why didn't you step out of the enclosure?" I asked.

"You get in, and see what you'll do," he replied, its parboiled condition lending an almost evil glare to the countenance turned upon me.

In the Channel, Thursday.—Steaming up Channel. A fine autumn day, with the sea, blue as the Mediterranean, tossing up countless white caps for pure joy at being alive. The very day to sit on deck and read Report (just out) of Financial Relations between Great Britain and Ireland. Have done so, and now, with Tilbury in sight, am in hopelessly dazed condition. Talk about conference of Kilkenny cats, or meetings of Irish Members in Committee Room No. 15, they were monotonously



"DID YE SEE THE LORD MAYOR WHEN YOU WAS UP TO LUNNON?"

"AYE, LAD, I DID."

"DE' 'E GANG ABOUT WI' A CHAIN?"

"'NO; 'E GANGS LOOSE!"

unanimous as compared with this Commission. The result is unparalleled amongst Blue Books.

First of all eleven of the thirteen commissioners agree to a final joint report, which they sign. *Item:* This done, five of them, the Chairman, Mr. REDMOND, Mr. MARTIN, Mr. HUNTER, and Mr. WOLFF presents a report on their own account. *Item:* Lord FARRER, Lord WELBY, and Mr. CURRIE hand in *their* report. *Item:* Lord WELBY drafts a memorandum declaring wherein he disagrees from Lord FARRER and Mr. CURRIE, whose report he has signed. *Item:* Mr. SEXTON, Mr. BLAKE, and Mr. SLATTERY sign a fourth report. *Item:* Mr. BLAKE sets forth, at considerable length, points of difference he holds with Mr. SEXTON and Mr. SLATTERY, whose report carries his signature. *Item:* Sir DAVID BARBOUR has a report that no one else will sign, even with the privilege of supplementing it by a memorandum showing how it is, in the main, hopelessly wrong. *Item:* Sir THOMAS SUTHERLAND, not to be outdone, presents a masterly report demonstrating the unfairness and the impracticability of everything but his own particular plan.

Am glad to have dropped anchor off Tilbury. A delightful voyage, a noble ship, a princely host, charming company. But after studying the Report of the Royal Commission on the Financial Relations between Great Britain and Ireland one has a strange, strong hankering for *terra firma*.

WAIST NOT WASTE NOT.

(Paradoxical but Important.)

"In Paris the 'wasp' waist is off," they declare.

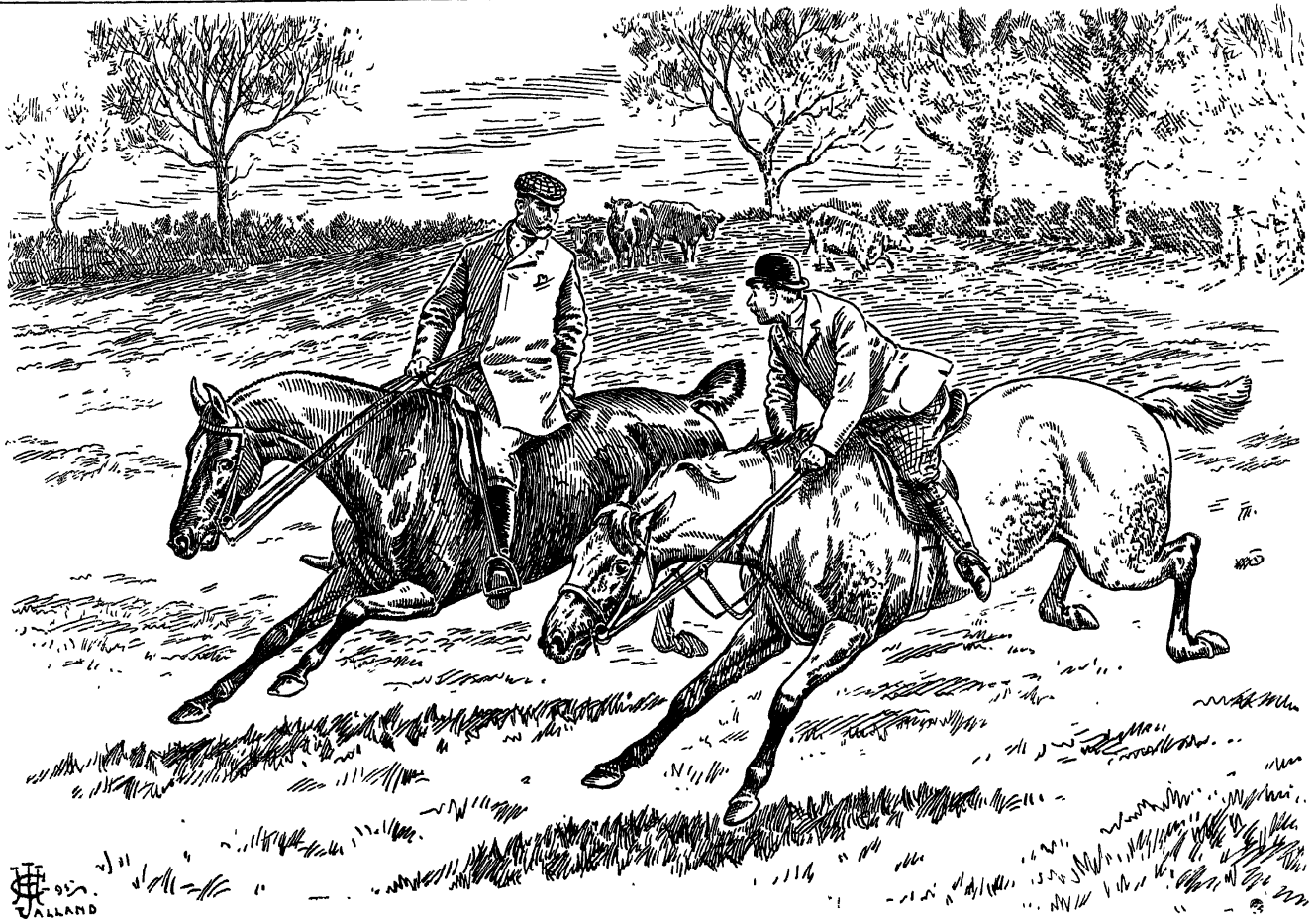
This is excellent news to the wholesome and tasteful.

Adopt a full waist if your health you would spare,

It is the spare waist that is wasteful!

A woman wastes health in each creak and each gasp,

For a waist that is only a grace—in a wasp!



A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

Sportsman (who has mounted Friend). "LOOK HERE, TOM, YOU MUST MIND HE DOESN'T KICK HOUNDS, AND I WOULDN'T JUMP HIM, AS HE KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT IT. SO, IF THEY HAPPEN TO GET AWAY, YOU'D BETTER TAKE HIM HOME. SEE!"

[Nice for Tom, who has driven twenty miles before daylight in order to enjoy a morning's cubbing.]

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

"THE UNIVERSAL LITERARY SUPPLY COMPANY, LIMITED."

(Continued.)

WHEN the manager asked me in this matter-of-fact way if he should show me one or two heroines, I was naturally somewhat taken aback. My reply was cautious. "Is it quite safe?" I asked.

"Oh, perfectly. You see, we keep them low in the matter of diet; they only get an elopement once a week, and a divorce about once every two months. Their ordinary food while they remain in this establishment is English Grammars mixed with History Primers. It's curious how they dislike it at first, but they soon get used to it and thrive very fairly, though of course they can't get very fierce on that. They all know me. I make it a point to feed them myself. I really should like to show you some specimens." He unlocked the front of the huge box before which we were standing, and called out "HERMIONE, ROSAMUND," whereupon, to my intense surprise, two fully-grown females issued forth. They immediately began to dance round the manager with the most lively demonstrations of affection, patted his head, stroked his cheeks, and kissed his hands. "Down, HERMIONE, down, ROSAMUND, down at once!" he exclaimed; "you are simply covering me with scent. This," he continued, addressing me, and pointing to HERMIONE, "is one of our Hill-Top heroines. Do you notice her wealth of auburn hair, bound in simple tresses, and the candid look in her deep, liquid eyes? She can blush more virginally than any similar article we have ever provided. Then she can defy the world and its conventions, and die quite beautifully on a trestle bed in a dingy and uncarpeted three pair back. HENRY" (this was to one of the clerks), "is this article sold?"

"Yes, Sir; sold this morning to a lady. She's to be fetched away to-morrow."

"Ah," said the manager, "I thought she wouldn't remain long stock. Now ROSAMUND is entirely different. She's the typical English girl, not very clever, but very wholesome. Just observe her sun-burnt complexion and her swinging stride. We generally sell this kind with a brother or two to play cricket with. The purchaser is expected to provide bicycles. It used to be lawn-tennis implements, but we recommend bicycles now. I'm sorry to say we've had ROSAMUND on our hands for some time, and I really don't know when we shall be able to dispose of her. A good many years ago we did an enormous business in ROSAMUNDS, but the demand has gone down terribly. Still, we always keep one or two in case we should be suddenly called on to supply them. One never knows. Now then, you two, trot away back to your box." It was quite touching to notice how meekly the two heroines obeyed.

I SHOULD have mentioned that the further end of the room was divided off by a wooden partition. I ventured to ask what particular business was transacted there.

"That," said my guide, "is our Scotch department. It's a very profitable concern, and I rather pride myself on having persuaded the directors to establish it. One must keep up with the times, and if there's one thing the times seem to want more than another it's Scotch goods. I fancy we can do pawky humour better than any other house in the trade, and I'm quite certain that our special line in peasant pathos is absolutely unequalled. Just step in with me and have a look round."

We passed through the swinging door that led into the Scotch department, and found ourselves in the midst of a scene of busy activity. A score or so of clerks, men and women, were engaged in cutting tartans of every variety, and making them up into plaids and kilts. A confusion of strange sounds assailed my ears.



A STRONG APPEAL!

“THAT COERCION, WHICH OUGHT LONG AGO TO HAVE BEEN APPLIED TO HIM (THE SULTAN), MIGHT EVEN NOW BE THE MEANS OF AVERTING ANOTHER SERIES OF MASSACRES, POSSIBLY EVEN EXCEEDING THOSE WHICH WE HAVE ALREADY SEEN.”

Extract from Mr. Gladstone's letter to Mr. Crossley, of Manchester.

"Now then, look alive with the haggis," "send along the hoots-toots, and be sharp with them," "Elders for three and discourse for two," "Six braw Heelanders in order." Such were some of the curious phrases that were hurtling about. I was introduced to the head clerk. "A very interesting man," whispered the manager; "was a Free Kirk Minister once, and used to preach wonderfully, but had to give it up owing to nerves. He's really most useful to us, most useful; has a thorough knowledge of all the dialects, and for salmon-rivers and golf-links I would back him against any one you could name." I bowed respectfully to the ex-minister, and engaged him in conversation for a few moments. I regret to say, however, that I failed to grasp the meaning of his remarks. When he asked me to "Come awa' ben," I murmured something to the effect that my name was not BENJAMIN, and as the situation seemed to be getting strained, I was glad when the manager took me away.

WE next went upstairs into another large room. "This is one of our show-rooms," explained the manager; "please be very careful where you step. I'm afraid the place isn't as tidy as it ought to be. We're simply littered with French Kings and Cardinals just now. Everybody wants them, and as they're a very bloodthirsty lot their keep comes rather expensive. Those are French girls, daughters of Counts or Sieurs, and as brave and patient and loving as we can make them. We provide them all with our own patent action for battlement-climbing and hanging over rocky ramparts by ropes while the bullets whistle round them. It's an ingenious toy. Of course we require a gallant young knight or two to make it work thoroughly. The gallant young knights are generally fools, but the public seems to like them. Ah, that's our case of cheap murders. Pretty things, aren't they?"

I ASKED the manager if there was much doing in poetry just at present. "Not very much," he replied; "poetry's a bit off. We used to sell quite a number of ballades and things, and I've seen as many as a dozen minors in here at one time buying rhymes and stanzas and other brittle goods; but that was some years ago. Somebody or other had died, a Laureate, or something of that sort, and there was a good deal of competition for the place. We sold a great number of our shilling packets of rhymes. But on the whole it's not a particularly paying business, and we're thinking of giving it up altogether. We've had an offer from Vigo Street to take it over as a going concern, and I've advised our directors to close with it. Ah, here's something you'll like. It's an idea of my own, and one of the best things we do." The manager pointed to a polished mahogany case on the floor. "Just look at the finish of that," he said; "you can't approach it anywhere else. Why, the case itself is well worth the money we charge for it, let alone the contents. It's our guinea box of allsorts"—he began ticking them off on his fingers—"containing one dozen best interviews, two hundred high-class quotations, specially selected, six sporting anecdotes, four detectives, with our own inscrutable smile and a revolver apiece, two doctors—they're a capital substitute for detectives—one Satan, as used by Miss CORELLI, sadness, patent-leather boots, gentlemanly breeding, and odour of brimstone all complete, twenty-five literary *causeries*, fifteen dialogue-stories, and an assortment of East End slang. Oh, it's a magnificent bargain, that's what it is. Let me tempt you with it?"

To be brief, I was tempted and I succumbed. But up to the present I have had no opportunity of making use of my remarkable purchase. Still, it is certain to come in useful sooner or later. I hope before long to pay another visit to my friend, the manager of the Universal Literary Supply Company, Limited.

In the Editorial Sanctum.

Editor and Proprietor. Well, how are the "ads"?

Manager and Editor. As usual at this time of year, deuced bad. We must fill the paper somehow. How would it be to send GUSHBY to write up the watering places of Russia?

E. and P. Preposterous! Look at the expense. Here, I have it! Tell SMILAX to write a letter on the joys of polygamy, and then let the public run loose.

M. and E. (admiringly). What a man you are, to be sure!

E. and P. (beaming). That's why I always appeal to the women.

TO DETECTIVE MELVILLE.—Why not start a Sherlock Holmes Office?



A HONEYMOON OUTING.

Ernest (faintly). "VERA, DARLING, I DO BELIEVE I'M THE WORST SAILOR ON EARTH!"

Vera (ditto). "I WOULDN'T MIND THAT SO MUCH, IF I WASN'T SO BAD ON THE WATER!"

THE PORTRAIT-PIPE.

(By a Bachelor Devotee of Baccy.)

[The portrait-pipe is a growing fad in America. FREDERICK GEBHARDT, married to a Baltimore beauty, wished to have a pipe made in the likeness of his wife. A month later he received the pipe and a bill for 800 dollars.]

PUT that in your pipe ardent bachelor smokers!

A wife is expensive at all times, no doubt;

At least, so assert the misogynist croakers,

Who swear 'tis a thing a man's better without.

Some have had to make choice between wife and tobacco,

The weed and the woman, the puff and the pet,

The pleasures mere males to the feminine pack owe

Are purchased most dearly in *that way*, you bet!

But "Portrait-pipes" open a vista extensive.

A meerschaum museum of family mugs

At eight hundred dollars per pipe *were* expensive.

One's bachelor freedom, with bacca, one hugs

More complacently yet. Sure a sixpenny briar

Without a wife's phiz, is sufficient for me;

And wifelessness means—unless fame is a liar—

E'en in smoking a saving in mere L. S. D.

To fill a wife's phiz with sweet bird's-eye and smoke it

Sounds rather romantic, but dreadfully dear.

And then just suppose that I dropped it and broke it!

To break your wife's head might mean mischief I fear.

My pipes and cigars, like my cuffs and my collars,

Run up to an annual bill that's no joke.

But puff portrait-pipes which cost eight hundred dollars?

Such bliss matrimonial would soon end—in smoke!

TO ANY NUMBER OF CORRESPONDENTS.—Great minds think alike. At least three hundred letters have been received at our office, suggesting that the Government should remind the Police of the old proverb—"Take care of 'No. 1.'"



AN ELOQUENT FIGURE OF SPEECH.

First Conductor. "WELL, CHAWLY, 'OW DID THE BEANO GOW ORF LARS NIGHT?"

Second Conductor. "OW, THE GUV'NOR DONE US A TREAT, JIMES."

First Conductor. "LOTS O' BEER, EH?"

Second Conductor. "BEER? NOW FEAR! SHEMPYNE, COCKY! W'Y, THERE WAS ENOUGH SHEMPYNE TER WASH A 'BUS IN!"

"The Inhumanity of Man to Mann."

Foreign Anti-Socialist sings:—

WHEN blown by Autumn breezes
Tourists leave Britain's isle,
The prospect greatly pleases,
And only MANN is vile.
Tour on, but no oration
In Socialism's name!
Only in your queer nation
Spouters can play that game!

THE SPOT FOR ALL-PINE SCENERY.—
Bournemouth, where firs are in evidence
all through the winter.

The New Stagecraft.

(By an Old Stager.)

If you would win on critical belief,
You must combine old trash on the New
Woman,
With "comic business" which is no
"relief,"
And "human interest" that is inhuman!

AN IDEAL RESTING-PLACE FOR A RETIRED
BUTLER.—Binfield.

STUMP ORATIONS.—Speeches at cricket-
club dinners.

PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.

No. II.—MISS JOANNA.

SOME blossoms ope to fade away
At the first touch of winter's blasting,
But while her fellow-flowers decay
Our Miss JOANNA's everlasting:
For though a score of years and more
Have glided since she first came out, Sir,
She blooms to-day as young and gay
As when she saw her maiden rout, Sir.

She is our star. A tone, an air
Of breeding o'er the town she scatters,
Nor is there one so bold that dare
Dispute her sway in social matters.
Happy whom she with favour names!
Happy the house where she is seen, Sir!
Has she not curtsied at St. James,
And been presented to the QUEEN, Sir?

Though here we seldom get the chance,
We love a little dissipation,
And if we haply have a dance
Or soirée, great our jubilation.
Then songs are sung, and flings are flung,
And reels are reeled with merry pranc-
ing,
And no one but the very young
Believes himself too old for dancing.

There Miss JOANNA will be seen—
Without her 'twere no dance at all,
Sir—
With stately step and gracious mien,
And all prepared to lead the ball, Sir:
A coy wee rosebud in her hair,
A simple fleck of modest yellow,
And resting on her bosom fair,
In innocent repose, its fellow.

Ah! Happy he to whom the Fates
Entrust so rare, so chaste a burden!
Aye, blessed beyond all potentates
To whom they grant so rich a guerdon!
What though she wear another's hair?
What though her blushes will not go,
Sir?
Who once has clasped that form so fair,
Is stamped forever *comme il faut*, Sir.

Or if sweet music while the night,
Then Miss JOANNA kindly favours:
With carefully subdued delight
We listen while she gently quavers.
She warbles "Orpheus with his Ly-oat,"
With wondrous twist and turn and
twiddle,
Now fainter than the softest flute,
Now pyrotechnic as a fiddle.

And when her classic song is done,
At our request, she, with a smile, Sir,
Agrees to give her other one,
That sweet old air, "*Within a mile*,"
Sir,
And when in gay and girlish way
She coyly trills, "I canna, canna,"
Why then we know, where'er we go,
There's none can sing like Miss JOANNA.

Our neighbours, fired by jealous spite,
May scoff and scorn in bitter malice,
And even, in their envy, slight
The glories of St. James's Palace,
But what of that?—They play their parts,
And still, despite their worst endeavour,
Enshrined in our loyal hearts
Our Miss JOANNA lives forever.

NANSEN'S LATEST DISCOVERY. — The
tracks of the King of Sweden.

FATE AND THE SULTAN.—A question of
Dis-Crete.

THE PENNY-A-LINER TO THE LATEST SEA-SERPENT.

(An Excoostulation in the Silly Season.)

WELL, you are not a clump of sea-weed tangled,
 Nor yet a lengthened shoal of lumbering porpoises!
 But the sea-serpent o'er which long we've wrangled,
 You skinniest, most contemptible of cold corpses?
 No, no! You would not make men squeal and squirm
 By lollopping leagues along the far horizon.
 You're more like a big eel or monster worm,
 With neither power to swallow, swamp, nor pizon!
 You're not a cuttle-fish, nor yet a seal,
 A ledge of rocks, or a long ridge of coral!
 Why your preposterous self should you reveal,
 And spoil the penny-a-liner's yarn—and moral—
 By getting stranded on the Australian coast,
 Giving yourself—and us—away completely?
 How much you discount the sea-captain's boast,
 And discumbobulate the old sailor sweetly!
 But really you should have shown more respect
 For us poor scribblers in the Silly Season.
 Our loveliest tale the public will regret,
 And spoil Romance by listening to Reason
 A few yards long, and with no goggle-eyes,
 No gaping jaws, no sinuous sliding motion!
 Why, you would scarce a long-shore swab surprise,
 If he should meet you in the mighty ocean!
 You must be monster-headed, seven miles
 In serpentine length, not a foot shorter,
 Or else at such a sham the public smiles,
 And you're not worth a rap to the reporter!

THE MANNERS OF OLDER PEOPLE.

(Communications from some of the Children.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am a little girl, aged ten, and live with my uncle and aunt, because my papa and mamma are on duty in India. My aunt, who isn't my *real* aunt, goes to church three times every Sunday, but you should just see her on week days. If I try to sing when the dear old barrel-organ comes into the street, she boxes my ears, and says, "That will teach you to remember the time of day." She always sends me to bed early, and then she has the "gurgles"—so I heard her describe her complaint to MARTHA, the parlour-maid. I don't quite know what this disease is, but it is awfully loud. Uncle, who comes home very early in the morning, is generally afflicted with the "stumbles," and has played sad havoc with our stair-carpet. He says his physician states that the only cure for his complaint is whiskey, and he strictly follows the doctor's advice. I am not happy because Aunt and Uncle are always "storming" at one another. Then I am frightened, and MARTHA gets under the kitchen table, and JANE, the cook, locks herself up in the larder. I wish you could make my elders behave better. My governess says that Time will set all things right. I don't quite know what she means. Perhaps you will send Time to your little friend,
 ERMYNTRUDE EARWAKER.

Rasperry Mount, Lincolnshire, September 12, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—What is the matter with the old folks? They are never at home. I remember when I was about five that I used to come down to dessert every night. Now they have no dinners at home. Pa and Ma are always feeding at the best West End restaurants, and all I have to keep me company is "Shah," the Persian pussy. I am an up-to-date girl, and cannot stand this state of affairs much longer. Even the cat won't go away, or else this mouse would play. Yours truly,
 Isle of Man Chambers, W. GRISELDA THOROUGHPIN.

SIR,—I am at Rodwell School during the best part of the year, and I wish I were there now. My people have lugged me on to the continent to satisfy their own selfishness. I like cricket and lawn tennis, but at this beastly hole there is neither one nor the other. I can't get a decent glass of beer, and the noise of the bands is enough to send a fellow crazy. But Father and Mother seem to enjoy themselves. They are always going to the Kursaal and "planking their ready" (you see I know a thing or two) on this or that colour, or some particular number of which Mother has dreamt. I don't call it fair to me, for they never give me a chance. I'd rather be playing "shove-halfpenny" with JAMES, our footman, though he has always cleaned me out together with TURF, the sexton, and old JUMBLES, who keeps the Spotted Dragon. I say "Blow Belgium and the battle of Water-



SOCIAL EVOLUTION.

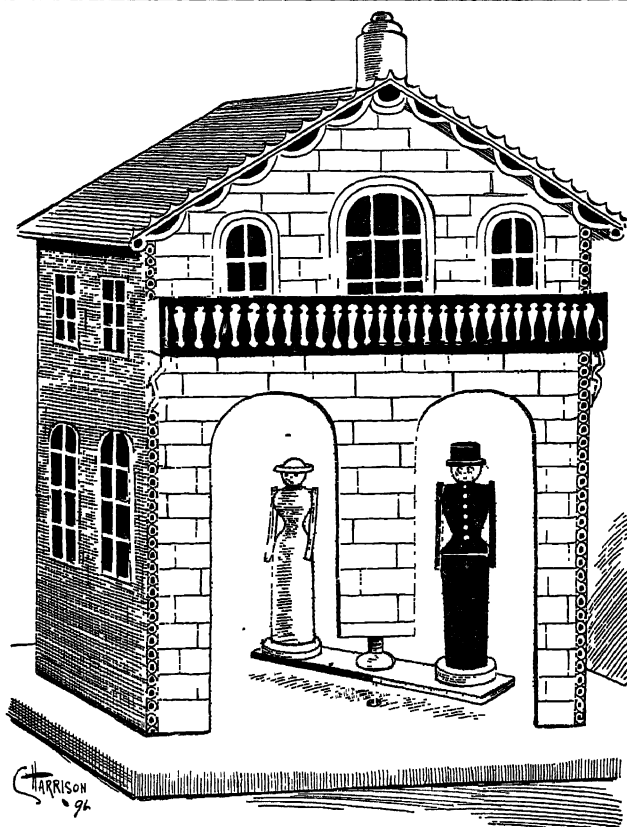
Tramp (to benevolent but inquisitive Lady). "WELL, YOU SEE, MUM, IT WERE LIKE THIS. I WERE A 'ADDICK SMOKER BY PROFESSION; THEN I GOT ILL, AND 'AD TO GO TO THE 'ORSPITAL; THEN I SOLD CATS MEAT; BUT SOME'OW OR OTHER I GOT INTO LOW WATER!"

loo!" which gave this wretched people an existence. Yours obediently,
 HARRY HAULFAST.

Ostend, September 14, 1896.

P.S.—I don't give the name of our hotel for fear of consequences.—*Verb. sap.*

DEAR PUNCH,—I address you familiarly, because, like yourself, I am a being of letters. At the last School Board exam I was first in the Plesiophormous Class, and received a cordial shake of the right hand from Mr. DIGGLE. I can write shorthand, play the piano, and can diagnose the inscriptions on the (so-called) Cleopatra's Needle. At the present moment I am uncertain whether I shall educate myself to take up the position of a Prime Minister or an engine driver. But in any case, my future prospects will be hopelessly blighted unless I can do away with my social surroundings. There is a cobbler up our court, who not only greets me with impertinent familiarity, but also disturbs my studies in the Great, True, and Beatific by his incessant hammering on leather. There is a milkman, who thrice a day disturbs my meditations, and there is a vulgarian selling onions and the like garbage, who confuses me with his asinine holloas, together with minor offenders. Ought such things to be allowed? I am young (fifteen last birthday); I am ambitious, but, alas! I have a cultured ear, and I protest against this tyranny of the old birds over the chicks. Yours scientifically,
 Edison Court, W.C. THEOPHASTUS CHUMP.



The Dull Weather Gentleman. "NICE GIRL THAT NEXT DOOR—BUT DREADFULLY SHY! ALWAYS POPS IN WHEN I COME OUT."

"THE SAILORMAN'S MENOO."

(To a Shipowner. By a Shell-back.)

It's mighty fine, yer talkin', but you never done no trips
In the bloomin' leaky foc'sle of yer leaky, rotten ships;
And though you gulls the public with a sham Menoo for us,
It isn't printed lies as makes provisions worth a cuss;
And even silly emigrants will tell you straight and true
That the test of grub is grubbin', not the advertised Menoo.

I'm talkin' now, not beggin' for a chance to starve and work,
In an undermanned old tanker with a skipper like a Turk;
With a cook as larnt 'is cookin' when 'e 'ad to cook or beg,
Or go into an 'orspital to nurse a cranky leg;
And what I says I means it, and my words is plain and true,
Which is more than any sailorman will say for yer Menoo.

I'll allow that in the look of it, the print of it I mean,
That all you say is served to us; but is it good or clean?
And wot's wet 'ash, or porridge, or any other stuff,
When at the very best of it there's 'ardly 'arf enough?
Not even with the cockroaches that's given with the stew,
Though I notice they nor maggots wasn't down in yer Menoo.

There's the tea and corfee talked of, but folks ashore ain't told
That the swine as bought it for you winked 'is eye at them as sold.
For sailormen's best Mocha was never further East
Than a bloomin' Essex bean-field; and the tea ain't tea—at least
It's on'y "finest sweepin's" from the docks, and wot a brew
It makes when served in buckets to drink to yer Menoo!

The pork and beef on paper, or a tin dish, makes a show,
But you'd want yer front teeth sharpened if you tackled it,
my bo'!

For the beef is still the ancient 'orse wot worked on Portland
Pier,

And the pork is rotten reasty, that was invoiced twice too dear
If they charged you 'arf a thick 'un for the whack you gives the
crew,

With the pickles and the butter set out fine in yer Menoo.

I'd like to take you jossers, as thinks as sailormen
Is a grumblin' lot of skulkers, just one trip and 'ome agen;

For when yer 'ands was achin' with sea cuts to the bone,
And the Baltic talked north-easters, you'd be alterin' of yer tone,
And mightn't think wot's wrote in print is necessary true,
And per'aps when you was safe agen you 'd alter our Menoo.

L'ILE DE WIGHT.

DEAR MISTER,—The other day I go with my friend to a "croquetparty." I love much the sport, the tennis, the bicyclette, but I know not to play the croquet. All of same, I go there. There is the hostess, a lady very gracious, but very solemn, of a in good point—*embonpoint*, how say you?—very remarkable. I shall name her Missis "JONES." There is a clergyman. Ah, the brave little clergyman! Of a vivacity, of a *verve* so charming, almost young. He is not young; he has, perhaps, sixty years, but he runs, he skips, he is the sole—*le seul*—who has the air of to amuse himself. There is a *militaire*—a military—very ferocious, the visage red, the moustache grey, the eyebrows very thick. There is a doctor of the army in retreat. And there is some ladies.

Eh well, my friend presents me to Missis JONES. I say to her, "He makes very fine to-day." You see, Mister *Punch*, I know the mode of your country, I commence in speaking of the fine time. But she is *distracte*—distracted—and she responds not, but she presents me to the clergyman, to the military and to the doctor in retreat. Then we drink the tea, the "fiveoclok" in the *salon*. Ah, how it is gay! By hazard I seat myself between the military and the doctor. All the two have been at the Indias. You know that in your Island of Wight all the world is military. *Partout*—by all—there is some generals, some colonels, some majors, some captains, and they are all in retreat, and they speak alldays—*toujours*—of the India and of the sport. Me I know not the India. Naturally my two neighbours talk of the India, of the serpents, of the sport, of the tigers. The military has much studied the serpents, and he speaks of them, and of the savage beasts, with a frown of the eyebrows worthy of *Tartarin*. *C'est étonnamment gai*—astonishingly gay. And all the time I regard at the other side of the *salon* the respectable curate—*le respectable curé*. His friends call him *vicaire*, but he has not of all the air of a *vicaire*. He is not enough young, he is not enough thin; he is all to fact old good man—*tout-à-fait vieux bonhomme*, how say you? *Le voilà*—see there him—speaking to the ladies, so gay, so amiable, so animated. I love to see him. The croquetparty suits well to the clergy, above all to those who are a little aged. Me who am lay and young I love it not.

In fine we go to the garden. Then I play the croquet. Me, AUGUSTE, I play! Missis JONES invites me. I say that I regret infinitely that I know not to play. She says me that it is easy. I finish by to yield. I play with her. The military, who is major, and one of the ladies are our adversaries.

In effect, Missis JONES plays very well, and the other lady also. The major plays not well, but he plays very severely, and he has the air of the president of a *conseil de guerre*—that which you call a "court-martial"—speaking to the accused. It seems to me as if I were the accused, and I am all timid when he frowns the eyebrows so terribly. For me I play not of all of all—*du tout du tout*. Missis JONES aids me with good counsels, but she has the air of a schoolmistress scolding a little boy, and she says me, "Now hit my ball, if you can;" and she regards me severely, and the major regards me severely, so that when I essay to hit my ball to me, I hit the turf, and then I hit the top of my ball, and she goes I know not where, all far from the ball of Missis JONES. Then this lady says, "That is not so bad." And one other time when I play to wrong and to traverse—*à tort et à travers*, how say you?—she says me, "That will do pretty well." This irony renders me more unskilful. However, Misses JONES "croquets" my ball, she goes through the hoops, she hits the stick, and, my faith, she arrives the first!

The major essays long time to hit one of the sticks, but he can not. Each time that he misses, his figure—*sa figure*—becomes more red, and the eyes gleam, and he has the air of to condemn the accused to be shot, and I think to all the words he would say if these ladies were not there. In fine I pity him, for to what good would a military say "Bother"? That is not enough, that is not nothing, that exclamation there, which is permitted in your country.

In fine we finish, and the major parts as soon as possible, without any doubt for to say at him—*chez lui*—all that which he has not said. Me also I part, but before to go I give a shakehands to Missis JONES, and I say to her, "Enchanted," and "A game of the most agreeables," and "Thousand thanks, dear Missis," and all the other phrases of the politeness. Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS FOR THE YOUNG.

(By a Past Master of the Ceremonies.)

So much has been written recently of the faulty deportment of our children that it may be well to formulate a few simple rules for the guidance of those of them who would wish to pass for boys and girls of elegance and *bon ton*. Accordingly, I jot down a suggestion or two for their consideration in this connection.

Invariably be courteous to visitors to your parents' house. If they bring hats and umbrellas, or parasols, immediately carry them away. That the articles may be in safe keeping entrust them to the care of the nearest pledge-taker, who will give you a card and some money as a guarantee of good faith, but, as they say in the newspapers, not necessarily for publication.

Booby traps are entirely out of fashion, so if you wish to



amuse your friends within your father's mansion, spread pebbles between their sheets and blankets, and cover their pillows with pepper.

Nothing is pleasanter to a humorist than a tribute of laughter. Remembering this when a young lady or gentleman, rather proud of her or his voice, attempts to sing a sentimental song, indulge in fits of uproarious merriment.

The old always value the attentions of the young. So when you see an octogenarian on the point of seating himself comfortably in an arm-chair, be careful to retreat the article of furniture in question a few inches, that the veteran may come unexpected to the ground. This will arouse the elderly gentleman, and induce him to address you with an earnestness entirely beyond his years.

As it is not now considered good form to ask for a tip, you had better take what you want from the rich when their attention is fixed on some object other than their purses.

Although it is distinctly rude to smash the hats left by visitors in the hall, there is no particular harm in filling the pockets of the overcoats of the same owners with candle ends, marmalade, and (when procurable) cold pea-soup.

Personal cleanliness is of the utmost importance in elegant society, so never neglect to wash your hands at least once a week, and brush your hair even more frequently.

It is extremely rude to interrupt a senior when he is telling an anecdote to an interested audience of his equals. So should you particularly wish to communicate with him without stopping the flow of his conversation, you should tap him smartly on the head with a soup ladle.

Finally, your first duty is to your father and mother. Bearing this in mind, should you obtain, through intimidation or some other equally effectual means, a sum of money from your friends, relatives and acquaintances, you should be sure to hand over an appropriate percentage of your earnings to your parents.

"The Sayings of Children."

Mamma. To-morrow will be daddy's birthday.

Christie (aged five, with a vague notion of Christmas Day). Then, I s'pose, all the shops will be closed, mummy, and we shall have to go to church, and make a collection for dad!

THE TERRORISM OF TOUTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I quite agree with the great NAPOLEON in his statement that we are a nation of shop-keepers, but I do wish that we could sometimes repress our commercial instincts. I am in business myself, and know what competition means, but I confess that when I take my holiday at the seaside I do not like to be made a sort of prize in a handicap of tradesmen. This year I have hired a villa at that delightful watering-place, Silversands, but I almost wish that I had never done so. Why? you will naturally inquire. Well, Sir, long before I left London with my family—I suppose I have to thank the local house-agent for this—I was bombarded with letters from the grocers, butchers, bakers, milkmen, wine merchants, and oilshop keepers of Silversands, imploring my esteemed custom. Some of them even sent samples of their wares with delicately-worded missives, begging me to accept these tokens of gratitude for favours to come. Two or three took the trouble and expense of travelling to London to interview me personally, and one of them being mistaken by my wife, while I was out, for a distant cousin of the same name, was actually bidden to dinner. Another was seen by my eldest girl making love to our cook in the area, and a third, I have since discovered, captured GREENSEAL, the butler, and treated him to a dinner at the Criterion, and a stall at the play afterwards. But all this skirmishing was nothing to the pitched battle which ensued on our leaving town to take up our new quarters. I dare say, Sir, you are aware that the through carriages from London to Silversands are shunted at Picklock Junction, some twenty miles distant from the coast. I had engaged a saloon carriage for ourselves, and of course our privacy was respected on the way down, but at Picklock two gentleman-like young fellows came to the door and politely asked, as the train was very full, if I would allow them to come in. Being no churl I at once said "Yes, by all means." They were ready conversationalists, and begun upon such topics as the South African War and the length of the Queen's reign.

Presently, however, they turned the current of talk on to the state of trade, a matter which of course interested me greatly. They warmed to the subject, and observed that even at Silversands the visitor had to beware of unscrupulous and designing persons, who would foist the most inferior goods on him at most exorbitant prices. "Knowing, therefore," said the elder of the two, "that you have taken Cockleshell Cottage for the season, we have ventured to bring you a list of tradesmen on whom you may implicitly rely." With that he handed me a paper as long as a lawyer's bill. "And who are you, gentlemen?" I inquired. "We are," replied the spokesman, "the president and secretary of the Silversands Protection Society, and we ask you not to forget to place yourself in our hands." The train was just stopping for tickets at Mudlook, so with the most courteous bows they disappeared, leaving us in a state of extreme surprise. But on arrival at Silversands Station we were still more astonished, being literally taken prisoners. Half a dozen stalwarts formed a ring round me, and, with stage chorus effect, forced price lists into my pockets; as many more got hold of my wife, and implored her patronage, my children were held at ransom, while my servants were beleaguered by a score or more of suppliants. The railway porters looked on and grinned. No doubt they were accustomed to similar scenes.

It was quite half an hour before we could tear ourselves from their clutches, and even then some of the nimble-footed knaves pursued our flies, keeping up a fire of circular ammunition. "Thank goodness!" I cried, fervently, as the vehicles stopped at the gate of Cockleshell Cottage. "We have escaped!" Scarcely were the words out of my mouth, when two determined individuals jumped out from behind a laurestinus hedge, nearly frightening my wife into a fit, a third broke ambush from a rose clump, another was lurking behind the honey-suckle of the verandah, four blocked the front door, and six the back entrance, while two had managed, somehow or another, to get into the kitchen. All of them, like playgoings deadheads, clamoured for "orders." The confusion was dreadful, the din appalling, and the luggage could scarcely be brought into the house. I laagered my family in the dining-room, and, with the aid of GREENSEAL, the footman and the groom managed, after severe fighting, to clear the premises, but not before the hall and kitchen floors were littered "with paper enough," as the cook remarked, "to light the fires for weeks to come." For ten days the attacks were renewed, to no purpose. I get all my stores and provisions from London, and have even bought a cow. I am not a mean fellow, only a resentful citizen not popular in Silversands, but your obedient servant,

THOMAS THREADNEEDLE.



MOST EXASPERATING.

(After numerous misses, Mr. Buggles manages to knock a Bird over at VERY close quarters, which the Retriever finds and promptly eats.)

Buggles (furious). "WHAT IS THE USE OF MY SHOOTING GAME IF YOUR BEASTLY DOG EATS IT?"

Macdonald. "IT'S NAE THE DOGGIE'S FAUT, SIR. HE WAS JUST ASHAMED TO BRING THE PUIR MUTILATED BIRDIE. SO HE HAS MADE AWA' WI' IT!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Bachelor to his Fire.

My study fire is now alight—
The first time since the Spring—
It seems to make the scene more bright,
The kettle e'en must sing;
And gazing on this mass of coal
I feel old merriment of soul.

There in that cinder I can trace
The lines of him who drest
So scrupulously up to grace
That he forgot his vest,
And perished with a figure trim,
Mid winter frosts, that finished him.

And there again that ardent flame
Reminds me of the heart
That you declared was still the same
Until we had to part.
You wrote that you would "soon be
dead"—

But wedded someone else instead.

A lazy lump that will not burn
Is meant perchance for me,
A rolling stone, too prone to turn,
Neglecting £ s. d.
In vain I hammer it, irate,
It is not coal, but only slate.

Yet still I'm glad, e'en when I note
That coffin in the fire,
For Fate hath surely someone smote
Who dared to rouse my ire.
A wicked thought! Well, let him die!
The world is wicked, so am I.

I cannot understand the craze
Of those who Southward fly
Where pigmy palms their span-leaves
raise

Reproachful to the sky,
Forgetful that they're grown to show
That icy wind condones the snow.

Blaze on, good coals, within the grate,
Let harmony be seen!
You only can regenerate
The thoughts of what have been.



A knock! A bill for fuel! Jane,
Tell that good man to call again!

WHAT IS A (NEW) WOMAN LIKE?

(To the Old—but Anonymous—Air, "What
is a Woman Like?")

A NEW WOMAN is like to—but stay!
What New Woman is like, who can say?
There is no living with or without one!
She's just like a fly
To the ear, to the eye,
Buzz, buzz, always buzzing about one!
Untender, unkind,
She is like, to my mind,
(Woman was not so *once*, I remember.)
She's like to—O dear!
She's as bad, far or near,
As a pea-soupy fog in November!
If she chaff, and she chat,
Write, bike, and all that,
And with "bags" and male manners she
meet me,
She's like a queer dish,
Neither flesh, fowl, nor fish,

That cries—like Cockaigne pigs—come eat
me!

But she'll shock you, and vex you,
Disgust and perplex you.
Immodestly ranging,
Continually changing,
What then do you think she is like?
Like a man? Like a shock?
On a wheel, with a frock
Only fit for a shrew on a "bike."
Her head's like the islands bards tell on,
Which flowers, fruits, and feathers all
dwell on
Her heart's like a hard lemon-ice,
As cold and as acid—so nice!
In truth she's to me
Like an east wind at sea,
That's good and that's pleasant to no
man;

Like a chill, like a pill,
Like a flail for the male,
Missing link (in a kink)
Betwixt a fast girl and a slow man!
Like a bower void of flower,
Content without scent
Like a shrike on a bike,
Like a fly in one's eye,
A boy without joy,
A girl out of curl,
A chap with no sap,
A man out of plan,
A tree without leaf,
Bud, or blossom—in brief,
She's like most things on earth—but a
woman!

SPORTING MEM.—*Quarrel* is now first
favourite for the Cambridgeshire. Let
us hope, however, that there will be no
difference over the settlement.

THE HEIGHT OF POSSIBILITY.—Mr.
GLADSTONE receiving the SULTAN at Ha-
warden.



A RECOMMENDATION.

Mrs. Cogie. "AY, THAT 'S THE NEW DOCTOR, MEM; AN' I'M SURE IT WAD BE AN AWFU' KINDNESS IF YE GIED HIM A BIT TRIAL. HE HAD A HEAP O' PATIENTS WHEN HE CAM' FIRST, BUT NOO THEY'RE A' DEID."

A POETIC SOLILOQUY.

On reading the morning paper, September 23.

I.

YES, on this Day of Days
My wayward vision strays,
As usual, down the columns of the *T-m-s*,
And with the other eye
The *D-ly N-ws* I spy—
Its leader page, I see, is bare of rhymes.
All's right—I needn't chafe,
My reputation's safe,
No other bard has weighed in with a
verse;
The Laureate is mum,
And even K-FL-NG's dumb,
And M-RR-s ditto—well, it might be
worse!

II.

I speedily peruse
The page of foreign news,
And skim the agony column in a trice;
The hatches and the matches,
Likewise the day's despatches
I glance at—all seems very neat and nice!
I read about the CZAR,
And think of many a par
I penned about his crowning-show in
June;
Then, coming nearer home,
I wonder where that pome
Of mine is, for this day so opportune.

III.

Hullo, what's this I see?
Great goodness, can it be?
Here, what in thunder do the people
mean?
Is this my loyal ode
Among the "ads" bestowed,
An insult both to me and to the QUEEN?
They've gone and printed small
My purple patches all,
About Himāla, Kishna, ghaut and shroff;
With carpets and bovril
They've ranked my Muse's skill—
To-day's for me a Day of D's enough!

THE BATTLE OF THE BACTERIA.

(Subject for a Modern Epic, suggested by President Sir Joseph Lister's Address at the British Association.)

LIST, list, oh, list!—to good Sir JOSEPH
LISTER!
Science is sure Humanity's kindest sister,
A sister like a good nurse, patient, placid,
But inexhaustible. Carbolic acid
As subject for the Muse, seems scarce
poetic;
But the great surgeon, sage and sym-
pathetic,
Makes antiseptics' history most romantic.
The microscopic microbe's lethal antic,
The friendly phagocyte's protective fight,
In our poor body's battlefield, out of sight,

Save of Sir JOSEPH and his brethren sage,
Who watch the mimic warfare which they
wage,
Might give a modern HOMER a great
theme,
Of which the blind old singer did not
dream.
"Microbes and Man I sing!" VIRGIL to-
day
Might warble—save that epics do not pay.
Later LUCRETIUS, without apology,
Might find fit subject in Bacteriology.
But heroes now do not come off in *that*
form,
Their epics are recited on the platform.
HOMER—some say—sang of the frogs and
mice,
LISTER finds theme scarce smaller or less
nice
In Microbes *versus* Phagocytes! Sounds
skittish?
Well, the association surnamed British
Is not a larkish thing, but high and
solemn,
Whose high "proceedings" fill the great
Times column,
Where, if you want an intellectual twister,
Read the Address of good Sir JOSEPH
LISTER,
Whose "septic" nous has banished an-
cient errors,
And robbed the surgeon's steel of half its
terrors.

POETRY FOR POLITICAL CHILDREN.

(A droll of bit Doggerel brought up to Date.)

THERE was a clever earl, who had a twirly curl,
Which hung down the middle of his forehead,
And some thought his policy was very, very good,
And some thought his policy was horrid.
He "stood on his head" on the hustings, he once said,
And nobody his high career could hinder;
Though some squealed and some squalled, and some yelled and
some bawled,
And shied their little stones agin his winder.
But alas! (as BALFOUR said,) that clever earl is dead,
And his foes have been—comparatively—silent.
But now they're popping up, every tyke, and cur, and pup,
And a-pitching into him extremely vilent.
And *Punch*, who of old made considerably bold
To criticise that earl, whilst he was living,
Thinks it very far from right to keep up mere sputtery spite,
When the time has come for praising and forgiving.
He's aware of the noise of those "little vulgar boys,"
Each brain like an empty attic,
Who against Earl BEAKY blare, and he'll catch them unaware,
And spank them—most emphatic!

RESTORATION OF KING CYMBELINE.

HEARTILY, nay uproariously, were welcomed Miss ELLEN TERRY and Sir HENRY IRVING (announced in the bills as "HENRY IRVING" *tout simple* without "Mr." or "Sir") when, as *Imogen* and *Iachimo* respectively, they walked on to the Lyceum stage, September 22, memorable for the first representation at this theatre of a certain Shakspearian play called *Cymbeline*. "*Cymbeline* condensed," of course, was the mixture presented most suited to the public taste, as "*Cymbeline* entire" would have been too much for the friendliest audience. The talkative lords and gentlemen of the old play were cut out or cut down, and for those characters who survived the operation, it sufficed that they "looked the parts" to admiration. Miss ELLEN TERRY was simply charming as *Imogen*; perfectly natural, which is the same as saying "genuinely artistic." So thoroughly did she identify herself with the modest, virtuous,



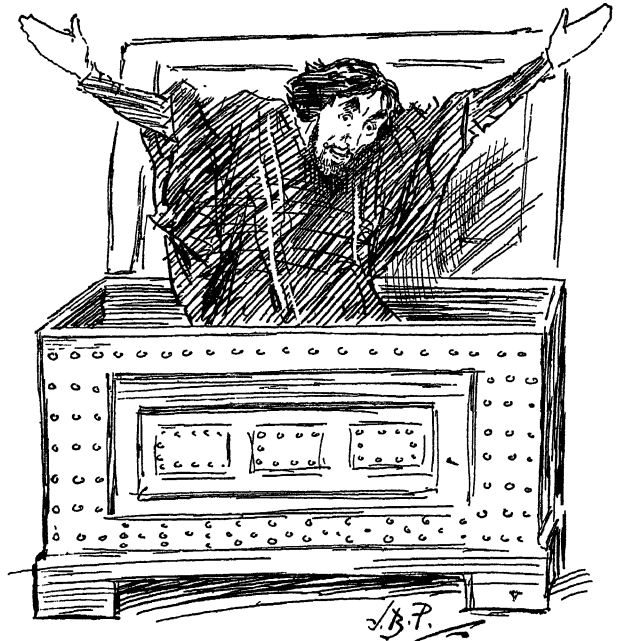
Interior of the Chest, as seen by the aid of the Röntgen Rays.

Awkward position of Sir H-rry Irv-ng when, as *Iachimo*, the lid is closed and he is suffering from pains in the chest.

retiring-to-bed-early *Imogen*, that, when roused from her sleep by the plaudits of the audience, after the Bed-room Scene, when from her arm wicked *Iachimo* has stolen her bracelet, Miss ELLEN shyly refused to face the house, but hid her face with her hands as, in her snow-white *robe de nuit*, she stood by the friendly bedpost as if shrinking from the boldly-expressed admiration of a thousand *Iachimos* in the stalls, boxes, and gallery. Her every action was in itself quite in keeping with the romantic ideal of the poetic dramatist. And HENRY IRVING, as *Iachimo*, or *Jackimo*, the cool, wicked, cynical

blasé man of the classic world, how excellent! Not as a mere vain *beau séducteur*, not as a gay *Don Juan*, but as one who "knows the ropes," and who believes in nothing and in nobody—except himself.

Crowded was the house, only one box vacant, and into that,



Jackimo in the Boximo.

Physical Exercise. *Iachimo* opens his chest and strikes an attitude.

on the stage, HENRY IRVING went. It was his own private box, kept by Mr. LOVEDAY and Mr. BRAM STOKER solely and only for Sir HENRY'S use: and made to hold one, not more, and that not quite comfortably.

What did *Jacki* do with his legs? If he doubled himself up, then out of that box should have come two *Iachimos*, or *Iachimi*! If ever actor "doubled a part" that actor was HENRY IRVING, as *Jackimo*, when he "doubled himself" (so he did in the *Corsican Brothers* and the *Courier of Lyons*) up, and lay concealed in his own chest!! Marvellous legs! Wonderful feat!

Then his fight with brave *Frank Posthumus Cooper*, who floored but spared him! Again, what more wonderful than the apparently sudden conversion of *Iachimo*, when he confesses everything, makes amends, and is so profoundly contrite as to excite our pity, and awaken in all the hope that he will for the remainder of his life be a good boy, never indulge in betting, and, it may be, marry and live happy, but henpecked, ever afterwards.

Mr. FRED ROBINSON as hearty, rough-and-ready *Belarius*, a "banished lord," calling himself "*Morgan*" (which he was perfectly at liberty to do), and his two "supposed" sons, Mr. B. WEBSTER and Mr. GORDON CRAIG, who were not wise enough to know their own father, were, all three, immediately on the best terms with the audience, who recognised *Bill Arius* as an old friend and stager in spite of all his disguise. There is a grand stage-fight, so realistic that had it not been for the chiefs, *Belarius & Co.* appearing triumphantly at the back, in a well-arranged *tableau*, it would have been difficult for an un-military audience to decide which party was victorious.

Miss GENEVIEVE WARD, as the wicked Lady Macbethlike queen, and Mr. NORMAN FORBES, as her brainless, conceited, quarrelsome son *Cloten*, were both uncommonly good in two not uncommonly good parts.

The play is in five acts, set to appropriate music by Mr. HAMILTON CLARKE, while the scenery, by Messrs. HAWES CRAVEN and HARKER, shows some such perfectly perspectived interiors as the artists themselves will find it difficult to excel. In the bill it is announced by the manager, rather "dropping into rhyme" for the occasion, that

"Mister L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.,
Has kindly acted as adviser
In production of the play."

In this instance "R.A." stands for "Roman Adviser," Mr.

ALMA-TADEMA being an unimpeachable authority in the matter of classic costumes. Everybody was pleased with his work, though we doubt whether ancient Britons were quite such gorgeous swells, in silks, satins, and gold, as are the Cymbelians; but, if ALMA-TADEMA is pleased, then Box and Cox are



Miss Imogen Terry (seeing Bill 'Arry Oos). Is it Mr. Fred Robinson Crusoe?

O Mr. Robinson Crusoe,
Why do you look at my trews so?

My name is Norval—no, I mean Fidele.

British Bill 'Arry Oos Robinson Crusoe (heartily). Fidele-de-dee! Avast, my hearty! Cave canem! There's the Cave (L.H.), and there's the Canem. (Pointing to hound just off R.H.) And now no more words. I believe you, my boy!

satisfied. It is no doubt due to the eminent Royal Academician's accuracy that the deer-hounds of the first century, in which the play is cast, when brought on by *Guidarius*, are carefully muzzled in order to comply with the police regulations of the present year of grace. The forethought was admirable. How awkward if, in Scene I, Act IV., a constable, say A.I. from Bow Street, close at hand, should have stepped on the stage and taken both dogs into custody! Next day we should have read how *Belarius & Co.* had been let off with a small fine in consequence of its being their first offence. However, the muzzles were there, and the *contretemps* avoided.

Cymbeline must be in for a run of good luck, thoroughly deserved by Sir HENRY, and by all concerned with him, in this his latest Shakspearian revival.

"HAVE I DONE WELL?"

[The *Morning* states that the QUEEN, on being reminded that she had reigned longer than any of her predecessors, asked "Have I done well?"]

"HAVE I done well?" Most gracious Queen,
Look on the record of your life;
Think of What is, What might have been.
Empress of Peace, mid constant strife!
"Have I done well?" O! peerless She,
Why query thus your endless fame?
When other beacons may not be
There still will burn your deathless name!

At a Progressive Meeting.

First Old Woman. It's marvellous to me, ladies, how BURKE, with all his up-to-date ideas, could have devoted so much time to the compilation of the peerage.

Second Old Woman. Yes! but he never got at the proper ages of the ladies!

[Enthusiastic cheers.]

BRIGHTON.

À Monsieur Punch.

DEAR MISTER,—At the fine of my little voyage in England I arrest myself here. One has often spoken me of Brighton, the english Nice, the town of sunshine. Therefore, in quitting the Island of Wight, I make a little *détour*, and I visit Brighton in road from Portsmouth to London. After to have voyaged in a train astonishingly slow, I arrive to Brighton the evening, I go direct to the hotel, I dine about the nine of clock, I smoke a cigar, and I couch myself. My bedroom gives on the garden, and is very tranquil.

The morning I get myself up of good hour, and I go out to respire the air from the sea. It seems to me that he makes some wind, which I had not remarked in my room so well sheltered, and I see the paving is wetted. I open my umbrella, and I descend from the *perron*. *Oh, la, la!* At that instant there I encounter a wind, a tempest—ah but, a veritable cyclone!—my hat flies himself away, my mackintosh cape of Inverness raises herself all around of my head, I am thrown against the balustrade of the hotel, and I see not where I am. I hold strongly my umbrella, for an instant he struggles violently, and then the frame and the silk leap into the air, *emportés*—how say you?—by the wind, and I hold but the stick. As soon as possible I re-enter, and then I find all that so amusing that I laugh—*nom d'une pipe, je me pâme de rire!*—and the spectators laugh also, and we are all very gay. Better worth to laugh than to weep. But all of same I lose a good umbrella. As to the hat, a brave coacher, of what you call a "fly" entraps him—*attraper*, how say you? But he is so much hurt that he resembles to the old hat of the coacher himself, and I give him to this last, with a piece of six pennys in addition.

This arrives a certain saturday. Figure to yourself, *Mister Punch*, that he rains without cease all the day and all the night, and still all the sunday until the evening! And not only some rain, but some wind—a tempest, a hurricane, a cyclone! After my little promenade of the morning, when I lose my umbrella, I go not out the saturday. From the windows of the coffee-room and of the tea-room I regard the sea, extremely agitated, the horizon veiled by sombre and heavy clouds, the sky entirely grey. I see also the promenade, deserted, of grey asphalte, wet and shining, and the *jetée*, the "Questpir," also deserted. She is not so ugly as the *jetée* of Nice, but she is enough ugly all of same.

Eh well, the sunday he falls still of the rain! *C'est assom-mant!* And one has said me that the sunday is less sad at Brighton than in the other parts of your country. *Triste!* *Ah, mon Dieu!* In fine, after the lunch, I am resolved to see the town. I go to see the *boulevards*, the gardens, the palace of the King GEORGE, and I make to come a "fly." *Ciel, quelle voiture!* She is entirely closed, like a carriage of a *convoi funèbre*, a funeral convoy, and one sees nothing if one has not the head *penchée*—how say you?—by the door. The coacher conducts me all the long of the deserted promenade, where the wind is terrible, and then we see the palace. *Oh, la, la! Un palais de carton! Un décor d'opéra-bouffe!* A decoration of buffoon opera. The sole thing amusing in all the town so sad! After this we traverse some miserable little streets, of houses so ugly and so *mesquines*—how say you?—that I arrest the coacher and I say him, "Go to the *boulevards*, the grand and large streets." He responds there is not of them. *Il n'y en a pas?* What says he after? "In Hove." *Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça? Ah, une autre ville!* And we traverse again more of miserable streets—my faith, so ugly!—until I arrest him of new and demand, "Where, then, is this Hove?" "Here, maounsiah," says he. "But," I respond, "how that? It is here Brighton." "No, maounsiah," says he, "thissirs Hove, thatthairs Brighton, all one town." Then he continues, and *subitement* we arrive to some streets so enormously wide that in this rain one sees hardly from one side to the other. Some ones are almost as wide as long. And they are all absolutely deserted, and the grass begins to grow at the side.

A la bonne heure! *C'est assez!* I return in the "fly" to the hotel by a tempest of wind and of rain, passing the "Questpir," where I read the affix, "Band now playing," but I go there not. *Que faire? Nous verrons.* Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

LOYAL AND TRUE.—"A propos of the recent downpours," quoth Mr. JOHN BULL, "the only continuous rain of which I heartily approve is the beneficent reign of good Queen VICTORIA." Hear! hear! from everywhere.



FOR LADIES ONLY.

"RESERVED CARRIAGES." (See "Day by Day" in "Daily News.")

"If you travel in one, you run greater risks than in travelling in the ordinary carriages. I have known railway officials allow men to jump into them at the last moment before the train starts, with a mutual wink at each other and a very objectionable grin."

THE CZAR IN SCOTLAND.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

THE Great Magnate, who is at present attracting universal attention, declares that the weather, the police, and the soldiers have impressed him with the belief that he has never left Russia. Could any greater compliment have been paid to our social and atmospheric system? Strolling around Balmoral this morning I picked up several Victorian orders, which had been evidently dropped by some of the CZAR's attendants. Unfortunately, they do not admit to the Castle buttry, where, I understand, brose and verse go mouth with mouth. I honestly confess that Mr. CHARLES FRASER, Her Majesty's Chief Constable, is too much for me. I endeavoured to obtain access to the domain by disguising myself as a bundle of dirty linen, but Mr. FRASER remarked that such effects were never washed off the premises, and sent my cart back to Ballater. Again I tried to get within the sacred precincts by adopting the garb of a Cossack. FRASER "spotted" me in a moment, and I regret that his shoemaker puts pointed tips to his boots. As a final resource I garbed myself in a kilt, but again FRASER was too many for me, for on my neglecting to answer his query, made in an unknown tongue (presumably Gaelic), he declared me to be an imposter; and once more I took up the

position of a Peri. Nevertheless, I like FRASER. He wears the best frock coats that I have ever seen; he is not rough in his treatment of the uninvited, and, from what I hear, he can throw a fly as well as the late JOHN BRIGHT. Certainly, I like FRASER, and I beg to thank him in your columns for the privilege, which he has not only given to me but to other "special correspondents," of writing about the CZAR, the CZARITZA, and the Grand Duchess OLGA in the seclusion of an inn, solaced by the spirit of the country, and absolutely debarred from giving any descriptive account of these Imperial personages from personal observation. Mean time, you are paying my expenses, for which I am as thankful as is a Highlander when he sees the fag-end of the harvest moon.

SAM WELLER AND THE RÖNTGEN RAYS.

"HAVE you a pair of eyes?" said Sergeant BUZFUZ. "Yes, I have a pair of eyes," replied SAM, "and that's just it. If they was a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs, and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see, my wision's limited." [Trial scene in Pickwick.]

THE REAL "TRIPLE ALLIANCE."—A three-figure innings at cricket.

THE QUEEN!

SIXTY years ago, your Majesty, sixty years ago!

And the years slip by so swiftly, though the tide of advance seems slow.

We have gathered some fruit of the hours, some golden and glorious fruit, But the things to be done e'en yet are mighty, and many, beyond compute.

Sixty years ago, great Queen! 'Tis a glorious stretch of time!

In the sweep of the mighty orb of State there is something at least sublime.

The years have fled, and the men are dead who have made your record great;

But something remains to be garnered yet, though the harvesting seem late.

The century runs to its fated end; and how shall its record close?

In the blood-red sunset of battle fierce, or the crimson flush of the rose,

Herald of hope and love and joy, with the lily of peace close-knit?

How much hangs now upon royal wisdom, how much upon statesman wit!

Let the dead past bury its dead! The whirligig of time

Brings its revenges—which to snatch at a cruel cost were crime.

The cynic sneer, and the blatant boast of the jubilant Jingo day

Are silent now, for the feast is o'er, and reckoning's yet to pay.

Peace with honour! A splendid phrase! May its echoes never cease!

But if the honour be left aside, how long is the reign of peace?

A purple patch on a garment worn is triumph at cost of right,

It glows awhile in the firework glare, and then falls to rags in the light.

Lady, who like Ulysses, that "gray spirit," of heart so grand,

Canst now look back o'er a long, long track of the tale of a great old land.

"Till old experience doth attain," as our mighty MILTON said,

"To something of prophetic strain" in a brain by memories fed.

Lady, our true, brave Queen of Hearts, whose reign outrecords now

Our strongest kings, and our noblest Queens; the sturdiest Briton's brow

In reverence bends and in honest love and patriot pride to-day

O'er the woman's hand that a sceptre grand hath known so well to sway.

Sixty years ago, your Majesty! Every year well filled

With strenuous duty which won respect and a simple love which thrilled

The simplest heart in all your realm with the wisest, bravest, best.

God save the Queen, and give her and her England true honour and lasting rest!

At Whist.

Old Gentleman (at close of game). Why did you trump my best card, Miss X.?

Miss X. (who has seen her mistake). Because I thought you wanted me to lead up to you.

[O. G. pacified immediately.]

INTERESTING TO MATCHMAKING MAMMAS.—Cub hunting has recommenced.



“BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.”

HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY. “ADIEU! DEAR KINSMAN! IF WE BUT ACT TOGETHER, ALL WILL BE WELL.”

[“It has been officially announced that the visit of the Emperor and Empress to the Queen at Balmoral will terminate Saturday, October 3.”]

CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(For Ladies only.)

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—Since my escapade at Doncaster I have been living what (were I a man) I should call the life of a hermit at Scarborough. My cave, it is true, is situated in the Royal Hotel, and possibly my pursuits are not those in which an anchorite would indulge. Nevertheless, I feel that I have taken the veil for (don't publish this in the local papers)



Lord ARTHUR RANTIPOLZ, like some derrick on the Sea of Time, has been recovered by his wife! It happened in this way. ARTHUR (forgive the all-too-happy familiarity of nomenclature) and I were sitting on the Spa promenade, listening to that delicious band, which my dear friend says always reminds him of MEYER LUTZ and *Little Doctor Faust*, and the beach was moaning in sympathetic concord (just like a dog) with the music. In three words, we were happy, and murmured soft nothings, except when a beast of a man threw the end of his cigar on my dress (then Lord ARTHUR got up and talked of bloodshed); but this incident was as nothing to what followed. He had, under the influence, I suppose, of a twentieth cigarette and a fifth B. and S. (*cela va sans dire*), seized my hand, and exclaimed, "My darling KADJ, will you always be mine?" and I, maiden like, was hanging matrimonial fire, when his hat was, as ARTHUR at once described it, "bashed" over his brow by a FEMALE. I was so surprised that I forgot to scream. The Female exclaimed, "At last I've found you, you villain!" Lord ARTHUR, as usual cool as the proverbial cucumber, replied, "And where's the catch?" This seemed to anger her, quite unnecessarily as I thought. She hissed—I should say "whispered," did that convey the diabolical tones of her utterance—"I am in earnest this time. JONES is round the corner." At these mysterious words Lord ARTHUR's nonchalance vanished. "All right," he said, "I'll come with you." And then without even raising his *chapeau* after his *vieille noblesse* style, he disappeared, and I have not seen him since. Now, who is JONES? The only explanation which I have received is the following telegram sent from York:—

"Nobbled by wife. We shall meet again in heaven.—ARTHUR."

This document, as you may suppose, is but small consolation to me. Again I ask, who is JONES? Is he the FOUQUE of some gross connubial plot, or the No. 1 of a dynamite conspiracy to ruin my happiness? Papa, always unfeeling, asserts that Lady ARTHUR and JONES have conspired to enable Lord ARTHUR to make a hurried flight. Luckily he was not staying at our hotel, for from several inquiries we gather that he has not satisfied his landlord, and his grooms are, I know, *in extremis*. Poor fellow! Had he never been foolish enough to bind the sacred cord round his neck he and I might now have been one. I feel the situation, ETHELINDA, perhaps more than you can imagine, and am reading *East Lynne* for consolation. Mrs. HENRY WOOD knew where and when the heart grew fondest. *Il faut se distraire*. I have just seen a charming yachting costume for winter wear, the novelty of the suit being that every button is different, so that the Royal Yacht Squadron, the London, the Thames, the Corinthian, the Southampton, and even the merry Mudhook are represented on the discs. I shall order a jacket, waistcoat and skirt ornamented after this description from *Messrs. — directly I return to town. A good dish for supper at Michaelmas is a Solan-goose, boiled with grapes and capscums, and, before serving, "doused" with Parmesan cheese and Harvey sauce.

Ever, dear, Your loving cousin, KADJ.

P.S.—But who is JONES?

P.P.S.—My poor ARTHUR! What is JONES? More next week if I can discover where is JONES!

* Name blotted out.—ED.

Modern "Criticism."

George. What a splendid notice that is of yours, ALFRED, on the new piece at the Gymnasium. It is quite an epilogue!

Alfred. And so I meant it to be, dear old chap; for, don't you know, I also wrote the prologue for the excellent manager.

LATTERDAY LIONS.

(Notes from a Society Paper of a future date.)

THE present season promises to be an exceptionally brilliant one, owing, in large measure, to the number of distinguished visitors from foreign countries who are honouring London by their presence. It is true that in former years social gaieties were much enhanced by the appearance of such notabilities as the SHAHZADA and LI HUNG CHANG, but never until now have so many illustrious strangers visited us at the same time, to refresh our jaded spirits by the quaint originality of their habits and conversation.

DURING the past week Prince BOBO, the famous head of the West Indian Scalpatzite tribe, has continued his tour of the provinces, and has displayed a most intelligent interest in the various manufacturing processes which he has witnessed. A very humorous incident occurred at Messrs. HARDWARE's factory, during an exhibition of the work of smelting. The Prince, who was in the best of spirits, suddenly seized the manager, who was showing him round the works, and dropped him head foremost into a huge caldron of molten iron, greatly to the delight of his dusky suite. At Messrs. CANNON's ordnance factory, one of the staff ventured to assert to the Prince that a machine-gun was a more effectual weapon than those in use among the Scalpatzite tribe, whereupon the Prince smilingly drew out a tomahawk, and with marvellous dexterity promptly killed two of the factory hands who happened to be standing near him.

THE eccentric manners of Lord PIM-PAM-POM, that celebrated Oriental statesman, continue to amuse London Society. While in conversation with Lady PLANTAGENET at the Archbishop's garden-party, his keen eye discerned that the beauty of her ladyship's *coiffure* was not due to Nature alone, and, with a most impassive countenance, he suddenly snatched away her wig and placed it upon his own head. At the same entertainment it is said that he proposed to no less than eleven ladies, seven of whom were already provided with husbands. Lady PLANTAGENET he offered to assign as a bride to his secretary, remarking to her "that she was both too old and too ugly to suit himself."



I HEAR that the *chef de cuisine* of PIM-PAM-POM's household is in despair, owing to the fact that his lordship insists upon dining upon roast fox daily. Great difficulty is experienced in obtaining a sufficient supply of these animals, and the unfortunate cook is not reassured by his master's expressed intention to dine off him if his favourite dish be not forthcoming.

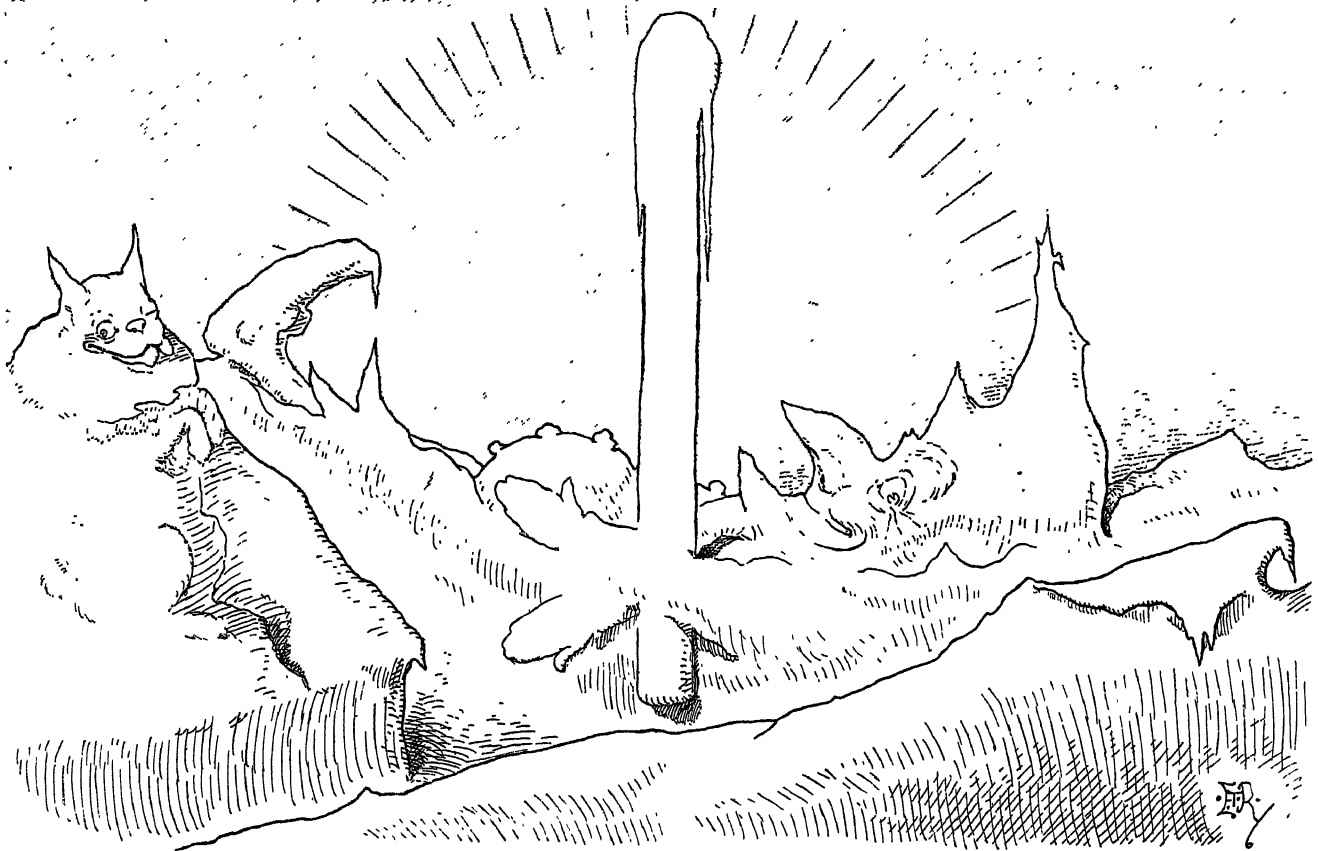
KING KOTCHAWAYO, with his African attendants, took great pleasure in the *ballet* which he witnessed on Saturday night at the Labrador Theatre of Varieties. Indeed, he insisted upon its being continued for five hours, and shot with his revolver two of the performers who showed some symptoms of fatigue towards the end of the third hour. He also took home with him the big drum and some suits of stage armour, both of which are to be utilised on his return to his native land.

THE true explanation of the regrettable *fracas* which occurred in Piccadilly on Saturday night has not yet been given. Put shortly, it is as follows:—about seven o'clock, a cab-horse, which had been much overworked, suddenly fell down dead in the road. The incident was perceived both by the Esquimaux attached to Baron HECLA's suite and by the African retinue of King KOTCHAWAYO. With a simultaneous yell each party rushed upon the fallen animal, with the purpose of claiming it as their booty and conveying it to their kitchen, and the dispute at once became animated. Fortunately, however, the amount of harm done was trifling, a detachment of life-guards separated the combatants, and the total number killed on each side did not much exceed twenty.

What we are Coming to.

Uncle (to Nephew going back to Eton). Here's a pound's worth of silver for you, JACK. I'm sorry that I haven't got a sovereign.

Nephew. Oh! don't mention it. I'm a bimetalist, you know.



THE NORTH POLE AS IT REALLY IS.

(For the information of Dr. Nansen and others.)

A WORLD OF WORDS.

[Professor FLINDERS PETRIE, in an Address on "Man before Writing," delivered at the Annual Meeting of the British Association, says that the present generation is "drunken with writing," that "we let it override the growth of our minds and the common use of our senses," and that "the servant, speech, has come to be mistaken for the master, thought."]

DRUNKEN with writing? Aye, Sir, and dyspeptic,
Hysterical, insane, and epileptic
With sheer excess of scribble!
'Tis words, words, words, in plenteous printer's ink,
Make man a thing that never thinks to think,
A phrase-devouring fribble.

The Parliament, the Platform, Pulpit, Press,
Pack us with words, and yet we make a mess
Of most things that need *thinking*.
We suck up speech as sands suck water up,
And yet compare as *Hamlet* with a KRUPP,
From "name of action" shrinking.

A crowd of geese, we cackle, cackle,
But when Fate gives some Gordian knot to tackle,
Still wordily we wrangle.
A multitude of talkers all unstable,
Confronted with a knot they are unable
To cut or disentangle.

The petty babble or the big bow-wow,
Equally inconclusive, swell the row,
But do not help the issue;
The great god Talkee-talkie is our Dagon.
Tongues, futile as Penelope's shuttle, wag on,

Spinning talk's gossamer tissue,
Which talk anon unravels. Ins and Outs
Exchange wild eloquence in windy flouts,
And papers print the lot of it;
We word-devourers read and call it grand,
All unaware we do not understand
The stale sophistic rot of it.

Clichés and cant, and clap-trap, catch-words, clack,
At the command of every Grub Street hack,
Sway us in Art and Letters.

Earth's early Titans could not read or write,
But oh, they *could* make up their minds, and fight!

In which they were our betters.
Ah, FLINDERS PETRIE, as you slyly hint,
There are some drawbacks e'en to speech and print.

Progress we'd not be slighting;
But speech, the master—thought, the servant? Yes!
There were great wits before the Penny Press,
And MEN—e'en before Writing!

THE cab strike ought to be settled at the next cabbin' it council.

À BOULOGNE.

(Verse à propos of the capture of Tynan through the sharpness of Mr. Riley. With apologies to Mr. Robert Martin, the composer.)

Tynan sings:

Is that Mr. RILEY
A-looking so smily,
The gendre du brave maître
Of the Folkestone Hôtel.

Mr. Riley sings:

It is Mr. RILEY,
Uncommonly wily;
Ye're TYNAN, I'm RILEY,
I know ye right well.

[Exeunt together.]

LAST week Lord SALISBURY left his Castle, which is Walmer, for Balmoral, which is colder. Hope Great Britain generally will be benefited by his visit.

Song of the Khedive Incognito.

At the battle of the Nile
(Upper Nile, I mean)
I was there all the while
(Or I ought to have been),
With KITCHENER the General
A-serving of his Queen,
While I was in Paris
Enjoying the *cuisine*.

THE Emperor of RUSSIA has ordered a new autocar. He says that an autocar is the only conveyance fit for an autocar.

PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.

No. III.—OUR GENIUS.

A DUNCE WAS JIM, a dunce, indeed,
A perfect sample of the breed—
On this were all the world agreed,
Except his doting mother.
"My bairn! my bonny bairn!" quoth she;
"It is his lungs are weak, ye see."
"Alack, it is his head," thought we,
And glanced at one another.

Her fear about his health was great,
And still the more that JIMMY ate,
The more she thought him delicate,
And more and more she gave him.
"He's but a het-hoose flower!" she cried,
"Owre beautiful tae live," she sighed,
"But yet I'll try, whate'er betide,
An' dae my best tae save him."

So tender was her care that lo!
The hot-house flower began to grow,
And soon was six-foot-two or so,
A healthy sixteen-stunner.
"Noo, mark my words," she cried in glee,
"As sure as three times one is three,
My JIM a genius will be,
An' fill the warl' wi' winner."

"What wad ye wish tae be, my sweet?
I doubt the farmin's gey and weat:
The damp might get intil yer feet,
An' then the cauld wad tak' ye.
The books is fine an' dry, but oo!
They're sair upon a body's broo.
Eh, losh me, JIM, I hae't the noo!—
An airtist we will mak' ye!"

The mother had a mind, the son
To all appearances had none;
Her will was law, and swiftly done;
JIM smilingly acceded.
She bought him brushes by the score,
With chalks and canvases galore,
And paints and palettes—far, far more
Than ever airtist needed.

Well, JIM set to and daubed away
Some pictures for the R. S. A.,
And when it came to showing day
His friends were asked to view them.
We came in crowds the gems to see,
But which was cow and which was tree
No two of us could quite agree,
And JIM himself scarce knew them.

"H'm, yes," said we, "a pretty show;
But don't you think that JIM might go
And learn to draw? 'Twould help, you
know,

In painting cows and creatures."
"Na, na," his mother answered then,
"An airtist's no like ither men,
For eh, he's born, no mad', ye ken—
My JIM shall hae nae teachers."

So JIM worked on as best he might
By artless Nature's simple light,
Untrammelled by a point of sight
Or any such vexation.
But, strange to say, none took the whim
Of buying any gems of him:
They stuck like barnacles to JIM
With grim determination.

A year or two went slowly past,
And JIM grew tired of it at last:
His weary brushes down he cast,
And took instead to drinking.
"Eh!" cried his mother, "let him be.
His mind is overstrained, ye see.
He'll jist lie fallow for a wee.
"Tis genius, I'm thinking."



A DRY CALLING.

"TH' OLE SQUIRE STOP AN' SPOKE TO ME THIS MARNIN'; AN' OI AST 'IM 'OW MASTER PHILIP WAS GETTIN' ON IN LUNNON. 'OH,' SAYS 'E, 'E'S BIN CALLED TO THE BAR.' OI DUNNO WOT 'E MEANT, SO OI DIDN' SAY NOTHIN'; BUT OI SAYS TO MESELF, 'AH,' OI SAYS, 'FROM WHAT OI REMEMBER OF 'IM, 'E DIDN' WANT NO CALLIN'!' "

Well, JIM lay fallow, and he found
That when he tried to loaf around
His efforts with success were crowned—
No living man could match him.
It was a calling, it was plain,
That suited to a T his vein.
D'you think he'll ever paint again?
No—JIM knows better—catch him!

TO A CANTERBURY PILGRIM. — Mr. *Punch's* congratulations to THOMAS SIDNEY COOPER, R.A., as being hale and hearty on his ninety-third birthday. In animal painting he has made many a first-rate "coo." "Always a goot prishe, ma tear, for a Cooper, and none of his lambs were ever bought sheap." Mr. SIDNEY COOPER lives at Canterbury, within the vicinity of Hales Place, where all the Hales and Hearties are. *Ars, et vita longa* with his veteran Brother Brush.

JEAMES IN EXCELSIS. — The *Daily Chronicle* of Saturday recounts how "ACHILLE VANDERCAMP, one of the royal footmen, for rescuing King LEOPOLD in a recent carriage accident, has received the decoration of the First Order of the Croix Civique." Bravo, ACHILLE! "*Bouillant ACHILLE!*" This footman has now in waiting on him a page in history.

A NEW DEPARTURE. — The Imperial Institute has lost "her VINE, the merry cheerer," as WILLIAM the Di-vine hath it. Who is to take the cheer of the merry cheerer now?

MRS. PHOSSYL wishes to know whether the capture of Dongola will interfere with the winter season at Venice.

CYCLE SHARE MARKET. — Cycles been moving irregularly. Dunlops fell. All coming round again.



"MAMMA!" "YES, DEAR."
"WHERE'S THE WIND WHEN IT DOESN'T BLOW?"

LES CHERS AMIS.

Pensées d'un Président.

AH, ces préparatifs! Je suis anéanti. Quelqu'un qui me demande? Qui donc? Ah, la leçon de russe! Mon professeur. Je n'ai rien appris, pas un seul verbe irrégulier. Je n'ai pas le temps. Dites-lui de revenir ce soir à minuit, ou plutôt à deux heures du matin. Dormir? Impossible. Voyons donc! Ce programme. Oh, le sacré programme! Toujours le programme. On a enlevé l'échafaudage de l'Arc de Triomphe? Bon. On va couvrir les ruines de la Cour des Comptes de haut en bas? De quoi? De bouquets d'orchidées. Bon. Et les arbres des Champs Elysées absolument sans feuilles? Oh, quelle horreur! Qu'est-ce qu'on va y mettre? Des feuilles en papier, ou de papier. Ah, la bonne idée! Et le train impérial? Mais il y en a deux; le train impérial de l'Empereur, et le train impérial de la République. Quelle drôle d'idée, un train impérial républicain! Comment? Les voies ne peuvent supporter le poids du train? Alors nos chers amis seront obligés de descendre? Où ça? A vingt-deux kilomètres de Cherbourg. Et puis? Il faut continuer le voyage en voitures de troisième, qui ne sont pas si lourdes? Mais il faut absolument reconstruire tout le chemin de fer. Impossible? Oh, mon Dieu! Mais la Seine? Si nos chers amis pouvaient venir de Cherbourg à Paris en bateau-mouche impérial républicain? Mais non! Il faudrait tous les cinq jours de leur séjour en France pour ça. Quelqu'un qui me demande? Un projet de fête? Le cent trente-huitième que j'ai reçu aujourd'hui. Et encore? Des représentants d'une ville de province. La soixante-troisième délégation! Qu'est-ce qu'ils disent? Un projet de cadeau pour nos chers amis? Oh, mon Dieu! Encore un cadeau! Le deux cent quatre-vingt quinzième depuis cinq heures du matin. Mais voyons donc! Nous n'avons pas un instant à perdre. Le programme. Encore quelqu'un? Qu'est-ce qu'il dit? Un cheval est mort? Un cheval impérial républicain, que nous avons acheté si cher? Quel malheur! Mais nous en avons encore dix-neuf. A propos des voitures impériales républicaines, où faut-il m'asseoir? Nous serons trois. Et il n'y a que deux places en face. Est-ce qu'on peut construire une voiture avec trois places en face? Impossible? Eh bien, que faire? Si je montais à cheval, ou à bicyclette, ou à côté du cocher? Mais non, mais non! Oh, mon Dieu!

Si je pouvais me retirer au Havre! Ah, le cher petit nid là-bas, si tranquille, si charmant! Mais il faut nous dépêcher. Ce programme—Quoi donc? Encore quelqu'un qui me demande? Un rédacteur? Encore un projet! Toujours des projets! Et mon habit? Comment arranger ça? Un habit noir, comme un simple Président des Etats Unis? Tiens, j'ai mon ruban rouge! Ou quelque chose de fantaisie, un habit de fête, en velours jaune, en satin blanc, brodé, galonné? Ah, ça m'est égal! Faites-le comme vous voulez. Je n'ai pas le temps. Voyons! Ce sacré programme! Dépêchons-nous. Ah, les chers amis! Quel plaisir de les recevoir convenablement! Mais c'est éreintant tout de même.

TO THE ENRAGED POET.

DEAR SIR EDWIN,—ESAU, in consequence of JACOB's oily artfulness, sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; and if a great poet chooses to part with a sample of his genius in consideration of receiving a pot of blacking, who shall blame the bard for doing just exactly what he likes with his own?

Nay, Sir EDWIN, you take this too much to heart.

I confess, that when I opened my *Times* on Wednesday morning, and perceived your stirring verses lying in small type surrounded by various advertisements of a distinctly unpoetic character, I at once turned to the central page to see if you had been "crowded out" by the publication of the Austrian Laureate's *ad cap-in-handum* verses. But the muse of ALFRED the Less had not been inspired (I wonder if he got a wiggling for his negligence from Her Most Gracious Majesty, forwarded per Lord SALISBURY?) to write, and consequently there would have been space for one poet inside the great daily journal.

That it should be in small type! in that, to my mind, lay the indignity. O the pity of it! O the printing of it!

If Sir JOHN MILLAIS's "*Bubbles*" had been indifferently reproduced or belittled (as has your poem by its type) on our walls, might not that great artist have had a word to say on the subject to Messrs. PEARS & Co., who purchased the above-mentioned charming picture for one thousand guineas? Did not Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A., has not Professor HERKOMER, R.A. done work for hoardings, and do not "hoardings" mean "savings"? I devoutly hope so. If I am wrong in quoting the above, have not several notable artists contributed, by pictorial advertisements, to the mural decoration of our dull city? Then why not verses as advertisement by one of our leading poets?

When some thrice-happy publisher is fortunate enough to obtain the right of printing and publishing your poems, my dear Sir EDWIN, will he publish them without advertisements, literary perhaps, but that's as it may be, within the two covers? Does this derogate from the poet's dignity? Not one whit. Are not the gems of wit and humour contained in *Mr. Punch's* weekly pages invariably framed, as it were, by an outer sheet of worthy and most useful advertisements?

Then, poet, please to moderate the rancour of your pen, and if you can strike the lyre, at three times as much, per chord, with advertisements, as you can obtain for the same without advertisements, why, pocket the coin, and sing us the song which all the world (consider the circulation of these journals) will be delighted to hear! Who can sing without notes? Let the purchasers supply the notes. For yourself, insist only on two things,—*big type, and a central position!*

Yours sincerely, A LOVER OF POETRY AND PICKLES.

The Moral of Balmoral.

Her Gracious Majesty to the Czar:—

To Deeside you have come.

Wise counsels be your guide.

Here, in our Highland home,

For lasting Peace decide.

Strange Tale from the Sea.

A PARAGRAPH in the *Times* of Wednesday last week told us how a shark had been caught, and in its inside was found by the sailors "a complete copy of the *Times*" newspaper. Perhaps the shark "took in the *Times* regularly," but, being in a hurry that particular morning, only read but did not thoroughly digest the contents. The shark's circulation was soon stopped, but the *Times* goes on as before.

THE ARMENIOUS BLACKSMITH.—MR. GLADSTONE.



THIRTEENTH CENTURY.



NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

THE LITTLE VULGAR GIRL.

(A Street Study in the School-Board Era.)

AIR—"The Little Vulgar Boy."

It was in London yesterday, I strolled a Board School near:
I saw a little Vulgar Girl—I said, "What make you here?"
She grinned at me with youthful cheek,
her lip with scorn did curl;
Again I said, "What make you here, oh little Vulgar Girl?"

She sniffed, that little Vulgar Girl! Now childhood should not scoff,
And when the gentler sex is young, sneers do not set it off.
She put her finger in her mouth, the shrillest shriek arose,
Such as a fierce Red Indian might yell at savage foes.

"Hush! Don't do that, my little miss. It splits my ears!" I said.
"Garn, you old guffin!" she replied. "Git 'ome and go to bed!"
"Garn?"—"An old guffin?"—"Go to bed?"—"And this to me? Oh, fie! It's very wrong for little girls to be so rude!" said I.

"Way-oh! old wrinkles!" yelled the child. Then upwards she did fling
Her little heels into the air, like—oh! like anything.
I've noticed all about the streets that girls of tender age
Do fling their little limbs about like minxes on the stage.

I said, "My little female-girl, I must, politely, beg
You not to play such vulgar pranks as that with your poor leg!
You'll dislocate your joints, my child!"
She grinned, "All right, old flick!
You keep yer 'air on, poor old crock.
That's only my 'igh kick!"

"There ain't a girl in our Board School can kick as 'igh as me,
Although I ain't eleven yet, I tyke the cake, Sir! See?"
With which she sprang, and spun, and shrieked, a thing of shame and dread,
And, with one final flourish, kicked my hat from off my head!

I blushed, and picked it from the road. I said, "My dear young girl,
I'm sure the Board School cannot teach you thus to spin and twirl.

I trust they teach you the Three R.'s—perchance a fourth—but, oh!
Don't you see kicking high like this is really very low?"

She placed two fingers in her mouth, and made a frightful noise,
When up came running several girls, and also several boys.

"Oh, chummies, 'ere's a lark!" she cried.
"This funny, fat, old fool,
Thinks the three R.'s the only things we learn at our Board School!"

"Oh, little Vulgar Girl!" I said, "what is it else you learn?"
She eyed me with a brazen stare which made me blush and burn.
"Vulgar be blowed, old boy!" she said.
"You've been upon the shout!
We learn to darnce, an' smoke, an' swear,
an'—know our ways about."

"And this is Education, then!" I mused.
"Her legs to twirl
Like minxes at the Music Halls delights this little girl.
Her grammar's very shaky, her pronunciation queer,
But her high-kick is marvellous, and can't she chaff and jeer?"

"She and her sort come shrieking round the square where in I dwell.
They never play at girlish games, they always romp and yell.
To battledore and shuttle-cock, skipping-rope, hoop and stick
They never stoop; their only joys seem noise and that high-kick.

"I wonder much what sort of wives such Vulgar Girls will make—"
"Wot are you mutterin' of, old boy, and wot's your little fake?"
The little Vulgar Girl inquired. And then they all took hands,
And danced about me like wild tribes in dark and distant lands.

I grabbed my hat, I up and fled, pursued by their wild shrieks.
I've watched such scenes about my square, for weeks, and weeks, and weeks,
And what I want to know, what time I see her blare and twirl,
Is—what will be the future of the little Vulgar Girl?

BEDDED OUT PLANTS.—"Dossers" in St. James's Park.

[Query.—Is "dossers" derived from "dozers"? Ask Slang Dictionary.]

A STORY ABOUT THAT LLUSTRIOUS PHOTOGRAPH.

(Translated from the German. Origin uncertain.)

HAVING nothing to do—I am tired of composing national songs and giving directions to people to paint pictures for me—I may as well turn my hand to narration. Shall some day attempt a romance. Got an idea already. Young man in love with young lady. One poor the other rich. Girl (wealthy) has a haughty mother. Mother won't let girl marry poor young man, who commits suicide. Capital notion. Only got to find some novelist fellow just to write the thing for me. Ought to be a companion to my cartoon. Sell like wildfire.

But I want to jot down how I came to send that photo. Fact is, I didn't know I had it. I had just been forwarding a batch of telegrams to a lot of interesting people—the Khalifa, chap commanding hostile Arabs in the Soudan, and others—when I came across an English paper. Looked through it and found it abused me! Never saw such ingratitude! Why, I actually speak English, and if I have opposed England in every possible shape for the last few years, what does it matter? It's only a pleasant little way I have. My fun! I am an immensely amusing chap when I please to be. I never laughed so much in my life as when I turned off poor old Bizzzy. He was so surprised! I had flattered the poor old chap up to the skies, so, when I turned round and told him to go, his astonishment was absolutely killing! I could scarcely keep my countenance sufficiently to make him a duke, or something of that sort. Poor old Bizzzy! But it was screamingly funny!

Next to the abuse of me in the English paper was a column devoted to an account of the SULTAN's atrocities. His Imperial Majesty is a wag like myself, but I really think he does sometimes carry a joke a little too far. Comical to turn bludgeons to account in preserving order, but, protracted, the custom becomes monotonous. Old GLADSTONE's nickname for him rather appropriate—"the Great Assassin." However, I waded through the page, and then my eye was attracted by an unopened parcel. I unloosed the string, and there was a big photograph of myself in the uniform of a British admiral! I didn't want the beastly thing! So a happy thought struck me. I put it back in the paper and sent it to the SULTAN!



A DAY OVER THE ARMENIAN COVERS.

Squire H-r-r-r, "HALLO, ROSEBERRY! YOU OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN OUT WITH US."
 Lord R-s-b-r-y, "Um! I DON'T SEEM TO CARE ABOUT IT. THE WEATHER'S SO UNCERTAIN."

Sidney S. Newman.

FLOREAT HOVA!

BRIGHTON, as well as France, has, it seems, a difficulty with its Hovas, if the inhabitants of the "residential and quiet town" of Hove—whose "eccentric motto" (as the *Daily Chronicle* calls it) is "*Floreat Hova*"—may be so called. As France desires to absorb the Hovas, so Brighton, it seems, wishes to "amalgamate" Hove. Brighton is brisk and bustling; Hove, like the celebrated young lady in the epitaph, is "bland, quiet, and deeply religious." Also it possesses "several important powers and privileges" which it does not wish to lose by being "merged" in uppish, up-to-date London-on-Sea.

Brightness, Briskness, Business, Bustle,
Are the Busy B's of Brighton;
But to hear the green leaves rustle,
See green lawns eve's gentle light on,
Are sweet things that tired ones love
In that peaceful haven, Hove!

Doctor Brighton is a tonic,
Sedative, perchance, is Hove.
Let them live in bliss harmonic,
Neighbours in contiguous love,
Like the lion and the lamb,
But without a hint of "cram."

Love means not "amalgamation."
Independent friendship's better.
Hove her own administration
Wants to keep. Well, why not let her?
Modern wisdom does not hallow
The old policy of swallow.

Hove would not be made a martyr
To the ghoul Centralisation;
So she fights for her old charter
'Gainst big Brighton's annexation.
Let them live in neighbour love,
Brighton Brighton, Hove still Hove!

Big things will be consequential.
Hove declares with bold temerity
That her "quiet, residential"
Character gives her prosperity."
Punch admits he oft doth love a
"Quiet spot," so—"Floreat Hova!"

AN EXTRA NOTE.

THE Frascati Restaurant has just instituted a "Musical Luncheon," that is, when the pie is open the band begins to play. An overture for the commencement—*Ouverture de bouches*. Grand march for an entrée. A warlike song, "*Aux Armes, Citoyens!*" for the *pièce de resistance*. Something sweet to follow, with a *Ranz des Vaches* for the cheese. Excellent in its way—if you are alone. But if you want to talk, how then? Perhaps there is another room for the talkers—this would be a *salle à manger-et-à parler* combined. As "music is the food of love" there should be a pleasant reserved corner called "The Bird-cage," for example, where would be served, quite close to the orchestra, "The Lovers' Lunch." We recommend this to the *Restaurateurs* generally. Why not add musical attractions to the "bars"? Say from "two to four in a bar." Bacchanalian music only. The next novelty will perhaps be an advertisement headed "*Conversational Luncheons. Cuisine Parfaite. No Music.*"

AT CONSTANTINOPLE. — Unanimous opinion of the ambassadors that the situation is always "grave"—for the Armenians.



A SKETCH NEAR PICCADILLY.

BRAVO, BURNS!

"THOUGHTS that breathe and words that burn,"

Fell from BURNS (of Scotland) often.
BURNS (of Battersea) has his turn!
JOHN, like ROBERT, does not soften
Saxon speech to courtier sleekness
When with the oppressor dealing.
Words won't take on maudlin meekness
When heart's fired with honest feeling.
BURNS of Battersea, bravo!
BURNS of Scotland would have praised you.

And that speech, all fire and go,
Has in true men's judgment raised you.
Straighter talk unto the Turk,
Greater pith and more compactness,
None have given. The mark some shirk
JOHN has hit with much exactness.
Fustian of the florid kind,
In a park or on a platform,
Punch disdains, but would not mind
If all spouters kept to that form.
Praise to him who praise well earns,
So *Punch* cries, "Bravo, JOHN BURNS!"

OLD TIMES REVIVED. — I say, Mr. P., shan't we be in for splendid banquets when the new Lord Mayor begins his entertaining! Alderman GUZZLETON and Common Councillor SWIGGLETON will be "on"—very much "on"—in this scene; that is, if there's anything in such a name as "Lor' Mayor Fuddle Fill-lips!" 'Ooray!

Yours,
THE OLD PIPER OF PORTSOKEN.

HIGHLY PROBABLE. — The *Hamburger Nachrichten* last week quoted, warningly, a speech of Mr. ALFRED BEIT's, in which he seemed to point to another "JAMESON raid." The *Hamburger* and others need have no fear; this utterance, if it ever were uttered, *quod est disputandum*, sounds more like a bark than a Beit.

WHAT the director of the National Portrait Gallery said when he closed the Sunday show for present season:—"If I open this again this year, I'm blest—no, I mean I'm Cust."

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXIV.

Mr. Jabberjee relates his experiences upon the Moors.

I AM now an acclimatized denizen of Caledonia stern and wild; which, however, turns out to be milder and tamer than depicted by the jaundiced hand of national jealousy.

For, since my arrival at this hamlet of Kilpaitrick, N.B., I have not once beheld any species of savage hill-man; moreover, the adult inhabitants are clothed with irreproachable decency,



"Of incredible bashfulness and bucolical appearance."

and, if the juveniles run about with denuded feet and heads, where is the shocking scandal?

Mr. ALBUTT-INNETT, sen., did me the honour to appear in person upon the Kilpaitrick platform, and welcome me with outspread arms to his temporary hearth and home, but I shall have the candour of confessing my disappointment with the size and appearance of the same. It appears that a "Manse" is not at all a palatial edifice, furnished with a plethora of marble halls and vassals and serfs, &c., but simply the very so-so and two-storied abode of some local priest!

My gracious hostess was to tender profuse apologies for its homeliness, on the plea that it is refreshing at times to lay aside ceremonial magnificence and unbend in rural simplicity, though it is not humanly possible to unbend oneself upon the thorny bosoms of chairs and couches severely upholstered with the prickling hairs of an extinct horse.

Still, as I assured Miss WEE-WEE, she is the happy owner of a magical knack to transform, by her sheer apparition, the humblest hovel into the first-class family residence with every modern improvement.

With the said Miss I continue on terms of hand and glove-ship, with mutual harmless jokes, which would perhaps be as caviare on toast to a general, though I shall venture to recount some examples.

A certain local young laird, of incredible bashfulness and bucolical appearance, is a frequent visitor at the manse, and the fervent admirer of Miss WEE-WEE, who cannot endure the tedium of his society, and is constantly endeavouring to escape therefrom.

Now his name is Mr. CRUM, and I have frequently entertained her in private by play upon the word, alluding to him as "Mister CRUST," "Mister OATCAKE," or "the Scotch Bun," and the like; but he informed me that he preferred to be addressed as "Balbannock," and upon my inquiring his reasons for selecting such an alias, he answered that it was because he inhabited a house of that name.

Whereupon I facetiously requested that he would address myself in future as "Mister Seventy-nine, Hereford Road, Bayswater," which stroke of wit occasioned inextinguishable merriment from Miss WEE-WEE, though it did not excite from the aforesaid laird so much as the smallest simper!

From an ingrained love of teasing, and also the natural desire to stimulate her appreciation of my superior fertility in small talk and *l'art de plaire*, I do often slyly contrive to inflict his sole society upon her—to the huge entertainment of her father and mother, who carry on the joke by assisting my manoeuvrings; but, although it affords me a flattering gratification to be plaintively upbraided by Miss WEE-WEE for my cruel desertion, I am resolved not to persist in such heartless pranks beyond her natural endurance.

Shortly after my arrival, I heard from my host that he was the recipient of an invitation from a Mister BAGSHOT, Q.C., that he and his son HOWARD would accompany him to a shooting expedition upon some adjacent moors, and that, being now immoderately plump, and past his prime as a potshot, he had requested leave to nominate myself as his *budli* or substitute, explaining that I was a young Indian prince of great prowess at every kind of big games.

Accordingly, to my great delight, it was arranged that I should take his place.

My young friend HOWARD, beholding me appear at the breakfast-table arrayed in my short kilt and superincumbent belly-purse with tassels, did entreat me to change myself into ordinary knickerbockers, lest I should catch death with a cold.

But I declined, disdaining such dangers, and assuring him that I did not at all dislike the excessive ventilation of my knees.

We drove to Mr. BAGSHOT's residence, Rowans Castle, in a hired machine, and found the gentlemen-shooters gathered outside the portico. Amongst the party I was pleased to observe Hon'ble Justice CUMMERBUND, who, when we were all ascended into the waggonette-break, did rally me very good-humouredly upon some mixed bag of elephants and tigers he had heard (or so he said) I had accomplished in some up-country jungle.

At first, knowing that this was the utter impossibility, I perspired with terror that he was making me the fool, but apparently he was himself under a misunderstanding, for when we had left the vehicle and were preparing to advance, he paid me the distinguished compliment of entreating that I might be awarded the command of one extremity of the line, while he himself was to preside over the opposite end!

And thus we commenced to climb a steep hill, thickly covered with a very pricklesome heather, and black slimy bogs, wherein the varnish of my patent-leather shoes did soon become totally dimmed. So, being gravely incommoded by the shortness of my wind, I entrusted my musket to an under-keeper, begging him to inform me of the early approach of any stag or deer.

However, we saw nothing to shoot at except various sorts of wild poultry, and when some of these flew up immediately in front of me, I was too late, owing to the carriage of my gun by an underling, to do more than fire off a couple of barrels as a declaration of hostility.

But profiting by this lesson in being *semper paratus*, I refused to part again with my deadly instrument, and stumbled manfully onwards with finger upon the triggers, letting them fly instantaneously at the first appearance of any animals *feræ nature*.

It is not customary, I was assured, to slay the wild sheep in these districts, though horned, and of an excessively ferocious appearance, and even when firing my bullets at birds, I was subjected to continual reproofs from some officious keeper or other.

For example, I was not to shoot into a flock of partridges, for the superstitious reason, forsooth! that it was still the month of August, which is supposed to be unlucky!

Again, I was rebuked for burning powder at a grey hen, because it is the wife of a black-cock, which may be shot with impunity. Although a highly chivalrous chap in questions of the fairer sex, I am yet to see why it is allowable to render the female bird a bereaved widow, but totally forbidden to make the male a widower! Or why it is permissible to slay a minute bird such as a snipe, while a titlark is on no account to be touched.

Being eventually exasperated by these unreasonable faultfindings, seeing that I had merely emptied my gun-barrels without actually destroying any of these sacred volatiles, I addressed the keeper in the withering tones of a sarcasm: "Mister Keeper," I said, "as I am not the ornithologist or soothsayer to distinguish infallibly every species of bird by instinct, when flying with incredible velocity, would it not be better that I should discharge no shots in future?"

To which, abashed by my severity, he replied that he could not just say that it would make any considerable difference whether I fired at all or none.

My fellow-shooters, however, could not refrain from shouting with irrepressible admiration at the intrepidity with which, forestalling the fleetest dogs, I did rush forward to pick up the fallen grouse-birds, and repeatedly exhorted me to take greater care for my own safety.

I cannot say that they exhibited equivalent courageousness, seeing that, so often as I raised my gun to fire, they flung themselves upon their stomachs in the heather until I had finished, upon which I rallied them mercilessly upon their timidity, assuring them repeatedly that they had nothing to fear.

Yet English and Scotch alike accuse us Bengalees of being subject to excessive funkiness. What about the Pot and the Kettle, Mist'ers?

I am to reserve the conclusion of my shooting experiences until a future occasion.

PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.

No. IV.—OUR GUIDE.

HARD by the secret postern in the grey old Castle wall
In the pleasant summer sunshine stands the hoary seneschal.
A much read man is SANDY BROWN, of strange historic lore,
And in his cups he'll spin you yarns you never heard before,
For then his tongue is loosened, then are Time and Space as *nil*,
And Imagination riots through the ages at her will.

"Guid mornin', gentlemen," says he, "'tis gey an' fine the day.
Ye're for seein' roun' the Castle, Sirs? Then please tae step
this way.

Aye, yon's the Keep. 'Tis Norman—early Norman, as ye see,
An' built by WULLIE CONQUEROR in fourteen saxty three.
'Twas ta'en frae him by CROMWELL—yon's the marks mad' by
his shell—

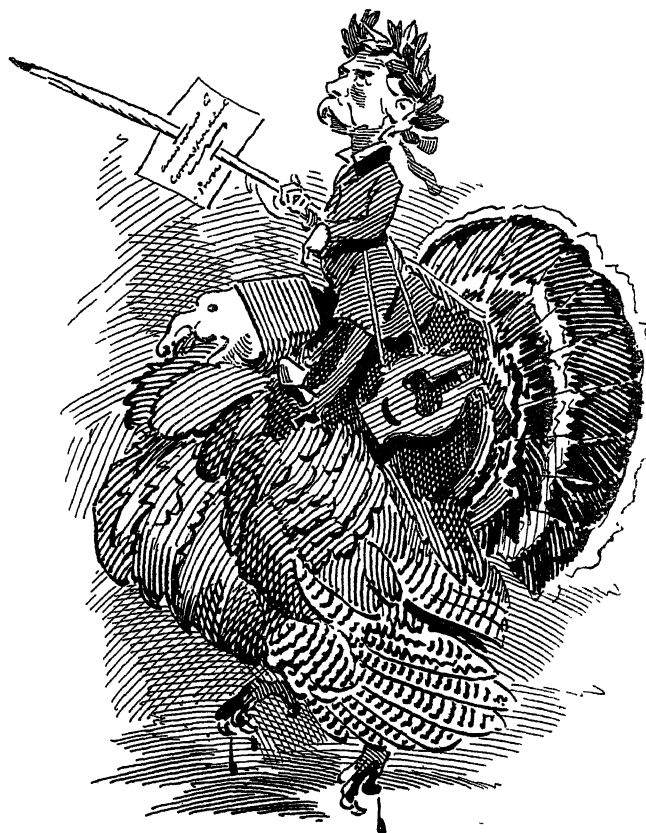
An' gi'en tae MARY Queen o' Scots—ye'll mind o' that yersel'?
Noo, MARY she was awfu' for the Martyrs—cudna sleep
Unless she had a pickle o' them lockit in the Keep,
An' when there was nae huntin' an' the times a wee thing slack
She'd hae them for an hour or twa an' put them on the rack.
Weel, ane o' these was KNOX—JOHN KNOX—ye'd ken the laddie
fine?

Eh, mebbe no, he's deid, ye see, a guid few years sin' syne:
A meenster, wi' glowerin' ee, an' lang beard turnin' gray,
An' eh, a vara deevil at the preachin', sae they say.
Noo, MARY cudna thole the man; she wished tae hae her fling
Withoot the fash o' sermons, Sir, or ony sic-like thing,
An' she wearied o' his preachin' an' his talk o' flames an' hell,
An' his everlastin' prayin', as ye micht hae done yersel'!
But JOHN had mony zealous frien's, an' when they learnt his
fate,

They cam' awa' tae MARY, a' the greatest in the state,
An' they begged she'd let the parson gang, wi' tears an' sighs,
nae doot,

But 'Na,' was a' she answered, 'he'll be lang ere he win oot.'
'Aweel,' said they, 'my Lady, gin ye winna set him free,
We'll awa' tae Queen ELIZABETH an' then, begad, we'll see.'
Sae aff they rade, an' MARY had JOHN KNOX upon the rack,
An' she stretched him ivy mornin' till the gentlemen cam'
back.

The QUEEN she gi'ed them audience doun yonder in the Ha',
An' they handed her a warrant wi' the Royal Arms an' a',
An' she looked at it an' read it, an' 'It's quite correc', ses she.
'Ho, bring in Mister KNOX,' she ses, 'we'll hae tae set him free.'
Sae Mister KNOX was ushered in, but eh, Sirs! what a change!
His mither wudna kent him, they had altered him that strange!



THE POET-LAUREATE ON TURKEY.

["You are not alone in the opinion you appear to entertain that it is incumbent on me, by virtue of the office I have the honour to fill, not to remain altogether silent when the entire nation is palpitating with wrath at the atrocious massacres that have occurred in Armenia," &c., &c.—*Mr. Alfred Austin's letter to a correspondent, quoted by the Westminster Gazette.*]

He was short an' fat an' dumpy-like when last he had been seen,
But noo, wi' a' the stretchin', he was lang an' lank an' lean.
His vara beard seemed grown too short,—scarce covered half his
cheeks,
An' his trows were mair like bathin' drawers than honest par-
son's breeks.

Then ses the Queen, 'Ye'll think,' she ses, 'ye've beaten me,
nae doot,

When ye mind o' hoo I swore that he'd be lang ere he won oot,
But eh!' she added, an' a smile cam' crinklin' up her mou',
'I've kept my word, for 'faith, my Lords—he's lang eneuch
the noo!'

True?—Aye, Sir! True as Gospel! Yon's the dungeon an'
the rack,

What mair cud ye be wishin' for tae prove that it's a fac'?—
The *offeicial* charge is saxpence, but it's thirsty work, ye ken,
An' gin ye — Thank ye, kindly, Sir! Guid mornin', gentle-
men!"

SUGGESTION TO THE CAMBRIDGE A. D. C. AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB.—"An Outsider" writes to us:—"How is it that there should have so long existed in the town of Cambridge, and belonging to the University, the unique play of an author whose work, whether he be yet in this world or out of it, has never yet been tried on your stage, i.e., 'PARKER's piece'? A friend of mine, a Cantab, tells me has often 'seen some play on it,' but, as far as I can gather, without any acknowledgement having been made as to the original source."

OUR ONLY ONE.—Our Poet-Laureate, ALFREDO, is rarely so good as when he is writing prose. See his letter in *Morning Post* last week. Then, like "Little DAVY GARRICK," when inspired, he is "quite six foot high."



BAD HABITS GROW APACE.

Traveller (whose train is due). "LOOK HERE, I'M GOING TO GET OUT AND WALK. THAT BRUTE WILL MAKE ME MISS MY TRAIN!"
Jarvey. "KAPE STILL, SURE. FOR THE LOVE AV' MOSES, KAPE STILL. SURE AN' IF THE OULD BLAYGUARD BATES US, I'LL NIVER GET HIM UP TO THE STATION NO MORE!"

ODE TO AN UN-FAIR ONE.

(By a Depressed Farmer, after George Withers.)

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die, because Trade is not Fair?
 Or—what cheek!—for nations care
 Whose trade tariffs stiffening are?
 Be Trade free as light or day,
 What odds, if it does not *pay*?
 If it be not Fair to me,
 What care I how Free she be?
 Shall I for Free Trade "go it blind,"
 Just to please the CORDEN kind?
 Or because that COURTNEY creature
 Swears it is our fixed feature?
 For, despite the Cobden Club,
 I'm depressed—ah! there's the rub!
 If Trade be not kind to me,
 What care I how Free she be?
 Shall the foreigner's cunning move
 Me to perish for their love?
 Or their prosperity, well known,
 Make me quite forget my own?
 With Free Trade's Half Century blest(?)
 I still love Protection best.
 If it be not so to me,
 What care I how *good* Trade be?
 While all tariffs range so high,
 Shall I play the fool, and die?
 Whilst Free Trade I worship blind,
 Other countries riches find.
 I would do as they all do,
 Then my trade perchance they'd woo:
 And unless hard cash I see,
 What care I how "great" I be?
 Great, or Good, or Free, or Fair,
 I'm hard up, and I despair!

In Free Trade I don't believe,
 Did it die I should not grieve.
 Faugh! Free Trade no more I'd woo;
 Chuck her up, and let her go!
 For if she be not Fair to me,
 What care I for whom she be?

LEADER AND FOLLOWER.

(An Old Catch brought up to (Political) Date.)

I.
Liberal "Leader" (languidly). Come, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow Me!
Liberal (would-be) Follower (doubtfully). Whither shall I follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow thee?
Whither shall I follow, follow thee?
Liberal "Leader" (cautiously). Find the road that's safe and easy, muster up, and then—I'll see!

II.
Liberal Follower (sharply). Come, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow me!
Liberal "Leader" (anxiously). Whither shall I follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow thee?
Whither shall I follow, follow, thee?
Liberal Follower (sardonically). Till I find some real leader, who can lead, and then—you'll see!
 [Exit in search of one.]

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (once more at large).—The most shameless conduct in the world. That of a future coalowner, who is ploughed at Oxford in "greats."

Class or No Class.

MASSSES against the Classes set?
 That is acknowledged work for asses!
 Technical teachers have, you bet,
 Hit on the wisest motto yet,
 In "Classes for the Masses."

SOMETHING IN A NAME AFTER ALL.—According to the *Daily Chronicle*, Signor LUIGI ARDITI mentions, in his recently published *Reminiscences*, that he was in the habit of flourishing his conductor's *bâton* with such vigour that he once raised a bump on the head of a violinist at New York, and another on the head of Signor MARIO at a Crystal Palace concert. "What else can you expect with a name like his?" commented Mr. P.'s tame 'ARRY. "'Ard-'it-'e!'"

Professionals of the Floor and Field.

EXACTLY the same, though not so in name, Are dancing and football "pros." For both money make and salaries take For supporting the ball with their toes.

MEM. BY A THAMES TRAVELLER.—When at Old Windsor, always look out for the "Belles of Ouseley."

THE DAILY BEVERAGE OF THE GREAT POWERS.—Porte whine.

PROPER FOOD FOR THE WITCHES IN MACBETH.—Haggis.



FRANCE TO THE FORE !

BRITANNIA (to FRANCE). "WELL DONE, SISTER, I AM WITH YOU HEART AND SOUL !"

["The conference of M. CAMBON, the French Ambassador, with the SULTAN is asserted to have been of the highest importance."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.]

BRIGHTON.

A Monsieur Punch.

DEAR MISTER,—I have said you how I am of return—*de retour*—to the hotel that afternoon of the Sunday in that droll of “fly,” by a veritable tempest. Eh well, I rest—*je reste*—at the hotel, I dine, I smoke a cigar, and then I go to see if he falls still of the rain. *Parbleu*—by blue, he makes beautiful! I seek my by-above—*pardessus*, how say you?—and my hat. At present I have but one sole, and it wants not to risk him by this wind. Happily, I remember myself that I bought at Edimbourg a scottish bonnet, *un bonnet*



“A pretty little burges Miss.”

écossais, a droll of bonnet with two long ribbons behind, almost as those on the hat of a woman. In effect these ribbons are also well useful for to be tied under the chin, but they should to be a little more long. However, I succeed to tie them, and, wearing my bonnet, I go to make a little walk at the clear of the moon. He makes less of wind. And truly as I smoke a cigar, strolling all gently on the promenade, so well lightened, *éclairée*, it seems to me that Brighton is not after all so beast—*si bête*. It goes without to say that the Sunday one cannot to amuse himself. As *partout* in England, all is shut, excepted the bar, the tavern, the publicouse, and the ginpalais. But it is something that to walk himself at the border of the sea, to smoke a cigar, to encounter his friends, even, for a stranger as me, to regard the pretty little burgeses misses, *demoiselles bourgeoises*, perhaps employeds of the magazines of confections, *magasins de confections pour dames*, or other little misses of counter, *demoiselles de comptoir*—how say you all that? Truly it is not so beast, above all when he makes beautiful.

At the instant that I think that, a drop of rain falls on my nose, I regard *effaré* the sky of new all cloudy and sombre, *à pas de course je file*—at step of course I file upon the hotel, and I gain the entry at the moment where the tempest rebegins. By blue, what climate!

Monday in awaking myself I think, “Eh well, AUGUSTE, my dear, to-day in fine

he goes to make beautiful. It is impossible that he falls all days of the rain at the English Nice.” *Pas du tout*, not of the whole! For the rain falls as if he came of to begin. Oh, what villain time!

All desolated I descend for to take my cup of coffee to the milk—*café au lait*, how say you? I cannot to eat your english “breakfast”—the kipered haddocks, the poached hams, the eggs, the sausages, the biftecks, the cutlets, and all that, with some “mufins”—*ah ça, quelle horreur!*—and some jams. Ah, no! And see there as I eat one little bread, *un petit pain*, a ray of sunshine! And when I go out, the paving, the road, all is dry, the sun shines and the sky is blue. It is not precisely the blue of Nice, but in fine the blow of the eye is not entirely grey. All joyously I walk myself on the promenade, and I regard the bicyclist ladies, who mount so well. What pleasure to see them! They are so beautiful, so gay, so gracious, so *sveltes*—how say you? As I regard them I am almost overthrown by a *chaise roulante*, what you call a “chair of Bath.” And then I remark many of these chairs of Bath, enormous, gigantic, as heavy as—*tiens!*—as your bun of Bath! Ah, by this beautiful morning, even a little *calembour* is permitted, *n'est-ce pas?*

Then I arrive to the Aquarium, but I enter not, for it is absolutely a subterranean, *un souterrain*, and he has the air of a mausoleum, of a humid tomb. Instead of that I regard the old jetty, the “Shainpir.” All to near, *tout auprès*, there is another jetty, all ruined, all rusty, all incomplete. One says in your country, “Half done is well begun,” but this jetty is not well begun, and she has the air of never to be finished. Why leave her there, an object so miserable? I have never seen anything of more frightful.

At Brighton they love the iron, for towards the east extends herself an arcade of the most drolls; an interminable range of arches in cast iron, painted in sombre colours. So ugly, my faith, so ugly! A friend has told me that there was here formerly a pretty little promenade, adorned with shrubs and with ivy, something of green at Brighton where there is almost not of trees, and that all that was destroyed to construct this hideous arcade, which has cost more than one half million of francs, perhaps in fine one million! And nobody goes there, excepted some child and their goods—*bonnes*; how say you? It is as a travesty of one cloister of a *Campo Santo*. Figure to yourself, *Mister Punch*, one side of the *Campo Santo* of Pisa in cast iron! Ah, the good idea! I make present of her to Misters the Municipal Councillors of Brighton. Their beautiful arcade would be more superb with some monuments—also in cast iron—of the great personages of their artistic town. There is enough of iron in the ruined jetty for to fabricate an infinity of busts and of statues for the *Campo Santo* of Brighton.

Agree, &c.,
AUGUSTE.

On the Crystal Palace Cycling Track.

Miss Random (who has fallen off her machine ten times in five minutes, to instructor). Do you think I shall ever get on?

Instructor. I doubt it, Miss, you seem to me to be a born “Ne’er-do-wheel.”

“ONE WHO IS DOWN.”—The eider duck.

STRIKE ME PINK!

OR, THE CRUSTACEAN'S CRAVING.

A LOBSTER swam in the Western Sea,
Weary and heavy of heart was he
As he ploughed through the Gulf
Stream's wrack;

For all around him was fair to see
In the ocean, green as the vernal pea—
But the lobster's shell was black.

He sighed at the sea-weed's radiant hue,
And the mussel-shell's cerulean blue,
And the mackerel's mottled back;
He wept when he saw the whiting pure,
And fled away into nooks obscure,
For the lobster's shell was black.

He gazed at the tints of the graceful
prawn,
And the roseate hues of early dawn,
And he bitterly cried “Alack!
The sea-gull is white as the driven snow,
And the star-fish shines with a fiery glow,
Oh, why is my shell so black!”

They fished him out of the lobster-pot,
And plunged him in water—boiling hot,
Until they pronounced him dead;
Then turned his carcase on to a dish,
But oh, how changed was the weary fish,
For the lobster's shell was red!

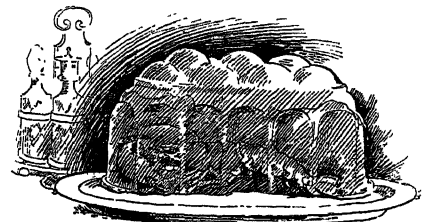
Yes, that which in life he had sought so
sore

Was granted him now that life was o'er,
And the worn-out spirit had fled;
For Death in pity had heard his cry,
And changed his hue to a brighter dye,
And the lobster's shell was red.

No more the electric eel would shock
His sensitive nerves, nor the turtle's mock
Would cause him to hide his head;
No more would he sigh at the sea-gull's
flights,
Nor feel abashed at the Northern Lights,
For the lobster's shell was red.

The storm-tossed body they gently lay
In a lonely aspic far away,
Far from his Western bays;
They softly smooth out his wrinkled legs
And cover him o'er with the white of
eggs,
And the peaceful mayonnaise.

There blossoms the fragrant cucumber,
There the vinegar flows, and there
The lettuce her leaves doth shed;



And there by all may be clearly seen,
Through the transparent gelatine,
That the lobster's shell is red!

A New Story anent Stonehenge.

American Professor. I reckon that these monoliths are the fossilized oaks off which the Druids were once accustomed to snip the mistletoe at Christmas-time.

[Theory immediately wired off all over the world by the Razzle-Dazzle News Agency.]



"THE SOMERSAULT CURE!"

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED TO THOSE INCLINED TO *EMBONPOINT* FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE FIGURE.

["Once you learn to turn somersaults, even at fifty, the exhilaration grows on you, and its effects on one's girdle-measure are simply astonishing." — *Daily Telegraph*, September 23.]

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An Anchorite, from his Cell near the Embankment, greets the first Fog of the Season.

THE first thick fog has wrapped the town
Within its ample fold,
And painted all a dirty brown
That was a dainty gold.
The sparrows recognise the spell,
And quite forget to fight
For crumbs upon my window sill—
They think that day is night.

My dog, an ever ardent beast,
Well-known to all as *Spot*,
Turns tail upon the outlook east,
Whence sunlight cometh not.
He views his muzzle with disdain,
And, on the rug tight curled,
No doubt he deems a man insane
Who'd seek the outer world.

This tawny atmospheric blend
Of smoke and mist and wet,
Is like an unexpected friend—
'Tis not November yet!
And yet how well its grasp I know,
Its pungent, icy grip,
That will not let one's nostrils go
Without a deadly nip.

The paper boy is choked with damp,
His shouts are few and weak;
The milkman shows a warning lamp,
While muffled is his shriek;
The cabbies travel on the wood
Like Charon o'er the Styx;
The 'bus-cads are in plaintive mood,
The vans forget to mix.

To pierce the vapour I try hard,
Full many a time and oft.
Tall ghosts look down on Palace Yard
Tom-Bowling-like aloft.
That shadow blurred and indistinct
Perhaps may be St. Paul's,
And something on the landscape inked
Maybe are Cecil's halls.

What desolation! What neglect
Of London's claim to air!
Have County Councils no respect?
Have vestries no despair?
Have I—but stay, a sound I hear,
A peal of tiny bells.
Hurrah! the muffin man is near!
The fog may go to Wells!

THE JUMP CURE.

AN OLLENDORF EXERCISE.

[“The corpulence of the middle-aged can be reduced by throwing a somersault.”—*Daily Paper*.]

THE elderly gentleman weighing eighteen stone has entered the trapeze-furnished gymnasium of the determined professor. The elderly gentleman weighing eighteen stone has been induced to hang by one leg to a rope by the determined professor. The head of the elderly gentleman weighing eighteen stone is softer than the stone floor of the trapeze-furnished gymnasium. The elderly gentleman weighing eighteen stone having received an electric shock supplied by the determined professor, has recovered consciousness. The elderly gentleman weighing eighteen stone is under the impression that he has seen all the stars of the firmament. The determined professor insists that the elderly gentleman of eighteen stone shall “throw a cart wheel.” The legs of the elderly gentleman of eighteen stone are being attached to the trapeze. The legs of the



Visitor. “AH, THAT’S AN OLD MASTER, SURELY?”
Mrs. Veneer (apologetically). “YE-E-S—BUT THE FRAME IS NEW!”

elderly gentleman of eighteen stone have given way. The elderly gentleman of eighteen stone has fallen to the ground, and the determined professor is offering explanations. The determined professor is apologising to the friends of the elderly gentleman of eighteen stone, but not to the elderly gentleman of eighteen stone himself. Why is the determined professor not apologising to the elderly gentleman of eighteen stone because he (i.e., the elderly gentleman of eighteen stone) is unconscious. The good police-

man and the clever doctor are now consulting together, and the mind of the determined professor is disturbed. The good policeman and the clever doctor have come to a decision, and are no longer conversing. The determined professor has been removed to a station-house, and the elderly gentleman of eighteen stone to a lunatic asylum. The friends of the elderly gentleman of eighteen stone are dining in the house of the elderly gentleman of eighteen stone. The good policeman and the clever doctor are at the same table. All is well that ends well (i.e., that has a good ending).



Pedestrian. "I HEAR BROWN HAS TAKEN TO CYCLING, AND IS VERY ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT IT!"

Cyclist. "ENTHUSIASTIC! NOT A BIT OF IT. WHY, HE NEVER RIDES BEFORE BREAKFAST!"

COUNSEL TO COUNCILS.

[The Central School of Arts and Crafts is to be opened by the Technical Education Board of the London County Council at the Morley Hall, Regent Street, with Mr. GEORGE FRAMPTON and Mr. LETHABY at its head.]

"CHARGE, FRAMPTON, CHARGE! ON LETHABY, ON!"

Are the first words of *Punchius*.

May you do just the thing that requires to be done,

With wisdom and wit, and without noisy fuss.

The stubborn Briton is falling behind:

"Our fathers' custom" wont serve us to-day;

And to keep his front place BULL must make up his mind

For technical training to strive and pay!

British workmen don't lead where so long they have led;

The foreigner's filching our honour and hoard.

Let us hope that our national wooden-head

May be cured by the Technical Board!

ANXIOUS FOR A LUGGAGE-LABEL.

WANTED, by Young Man, very respectable, to join Combination or Company, as Baggage and Small Parts.

THE above advertisement appears in a theatrical contemporary. *Mr. Punch* can only suppose that the "very respectable" young man would undertake the rôle of *Mr. Box*, or appear as an elephant's trunk, or perhaps he has some secret method of disguising himself as a Gladstone bag or an American gripsack. Any way, his demand is novel, and *Mr. P.* hopes that his ambition to join a combination may be speedily fulfilled, even if he have to descend to playing a hamper.

A DONGOLA DINNER.—The quail of the Arab before the Kitchener.

(P)SHAW!

A Page from an Interviewer's Log-book.

"[With the single exception of HOMER, there is no eminent writer, not even Sir WALTER SCOTT, whom I can despise so entirely as I despise SHAKSPEARE when I measure my mind against his.]

"G. B. S." in the "*Saturday Review*," Sept. 26.]

HASTILY donning, by way of partial disguise, a furrow hat, a red tie, and a flannel shirt, I called a day or two ago at No. 1A, Widowers' Houses, in the Isle of Sly Dogs. Not being by any means a Master-mind, it was with no little trepidation that I arrived at the front door of the distinguished Iconoclast's abode. I observed two bells, one marked "Dramatic Critics," and the other "Idiots." There was also a knocker, with the legend "Knock and Wait." I knocked and waited—for twenty minutes, without result. This display of Fabian tactics making me feel sufficiently small, I ventured to press the second bell. The door was then opened by a Social Democratic parlourmaid, and I found myself ushered into the Presence. I thought it better to enter on all-fours, and thus, with downcast looks, I could only hastily notice that the Master was supplied with a snuff-coloured suit of dittos, and a flamboyant head of hair.

"Good morning," I said, as soon as I partly regained my self-possession. "I have called, on behalf of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Reputations, to inquire if it is true that you have blown upon HOMER and pricked the SHAKSPEARE bubble."

"Quite so," replied the Demolisher; "reputations more than a day old are as worthless as yesterday's morning paper. They become fetishes, and it is my pleasant duty to expose them. The persons you mentioned have ceased to move with the times. I have therefore abolished them."

"Are PLATO and VIRGIL, and ÆSCHYLUS and HORACE, and the rest of the classics to go, then?"

"My dear Sir, PLATO never spoke in Hyde Park, that I am aware of. He is therefore out of court. ÆSCHYLUS, I understand, wrote tragedies in blank verse, but they are not now played at any London theatre. He would not get a 'hand' nowadays. HORACE, so far as I have patience to read him, is painfully suburban, and his views on bimetallism and WAGNER are crude in the extreme. VIRGIL served his purpose in supplying a title for *Arms and the Man*, but he is an imposition, and rightly used as such. I would not give the bones of a chocolate soldier for the rest."

"Are we to give up our belief in the more modern writers of note, as well?"

"Most decidedly. Take DANTE, for instance. He couldn't even write decent English; and RABELAIS, who wouldn't write decent French. And BACON, who I am told wrote *Paradise Lost*, and *The Sorrows of Satan*, and much other sensational journalism of a bygone day, besides knocking off 'SHAKSPEARE' in his spare moments. They are all as hopelessly parochial and prehistoric as DICKENS and THACKERAY. It positively hurts me to think how contemptible they are compared with myself. Why, it is as much as I can do to keep from tearing out my hair in handfuls with disgust at hearing them called 'eminent writers!'"

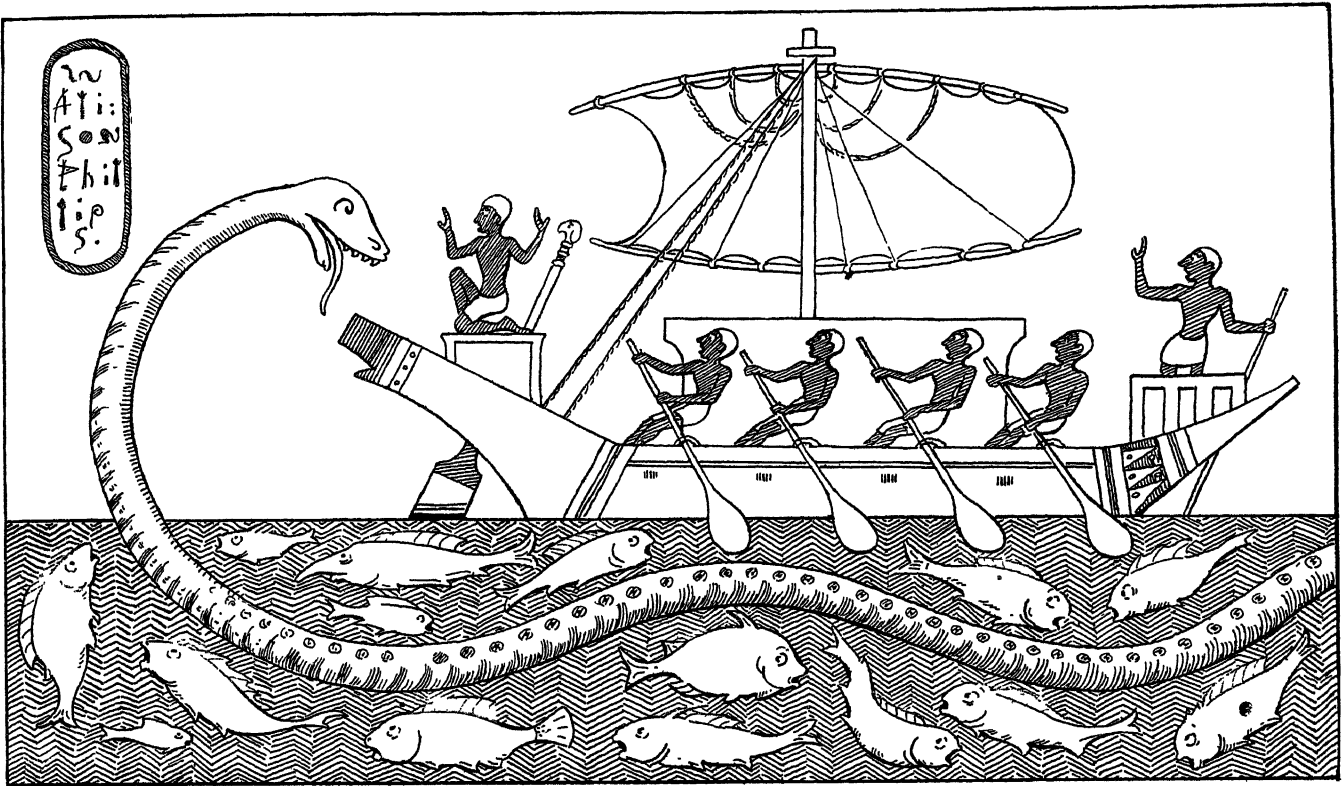
"Are there no ideals, then, left for us to cherish?" I despairingly asked. "For example, don't you still retain a good opinion of the Equator?"

"The Equator, my good Sir, is too despicable for words. It has no sense of humour, and cannot appreciate a paradox. Its only use is as a salutary terror to the fourth-form schoolboy. I do not recognise its existence as a serious factor in modern life."

"Then you probably don't think much of the Solar System, if I may hazard a final question?"

"I consider it a vastly overrated institution, in spite of the advertisement it has received from interested parties. I spend half-an-hour every day despising it. This is a useful practice, I find, and keeps the Universe in its proper place. I feel like ATHANASIUS—or was it ARCHIMEDES?—*contra mundum*, as I walk down Southampton Street. It is an exhilarating sensation, I assure you, pushing the planet away from beneath one's feet. The other day I measured my length on the pavement (assisted by a piece of orange-peel), and got up with a most profound contempt for the Law of Gravitation. But if you will excuse me, now, I have an engagement with a Popular Idol, whom I have arranged to pulverise."

I left hurriedly, feeling thankful I was only an Obscure Item



THE EARLIEST RECORD OF THE APPEARANCE OF THE SEA-SERPENT.

This remarkable Picture from an Egyptian Illustrated Paper is accompanied by the following unpublished remarks of Herodotus, its Special Correspondent:—

I went to a certain place called Pelusium, which is at the mouth of the Nile, to make inquiries concerning the great sea-serpent. For it was told me that every year, after the rising of the Senate, and while the Chief Magistrates are away from the city, there appears in the ocean, not far from the harbour, a monstrous snake. All affirmed it to be many parasangs in length, and exceeding fierce, some described it as of a dingy white colour, and as advancing silently and with a sinuous motion; o'hers, on the other hand, declaring it to be mottled with the most gorgeous colours, to proceed by leaps like a dolphin, and with hideous bellowings. All agreed that it only appears when the Senate is not sitting. Thus I conclude the subject of the sea-serpent.

THE CAB-HIRER'S VADE MECUM.

(During the Strike.)

Question. If you are on your way to town from the country, what should you do, say, when you get within one hundred miles of London?

Answer. I should beg the railway guard to wire to the terminus to engage a conveyance for me on my arrival.

Q. What will be the consequences of this proceeding?

A. Assuming that my train is half-an-hour late I shall have to wait a further thirty minutes for the identification of my Jehu and his chariot.

Q. To whom and to what do you refer?

A. To the railway employé on the box of the company's cab.

Q. Say that you are seated, what will happen next?

A. I shall give my address, and then personally conduct the driver.

Q. Why will this superintendence be necessary?

A. Because, being "new to town," the coachman will fancy that Eaton Square is near the Tower, and Oxford Street within a stone's throw of Waterloo Bridge.

Q. Suppose you desire to get from Kensington to Hyde Park Corner, what would be the route chosen by the driver, without your directions?

A. Very likely he would make for Olympia, then wander into Bayswater, visit Bloomsbury, skirt Pimlico, and come

to Apsley House *via* the King's Road, Sloane Square, the Brompton Road, and Knightsbridge.

Q. Then if you are encumbered with luggage, what should you do?

A. Send it to its destination either by Private Delivery or Parcels Post.



Q. And how would you yourself get home?

A. By walking.

Q. But surely this would cause you inconvenience?

A. Possibly. But it would be far safer to trust to legs than to wheels.

Q. Why would it be safer?

A. Because nearly all the streets of London are "up," and consequently it would be better to climb the pavement with an *alpen-stock* than to drive through the gas-pipes in a hansom.

THE PIANO-BABY'S LULLABY.

[Many of the itinerant *artistes* of Saffron Hill consider that their apparatus is incomplete without a baby-and-cradle attachment.]

MISERABLE infant,

To the organ tied,
Trundled down the dirty street,
Swaddled tightly head and feet,
For your daily ride!

Wretched little morsel,
Squalling little brat,
Though the wheezy barrel turns,
'Tis through you your parent earns
Ha'pence in his hat!

Small and howling human,
Soon no more you'll hear,
Growing quickly deaf as stone,
Thanks to each discordant tone
Ground into your ear.

Truly, for two buttons,

This is what I'd do:

I'd a stout policeman fetch,
Take your father up, the wretch,
Smash the organ, too!



'OUT OF AN ENGAGEMENT.'

Herr Wilhelm (the Quick-Change Artist). "WHAT HAVE WE HERE? HUM! THIS RUSSIAN STRIPLING SEEMS TO HAVE HAD SOME BIG RECEPTIONS! BUT WAIT TILL I GO ON TOUR! AHA!"



GONE TO GROUND.

Keeper (long suspected of being no friend to Foxes). "THE CUBS SEEM ALL UNDER GROUND THIS MORNIN', MISTER CAPEM.

Huntsman (having just drawn the man's coverts blank). "WELL, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW. BUT, I SAY, MISTER POTTER, WHERE DID YOU BURY 'EM,—EH?"

PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.

No. V.—THE BAILIE.

HA, who comes there with lordly air of calm superiority,
With portly mien and look serene of self-assured authority?
Who can it be?—Some great grandee?—Sh! Do not stare and dawdle, Sir,

It is no Royal Highness, but our worthy Bailie CAUDLE, Sir.
Well may he walk with stately stalk and cast an eye of scorning
On us mere nobodies that dare to whisper him "Good morning."
To him that bears a city's cares, dons scarlet robes and ermine,
Sir,

What are mere men, mere human men, but worthless dirt and vermin, Sir?

Far other thoughts absorb his soul—themes mightily superior,
The pipes and drains, the water-mains—a living town's interior.
Ha! think of that and tremble, Sir, that you have dared to greet a man

Who, when the lion's roused, can look as if he meant to eat a man:

Well may the hungry beggar blench when haled before his Mightiness,

Well may the tripping damsel blush in sorrow for her flightiness,
Well may the trembling truant dread his worshipful verbosity,
And shrink and quail abashed and pale before my Lord Pomposity
Or see him on a Sabbath morn in solemn elder's state,
His hand upon his bosom and his eye upon the plate.

The people, as they enter, in Sabbatical reflection,
With nervous fingers feel the bawbee destined for collection;
But as they feel, they blush to think how monstrous it would be
To offer common copper to a magnate such as he:

They drop the vulgar metal, and ashamed, yet half unwilling,
Produce the silver threepenny, the sixpence and the shilling.

And when, with boots that creak importance, in his lordly style,
The Bailie in his majesty comes marching down the aisle,
We rise, we stand in silence, as is meet for man to do,
What time he passes in his glory to the elder's pew.

And as we watch him move along, so stately and so tall,
There is a thought that rises in the bosoms of us all—
What need of sermons or divines, of BUTLER, BARROW, PALEY?—
O Lord, we know that Thou art great, for Thou hast made the Bailie."

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE DENMAN.

LATE ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S JUDGES.

(An Unrhymed Sonnet.)

"Not a great lawyer." Well, that may be so:
I care not greatly for that parrot-cry.

Here is his portrait, on my study wall:
Integrity and Dignity sit there,

A wise Experience and Thoughtfulness,
Firm to rebuke the Wrong, uphold the Right.

Perhaps I trace a wearied, far-off look
About the eyes. Nay, you are wrong, my friend,
I am not much imposed upon by robes.

Forget the office! Think but of the man,
Kindly and cultured, stately, gracious, true;

Robed or unrobed, a man to be beloved!
Come, now, I'll cap your sneer with one plain word,
There sits a truly noble Englishman.

CURIOUS FACT.—The special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* at Cherbourg says, that the officers received the CZAR "lowering their swords with the points to the ground, in salute." Had the officers lowered their weapons and simultaneously directed the points towards the sky, the situation might, indeed, have been more striking than that described by the eminent word painter.

OBSERVATION BY OUR MAN OF LETTERS.—"Great wits jump—on one another, when they see their individual ideas simultaneously produced."

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXV.

Mr. Jabberjee permits himself to make a most unwarranted attack upon a distinguished fellow-contributor, and to criticise the Editorial discretion with considerable freedom. After which he concludes the thrilling account of his experiences on a Scotch moor, greatly to his own glorification.

MAY I humbly be permitted to commence this with the personal explanation?

The gracious and patronising readers of this periodical must often, very properly, have experienced sensations of profound disgust and disappointment to find almost every alternate number



"I presented my trophy and treasure-trove to the fairylike Miss Wee-wee."

of *Punch* completely destitute of a single jot or tittle from this pen; in consequence from which my experiences when (at last) suffered to appear have become totally *ex post facto*! For this dilatoriness the responsible party is not myself.

I am ready at any time to occupy an entire number with my unassuming lucubrations, which would then be up to their date; but of course it seems that, to the Editorial optic, the jejune scribbles of some foreign Mister are of more pressing importance, though ludicrously incapable to write intelligible or idiomatic English style, and interlarded with frequent Gallisms of very, very dubious correctness!

Far be it from me to raise an international question at a rather difficult crisis, but I must meekly suggest that it is unworthy of a patriotic periodical to snub the nose of a cultivated British subject by postponing his contributions to those of this so-called AUGUSTE, who is admittedly a mere Parisian Frenchman. I may return to this subject anon—if necessary. *Verbum sat sap.*

Now to resume the rather arbitrarily truncated account of my gunnery on Scottish moors.

Before luncheon I ventured to remonstrate earnestly with my entertainer, Mr. BAGSHOT, Q.C., concerning the extreme severity with which he chastised a juvenile sporting hound of his for such trivial offences as running after some rabbit, or picking up slaughtered volatiles without receiving the *mot d'ordre*!

"Listen, honourable Sir," I entreated him, "to the voice of Reason! It's the second nature of all such canines to pursue vermins, nor are they at all capable of comprehending the Why and Wherefore of a shocking flagellation. If it is your wish that this hound should play the part of a Tantalus, forbidden even to touch the *bonne-bouches* with his watering mouth, surely it is possible to restrain him by a more humane method than Brute Force!"

At this mild reproof Mister BAGSHOT became utterly rufescent, murmuring excuses which I did not catch; and I, perceiving that this object lesson of kindness to animals from an Oriental had strongly affected all the shooters, patted the hound on the forehead, consoling him with some chocolate I carried in my cartridge sack.

We picnicked our lunch under a stone wall, and I, becoming an hilarious, rallied my companions unmercifully upon the solemnity with which they had marched in cautious silence, and with stern countenances as to attack some formidable foe—and all to slaughter sundry braces of inoffensive grouse-birds—truly an heroic sort of undertaking!

To which Hon'ble CUMMERBUND replied, with his utterance impeded by cold pie, that I might congratulate myself on having kept my own hands unstained by any grouse's gore.

"True, Mister Ex-Judge," I retorted, "but as you have already testified," (here I hoisted his own petard at him rather ingeniously,) "I am more an *au fait* in the extermination of elephants *et hoc genus omne*, and have hitherto reserved my powder and shot for a stag or some similar monarch of the glen. However, after lunch let us see whether I am not competent to kill, or at least maim, one of these same grouse-fowls, *faute de mieux*!"

A repartee which excited uproarious laughter (at Hon'ble C.'s expense) from all the present company.

Subsequently, we were posted in a row of small fortresses constructed of turfs, to await what is termed a "Drive," i.e., until some flock of grouse-birds, exasperated to fury by the cries and blows of certain individuals called "beaters," should attack our positions.

Hearing that the grouses on this moor were of an excessive wildness, I was at first apprehensive that one might fly at my nose or eyes while I was busied in defending myself against its fellows, but the keeper who was with me assured me that such was seldom their custom.

And, indeed, such as came in my direction flew with wings so accelerated by panic that they were invisible before I could even select one as my target, so I was reduced to fire with considerable random. Presently the beaters approached, carrying flags of truce, and we sallied out of our forts to pick up the slain and wounded. After diligent search, I had the happiness to discover a grouse-bird, stone dead, in the heather, and, capering with triumph, called to the keeper to come and see the spoil.

On his arrival, however, he said that he could not just think it would be my bird, as he had not noticed any fall in that direction. But after I had presented him with a piece of silver, he did agree that if I chose to claim the bird as mine, it was not his place to contradict me, and so in great glee I exhibited my prize to the others, appealing to the keeper (who basely remained *sotto voce*) for confirmation.

"A devilish clean shot, Prince!" Sir CUMMERBUND graciously remarked; "why, the bird is stiff and cold already!"

Whereupon I was cordially congratulated, and awarded the tail feathers to decorate my "tommyshanty," and during the next driving, having now acquired the knack, I rendered several more denizens of the air the *hors de combats*, though—either on account of their great ingenuity in running out of the radius, or creeping into holes, &c., or else the stupidity of the retrieving dogs—their corpses remained irrecoverable.

On taking my leave, I expressed unbounded satisfaction with such sport as I had had, and my fixed intention to assist on some similar shooting-expedition, and Mr. BAGSHOT kindly promised to let me know if he should again have vacancy for an additional gun.

I regret to say that young HOWARD, who, having only laid low a couple of black cocks and a blue hare, was immoderately jealous of my superior skilfulness, did seek to depreciate it by

insinuating that my grouse was one which, having been seriously wounded by other hands some days previously, had come up to the hills to shuffle off its mortal coil in seclusion, arguing thus from its total absence of heat and suppleness.

This is the merest quibble, and to travel out of the record, since, of course, if a bird is at all of a venerable age, it becomes stiff and deficient in vital warmth long before it is popped off! Moreover, if the grouse were not legitimately my property, why, forsooth, should I be permitted to carry it home?

I presented my trophy and treasure-trove to the fairylike Miss WEE-WEE, who was so overwhelmed by the compliment that she entreated for it to be cooked and eaten *instantier*.

As soon as I have recovered a missing link of my fishing-rod (which it seems has been overlooked by Mister Pawnbroker), and when I have procured some suitable bait, &c., it is my intention to catch a fine salmon out of the burn for my enchanting divinity, and, as I place the fish in her lily-like hands, to strike iron while it is hot and make her the formal proposal of matrimony.

Mister CRUM, hearing of my piscatorial ambitions, has, with almost incredible simplicity, offered to lend me his salmon rod, with a volume of flies, little suspecting that he will be assisting me to catch two fish upon one hook! I am immensely tickled by such a tip-top joke, and can scarcely refrain from imparting it to Miss WEE-WEE herself, though I shall wait until I have first secured the salmon.

I had some valuable remarks upon Scottish idioms and linguistic peculiarities, &c., but these, of course, are to be suppressed *sine die*—unless I am to be permitted to overflow into a special supplement.

What do you say, eh, Hon'ble Mister Editor?

[ED. NOTE.—Not if Hon'ble Mister Editor knows it!]

DARBY JONES ON THE CESAREWITCH.

HONOURED SIR,—The mystic veil, which is invariably thrown by cruel Fortune over the result of a big handicap, shall, if possible, be rent asunder by the old and ever ready seer, whose eye has lost none of its Röntgen-ray penetration. As you are well aware, Sir, it is at this time of year that many owners, to say nothing of backers, are anxious to provide themselves with a copious supply of winter keep, and thus it is that "*bottled-up crocks*" and "*dark outsiders*" may floor the most distinguished members of the Equine Peerage. But now listen to the minstrel, who lays the oof-bird's egg:—



Oh, beware of the Captain, in seeking one—
two,
He's a bad 'un to beat with his *port* full in
view.
Then the *Count* is a stayer that none can
deny,
Though to get *newly rich* someone else means
to try.
O'er a *Kendal-bred dame* there are many who
gush,
But there're others who know what will come
with a *rush*.
I've respect for the *son* of a pit-owning
peer,
And the *guard in the van* is a person to
fear.
Of a *chat* by the way I am somewhat afraid,
And look out for French tricks in the *harle-
quinade*.
The chance of a *Cyprian coup* is too faint;
But the son of a *dévôte* I'll link with a *saint*.

There it is, my lords and gentlemen, the secret is as surely discovered as was TYNAN at Boulogne. Cheques from grateful clients may, as usual, be uncrossed, and postal orders are accepted. This latter tip may not be lost upon you, honoured Sir, who have been, I learn, paying a *fabulous price* for rooms in Paris during the visit of the CZAR. Crumbs from your sybarite table are always thankfully received by

Your indigent servitor,

DARBY JONES.

P.S.—Hope you pulled off my good thing at Kempton, on Saturday. It was apricot jam on thin bread and butter.

[We do not know to what D. J. alludes. Two hours after the Duke of York Stakes had been decided, we received a telegram from JONES asking us to back the winner for him.—Ed.]

A PLACE TO BE AVOIDED BY THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.—Gunnery-bury.

FACILIS DESCENSUS.

Our dear little Bishop has bought a new bike,
Nor recks what the world may say,
Over hill and down dale, past hedge-row and dyke,
He merrily pedals his way.



When to visit his vicars on Sundays he goes,
To appearance he tries to take heed,
But the one thing he loves is to tuck up his toes
And fly down a hill at full speed.

He can do thirty miles without turning a hair,
Yet he isn't much given to boasting,
"In the joys of the wheel," he will often declare,
"There is *nothing* can come up to coasting!"

And all of his clergy are going in now
To follow "his lordship's" lead;
They're biking and triking, but none, I avow,
Can develop the same turn of speed.

Some day, I've no doubt—his limbs are so supple—
He'll go for some record or race;
I'll be bound that he'll win, if he gets a fast couple
Of curates for making the pace.

Horticultural Amenities.

Unfeeling Visitor (to *Host*, proud of his flower garden). Why does that bed remind me of a northern town oft repeated?
Host (expecting a compliment). Give it up!
U. V. Because it is full of *lank asters*.

[*Summons for assault next morning.*]

"THE GALLANT MAJOR."—The much-talked-of—we will not say notorious, as being, perhaps, a rather unpleasant adjective—the much-talked-of Major LOTHAIRE finds himself in the situation of the immortal *Mr. Pickwick* in regard to *Mrs. Bardell*. Madame VAN HECKE is suing the Major for breach of promise to her daughter. Damages, 50,000 francs. If the case be proved, it may show LOTHAIRE as the *Gay Lothair-io*. The "*io*" to be added, if he can't pay.

NEWS FROM NOTTINGHAM.—"Mr. OSBORNE's Nurse Agnes won the Sherwood Nursery Plate." This is quite as it should be, and we hope that Mr. (should it not be Master?) OSBORNE's nurse will take care of the plate, and see that Master OSBORNE does not break it.



Younger Sister. "WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ON YOUR BIRTHDAY, EVA?"
Eva (a belle of some seasons). "OH, I DON'T KNOW. TAKE A YEAR OFF, I SUPPOSE."

George du Maurier.

("KIKI.")

Born in Paris, March 6, 1834. Died in London, October 8, 1896

"A little work, a little play
To keep us going—and so, good day!

"A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing—and so, good night!

"A little fun, to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so, good morrow!

"A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing! And so, good-bye!"

Du Maurier's translation of "Un Peu d'Amour."

"AND so, good-bye!" Light words, and
quickly said!
But could they reach your ears, beloved
dead,

Their burden you would guess
Better than many wearing graver face.
Good-bye to genius, gentleness, and grace!
A vanished presence and a vacant place
Leave us in heaviness.

Leave us, your comrades, lovers, friends,
alone

With mingling memories of all that's gone,
The joy, the mirth, the wit;
The large humanity, the lambent light
Of humour free from smallness as from
spite,

The bold, frank outlook, and the fancy
bright,
The frolic glee of it!

And gentler touches, too, not shown to all,
The graver thoughts which this wild, spin-
ning ball
Of misery and mad mirth

Awakes in every soul whose laugh is not
Mere crackling of dry thorns beneath the
pot,
Marking the humours heedless of the plot
Of our strange drama—Earth.

Gone from the ring of friends to lose him
loth!

He brought from two great lands the best
of both

In one fine nature blent.
Lover of English strength and Gallic grace,
Of British beauty, or of soul or face,

Yet with that subtler something born of
race

That charm to cleanness lent.

MILLAIS and THACKERAY, master minds,
and men

Of stalwart strength and health, with
brush or pen,

To these his love was drawn
In stintless measure. Picturing strong
and bold,

A grip of iron and a style of gold,
These the ideals which he seemed to hold
From talent's earliest dawn.

Humour refined, if scarce exuberant, wit
Unpoisoned, polished, lethal in its hit,

But gracious in its fence,
Were his possessions; strength subdued to
style;

A generous scathing of the mean and vile,
A stinging scourge, though wielded with a
smile,

For prudery and pretence.

A THACKERAY of the pencil! So men said.
His reverence high for the great Titan
dead

Put by such praise with ease;

But social satire of the subtler sort
Was his, too. Not the shop, the slum,
the court,
But gay saloons gave quarry for his
sport.

'Twas in such scenes as these

His hectoring Midas, and his high-nosed
earl,

His worldly matron, and his winsome
girl,

Were found, and pictured clear,
With skill creative and with strength re-
strained.

They live, his butts, cold-hearted, shallow-
brained.

In his own chosen walk DU MAURIER
reigned

Supreme, without a peer.

And yet, perchance, to those who knew
him best,

His chosen walk scarce furnished final
test

Of all he might have been.
Who may decide? Success, arriving late,
But shining far, sensationally great,
In a new path, is stayed by cruel fate,
As though in envious spleen.

But he had lived, and loved, and nobly
wrought,
Stoutly against long-threatening terror
fought,

Won friendship, love, and fame.
And so, good-bye! Our dear DU MAURIER,

brave,
Companionable "Kiki," by your grave,
Your sorrowing comrades cheer and com-
fort crave

For all who bear your name.



“WAITING THE SIGNAL.”



Dr. Primrose-bery (the Vicar of "Wide-a-woke-field," quoting from diary). "FOR THE THREE ENSUING DAYS I WAS IN A STATE OF ANXIETY TO KNOW WHAT RECEPTION MY LETTER MIGHT MEET WITH."

Vicar of Wakefield, CH. XXVIII.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

MONSIEUR ELZEAR BLAZE ON "LE CHASSEUR AU CHIEN D'ARRÊT."

ONE of those insular prejudices which cause our nation to be so justly beloved over the continent of Europe will have it that we alone understand sport, and that in particular the French are natural fools in this department of human activity. The ordinary Briton as he misses his driven partridge or his rocketing pheasant, thinks with contempt of the unfortunate French nation which, as he imagines, knows no more about the handling of a gun or the proper destruction of a bird on the wing than it does about those great feasts of sirloin and steak which, in conjunction with their pale ale, have made Englishmen what they are. In face of this prejudice, it seems almost unreasonable to point out that at the present time there are probably more Frenchmen than Englishmen who are passionately devoted to the sport of shooting, and that some of the best treatises on that sport have been written in French.

It must be conceded, of course, that there are some Frenchmen who have done their best to pour ridicule on the sporting proclivities of their countrymen. Did not the immortal TARTARIN set out from Tarascon every Sunday morning in order to indulge in *La Chasse aux Casquettes*? Winged game being scarce in the neighbourhood of Tarascon, a cap was thrown into the air as a substitute, and the sportsman who recorded the greatest number of hits, was, at the end of the day, saluted as champion and escorted in triumph back to the town. Still, a cloth cap is probably just as good to shoot at and as hard to hit as the terracotta saucer which provides sport and championship cups to our own "inanimate bird shooters," of whose powers and markmanship I occasionally read glowing accounts in our sporting papers.

I WONDER how many Englishmen have heard of Monsieur ELZEAR BLAZE and his treatise on *Le Chasseur au Chien d'Arrêt*. I have the fourth edition, which was published in 1854, and is adorned with a frontispiece representing a gentleman with a swallow-tail coat and a top hat gazing intently through an eye-

glass at a shop window in which are displayed all kinds of cakes, jellies, fruits, and other culinary delicacies. This may be explained by the fact that the book was published "au Dépôt de la Collection Culinaire de Carême," and that this edition of it forms part of a series in which, seemingly, *Classiques de la Table*, "ces écrits étincelants de M.M. BRILLAT SAVARIN, CUSSEY, DE LAREYNIERE, BERCHOUX, &c.," also appeared. This, however, is quite in our English manner, for does not every volume of *Fur and Feather*, our latest sporting series, contain a chapter on cookery?

It is impossible to wish for a more agreeable companion than M. ELZEAR BLAZE. His publisher, in a Preface, justly remarks "Que de gaieté, de verve, de traits incisifs, d'anecdotes semées dans ces récits piquants de M. ELZEAR BLAZE! que d'aimables peintures de la campagne, des bois, des courses à pied! Quelle animation dans cette vie que sa spirituelle plume a si bien retracée." Indeed, there is nothing stodgy or dull about the treatise of M. BLAZE. It is written in a style which is throughout crisp and agreeable, and his advice to novices, even when it is most paternal, never degenerates into pomposity. Here is an extract from Chapter III., entitled, "Habilleinent du Chasseur." "In order to disguise themselves as sportsmen," says M. BLAZE, "our dandies stop at nothing. Like coquettish women, they have their *négligés*, which cost more than ball dresses, and they wear these in the hope that the ladies who see them will lose their repose and their appetite, that their complexions will pale, that possibly they will die of it, a thing that happens every day, as we all know. And then, when they have seen the ravages caused by their costume, when a wan and leaden colour has succeeded to the rosy tint on two beautiful cheeks, then these gentlemen triumph. Oh, the scoundrels! Poor women, I pity you! Those who are most beautifully dressed for shooting are always the least skilful. The handsomest gamebags are always nearly empty. I affirm this as the result of constant observation." This chapter contains some admirably sound advice as to shooting costume, and winds up in true French style with some reflections on the style of dress that best fits a man to win the affections of his lady-love, and the conversation which is best calculated to charm her. "Relate to her, here and there," says our author, quoting a friend of great experience, "some adventure in which you have miraculously escaped death. If you have no adventure, manufacture one. Suppose you got up at twelve o'clock, what does it matter? Tell her that you have spent the whole morning on your horse in order to school him, a matter of the utmost difficulty, seeing that the horse is ungovernable. Your beast scarcely ever goes beyond a walk, and can only be induced to trot by the aid of your whip. Never mind! tell her that it has been playing you tricks. Season your story with many details. Embroider, always embroider; and endeavour to make her believe that any man except yourself would have been unseated."

HERE, for the present, I must leave M. BLAZE, but I hope to take him up again next week.

THE SULTAN'S SOLILOQUY.

BISMILLAH! One more "Concert of the Powers"—
The Powers of Party—I have now upset!
PRIMROSE? Ahem! That prettiest of flowers
Will now look yellow with—ahem!—regret.
BEAONSFIELD loved the Primrose—in a way.
Wonder if SALISBURY now shares that taste?
Perhaps—just now—I should not like to say—
GLADSTONE, mine enemy, may regret his haste.
Or—can it be—to the Grand Old One's whim,
Like *Peter Bell*, this Primrose, on the brim
Of Party's a mere Primrose now, to him?

At the Albert Club.

First Member. Me and my Missus run over to Paris to see the CZAR, and—

Second Member (who means business). 'Ere, 'ARRY, drop the CZAR and let's come to the Seizervitch!

[Motion carried nem. con.]

AT THE ELYSÉE.

American Lady. Say, why have those magnificent footmen got "F. F." on their buttons?

American Gentleman. Out of compliment to the CZAR. *Félicitations Françaises*, of course!



DESIGN FOR A FAURE-POSTER!

In which the President may sleep off the fatigues of recent exciting scenes in Paris.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Betrothed Swain is distressed by the knowledge that his Francée, a damsel of rare pedigree, is familiarly known by a zoological appellation.

Your family is one whose name
Is old and well-renowned;
Its sons are always known to fame
The British empire round;
Its daughters have by Nature's charm
Moved Puritans to tears,
And by their beauty could disarm
Licentious Cavaliers.

To-day prevails the self-same grace;
This comeliness is fast!
So surely must each winsome face
Be heirloom of the past.
Each lad—of him why sing the praise?
He does not need my word
While cutting for himself the bays
By vigour of his sword!

In short, my muse could never tire
To sing of yours and you;
The simplest minstrel might aspire
To strike a chord so true!
I've read of doughty "Digue-en-bac,"
Who fought with CHARLES MARTEL!
Of HAROLD nicknamed "Hack-and-
Hack,"

At Agincourt who fell.

Such heroes went from sire to son,
Like stream from fountain head
For ages, once the race begun,
For years and years they led!
So, too, their ladies music made
Through centuries of crime,
And even kings have disobeyed,
Fair monarchs of their time!

In England, as they did in France,
Each dame or damsel shone
At court, or chase, in play or dance,
A goddess and alone.
And so the legend runs to-day,
For like must be as like;
And you can hold me with your sway
When "scorching" on your "bike"!

But then, there always is a fly
Within one's cup of bliss,
And now I'm going to do or die—
My statement plain is this.

Baptismally your name is JANE
KATE VIVIEN! *Infra dig.*
I hear you called with rage and pain
By all, "The Guinea Pig"!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Sir George Tressady* (SMITH, ELDER, & Co.), Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD has dealt in masterful manner with a difficult task. She has for her *dramatis personæ* appropriated contemporary personages, and has avoided personalities. My Baronite knows (or thinks he knows) the principal people who move through this story. Yet so cunningly are the colours mixed, so deftly is a left hand moulded on a figure where one is looking for the familiar right, that Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD is justified in regarding with innocent stare of surprise any who label her puppets with other names than those she pleases to hang round their necks. The closest portraiture is that of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. In physical details Mrs. WARD is careful to make *Lord Fontenoy* unlike the original. But those personally acquainted with the Leader of the Fourth Party, who ended by being Leader of the House of Commons, recognize how faithful is the study. They will remember a confession Lord RANDOLPH was rather fond of making at a time when his intimate knowledge of public affairs and his absolute command of the intricate forms of House of Commons procedure were the marvel of mankind. He protested that when he first embarked on political life he knew nothing. "Absolutely nothing," he repeated, clenching one hand, and twirling his moustache with the other. "You forget," says Mrs. WARD's *Lord Fontenoy*, in conversation with *Sir George Tressady*, "that I learnt nothing either at school or college. When you left England the only financial statement I could

understand was a betting-book. I knew no history, except what one gets from living among people who have been making it. I could not understand the simplest economical argument, and I hated trouble of all kinds. Nothing but the toil of a galley slave could have enabled me to do what I have done." There is our dear GRANDOLPH to the life. One other portrait, drawn with inimitable skill, is a pillar of the Liberal Party, who, in the novel, is ticketed *Lord Maxwell*. Here, as in the case of *Lord Fontenoy* and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, points of physical identity are carefully eschewed. But there is the earl in the grand simplicity of his private and public life. These are merely sidelights on a novel cleverly constructed, admirably written, abounding in human interest.

The Oxford University Press possesses, and liberally employs, the art of endowing familiar books with fresh charm. Mr. HENRY FROWDE has taken in hand the Poets, serving them up in what Mr. GLADSTONE used to call three courses. There is an edition of one volume, excellently printed, neatly bound, and low priced. Another, printed upon Oxford India paper, handsomely bound, edges luxuriously gilt over red, costs more money. Finally, comes a gem of bookbinders' and printers' art, a miniature edition in volumes suitable for storage in the waistcoat pocket, yet printed in type that makes reading easy. The Oxford SHAKESPEARE, SCOTT, LONGFELLOW, WORDSWORTH, and BYRON, have already been issued. Now we have the Oxford BURNS, the whole poetical works of the ploughman, edited by Mr. LOGIE ROBERTSON. Never have these poets been more daintily treated.

A WALLED TOWN.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

First Sheet.—A Patch of Old France.

Montreuil, Monday.—A rare occasion on which STERNE, pursuing his *Sentimental Journey*, was inclined to make disagreeable rejoinder, was when, standing at the remise door in the coach-yard at Calais, the Inquisitive Traveller volunteered the information that Amiens was on the road to Paris. If he had not already snubbed the monk who came to beg alms, he would certainly have snapped off the nose of his inconsequential interlocutor.

Hope I sha'n't run the risk of being snubbed if I observe that Montreuil is on the road to Paris. As I've only recently discovered the fact I venture to mention it. Hurrying by rail between Boulogne and Paris, we pass Montreuil almost without sight. Never look for it. Probably are not aware of its existence, or have forgotten it. Yet it was on the road to Paris long before Plantagenet times, when King EDWARD and the BLACK PRINCE ravaged Northern France, won Crecy and Poitiers. In quieter days, MARY Queen of Scots, journeying from Paris to Edinburgh, slept a night at Montreuil.

Even more interesting is the fact that LAURENCE STERNE halted here at an early stage of his *Sentimental Journey*. "Montreuil" he spells it, which is near enough. SARK and I are staying in the very hotel at which YORICK put up, and where he engaged LA FLEUR as body-servant. The Hôtel de France has probably altered little since the day when under its roof LA FLEUR unpacked his new master's six shirts and one pair of silk breeches. There is nothing modern about the place, not even blankets, as we discovered on the first night of our sojourn. For all bed-clothes there was a sheet, and over that a wadded coverlet, weighing something less than half-a-ton, hoary with age, impregnated with the dust of centuries. Bath-room, of course, not to be expected. But in an hotel one does look for a sitting-room of some kind, public or private. Those were luxuries not known three hundred years ago, when the hotel first opened its doors to the passing stranger, and they have not been superadded. Across the courtyard, facing the kitchen, is a room which serves for breakfast, lunch, dinner, conversation, reading, and smoking. That has for three centuries met the wayfarer's need, and if at the end of the nineteenth he wants more he must go elsewhere.

When STERNE engaged LA FLEUR as his body-servant on the famous journey through France, he discovered that his main qualifications for the post were that he could beat a drum and make spatter-dashes. MARIE, to-day the maid of all work at the Hôtel de France, is as boundless in range of domestic capacity as LA FLEUR was limited. She does everything but cook. That important function is performed by the proprietress, a lady born about the Waterloo year, with a profile curiously reminiscent of DANTE, a nice turn for making an omelette, and perfect inspiration in concocting *Potage à la bonne femme*. MARIE does everything else. Is head waiter, only chambermaid, and, I suspect, secretly performs the functions of boots.

On Saturday, being market day, there is a midday meal called by *nous autres* an ordinary. Farmers flocking in from the country side crowd the long table. It seems an impossible thing that MARIE should bring in and serve to the six or eight people living in the hotel the successive courses of *déjeuner* and dinner. The difficulty is added to by the facts that, wet or shine, the dishes have to be carried across the court-yard, and trays, being a modern invention, have not yet been included in the furniture of our hotel. MARIE trots backwards and for-

wards with hands full, and having brought in the various dishes, serves them round. The exceptional crowd of Saturday brings no extraneous help. MARIE does it all, and we just wait a little longer for our turn to come round.

"And do you get good wages?" SARK asked MARIE, finding her filling up a spare moment by flushing and sweeping the stony courtyard.

"Mais oui, m'sieur," said MARIE, proudly; "seize francs par mois."

Sixteen francs a month SARK makes out to be something less than £8 a year, and muses sadly over the details of his own domestic establishment.

The best room in the hotel is the kitchen. If we might only



Courtyard of the Hôtel de France, Montreuil.

take our meals there, life would blossom into fairer flowers. Low roofed, boldly beamed, the firelight playing on walls flecked by pewter plates, copper dishes, and brass utensils, polished to distraction, it is as charming as the dining-room is desolate. But we must needs live up to our quality. So have our soup and meat brought to us (usually through the rain) into the dank dining-room, carpetless, gloomy, with long, unlovely table and unresting chairs.

Montreuil is one of the oldest bits of ancient France. Yet its streets present little that is striking in the way of antiquity. This is doubtless due to the circumstance that the town has frequently been besieged, and, occasionally, partly demolished. There are only fragments left of anything, including three churches. One has in this utilitarian age been adapted as a fire-engine station. At one end of the nondescript building

you can trace the beautiful stone work of a window, filled up with heartrending bricks and mortar. The population also seems to have been shot away. Save on market day there is a prevailing ghastly emptiness about the streets.

The glory of Montreuil at the end of these many centuries is its imperishable walls. High up the town stands, jutting suddenly out of the plain of Picardy. *Le bon Dieu* made the mound, some two miles in circumference. *Le Diable* enclosed it within walls, made it a place of arms, round which armies have struggled since the days of PHILIPPE of Anjou. Here and there the outer case of the wall is crumbling. Its broad moat is a fat fruit garden. Like another decayed warrior, Montreuil's helmet is now a hive for bees. Its lance is broken. Its sword is rust. But the massive walls still frown on the peaceful valley, as they did when HENRY THE FIFTH rode by them on his way to Agincourt, and when, nearly four centuries later, LAURENCE STERNE passed out of the gateway to come upon the dead ass at Nampont.

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

BRIGHTON.

DEAR MISTER,—I hasten myself to tell to you the excellent idea of my brother JULES. He has written to me from Marseille, where finds himself his regiment in this moment here. He is captain, the brave boy. Eh well, he writes to me that, having studied the english language *au fond*, and being now in voyage in boy—*en garçon*—I should to write a guide for my compatriots, who visit the England. *La bonne idée! En voyage, en garçon. Enfin enchanté!*

Therefore, I propose to myself, *Mister Punch*, to visit some ones of the towns of your country, above all the towns frequented by the strangers. I will write my notes, and of time in time—*de temps en temps*—I will send you of them. Only, seen that I am neither geographe nor literator, these notes will be but the first impressions of a stranger—the instantaneous blow of the eye of a voyage of agreement.

He arrives by hazard that I receive the letter of JULES at Brighton. It is an excellent occasion of to commence my notes. I have already spoken of some parts of the town. To-day, I visit the jetty, the "Questpir." It is not bad. In effect one could to walk himself there with much of agreement, if only the air was calm. Ah but, this wind of Brighton! On the jetty I find him insupportable. Therefore I go myself away, and after a little walk towards the west I arrive to some *pelouses* in the town of Hove, where an assembly of persons very well put, *très-bien mises*, walk themselves around of a military music. It is not excessively gay, but it is very as he must, *très comme il faut*, and absolutely correct. Again, if the air was calm! But by a such wind, holding firmly his hat, *bousculé*, almost *bouleversé*, is it that even an English can to be absolutely correct? The hurricanes of Brighton can even to disturb the calm of your compatriots. And of same the hurricanes of Hove. For the two towns, which have the air of to be one sole, have nothing in common, except the air—the hurricanes. I have heard to speak of the quarrels between the two, veritable storms in a cup of tea. All lately the english journals tell us how many hours of sun there has had at Brighton, as at Westminster. It astonishes me that the duration of bright sun at Hove is not registered separately. It is incredible that two towns, thus divided, should share one record of sun. He wants of it two. Above all at present, when one sees almost not one sole ray of sun either at Brighton or at Hove!

While that I hear the music, suddenly the rain rebegins. And see there all the ladys and misses, so well dressed in robes so gay and so charming, are obliged of to run, to throw themselves into the lugubrious interior of the "fly" of Brighton—ah no, of Hove, but it is the same thing!—and in fine when there are no more of "flies" to seek a shelter at the door of a house. And in England you have not the coach door, *la porte cochère*, and by consequence there is not much of shelter. Me also, having yielded to some ladys the "fly" which I had caught, I refuge myself under a portal. It is a droll of road at Hove, two roads, twins, separated by railings of iron. At Brighton there is one wide road at border of the sea, but at Hove there is of them two. They love the railings of iron at Hove. They are very droll and very stupid, those railings there. But in fine perhaps I prefer Hove, although the grass grows in the deserted avenues so ridiculously wide. At least one finds not there a melancholy *Campo Santo* in cast-iron, or a ruined jetty, as at Brighton.

That evening there I resolve to make *le lendemain* a little excursion outside of the town. I regard my map and the journal. There is some excursions in steamboat. Bah! By a such wind,



A POSER.

"FARMERS ALWAYS GRUMBLING? WELL, SUPPOSIN' YOUR PIGS WERE DOWN WI' TH' FEVER, AN' YOUR SHEEP HAD GOT TH' INFLUENZA, IF YOUR CROPS WERE DROWNED IN EIGHTEEN INCHES O' WATER, AN' YOUR RENT WERE OVERDUE—WHAT WOULD YOU DO?"

"I? I'D GIVE IT UP AND START A GOLF CLUB!"

by blue! *Ah non, merci!* The remembrance of the traversy from Calais to Dovers suffices me. There is some excursions in bicycle. Again, no! There is for that too much of wind and too much of rain. It rains, as one says in english, the cats and the dogs. It is therefore very appropriate that I see now the announces of a "Dog Show." It wants but an exhibition of cats for to show us all that which has fallen from the sky. Then there is some excursions to a certain place called the "Devil's Dyke," a hole in the hills. But how a hole can he to be a dyke, *une digue*? It is an error. It wishes to say "Devil's Dig," that which the devil has dug, *creusé*. Eh well, is it that he is worth the pain of to make a voyage on the hills, in a "fly" of Brighton, by a such wind, for to see a hole, even a great hole? Again, no! *Ca ne vaut pas le diable!*

In fine the excursions in railway. If I was at Nice, and that he was falling of the rain so continually—that which would be impossible at Nice—I would file, *filerais*, direct upon Monte Carlo. It is not that I love the play, for I lose all days, but in fine I amuse myself to regard the players, and if one loses a *louis*—eh well, one is not ruined! But near to Brighton one finds not a Monte Carlo. *Tiens!* See there on the map a town, at almost the same distance, also on the sea, Vorting. No, Worthing. *Parfaitement! C'est bien ça*, that is well that. Tomorrow to Worthing. Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

THE *Daily Graphic*, last Saturday, showed the CZAR, CZARITZA, with M. and Madame FAURE, standing in front of the Royal Box at the Comédie Française. The title of the picture ought to have been "*Faure in a row*." There is no orchestra at the Française, otherwise the overture, in honour of the President and his wife, should have been in "Two Faure time."

FROM AN IRATE HOUSEHOLDER.—A consistent believer in the main chance. The gas company's inspector.



EVERY POISON HAS ITS ANTIDOTE.

COMMON OR GARDEN RHYMES.

A SUMMER-HOUSE BALLADE.

DAMP, dismal, dirty place to wait,
 If sun or shower too fiercely beat,
 Where draughts in spring-time penetrate,
 Yet not a breeze in summer's heat—
 In storm or sunshine all unmeet
 A bower for whispered lovers' vows.
 If your AMANDA you would greet,
 I cannot praise the Summer-house.

If, having won a *tête-à-tête*,
 You'd fain evade pursuing feet,
 Remember *Mr. Tupman's* fate,
 And where he sought retirement sweet!
 Then choose some more strategic seat,
 If you possess the smallest *nous*,
 One that ensures a safe retreat—
 I cannot praise the Summer-house.

And whether old, or "up-to-date,"
 "With all conveniences replete,"
 I hold it, in whatever state,
 A snare, delusion, and deceit;
 Outside though picturesque or neat,
 Inside it smells of mould and mouse,
 A whited sepulchre, a cheat—
 I cannot praise the Summer-house.

Envoi.

Unpleasant haunt where you may meet
 With earwig, spider, sylvan louse,
 And slug and beetle—I repeat,
 I cannot praise the Summer-house.

Trafalgar Day.

(At the Board School.)

Teacher. Now can any boy tell me why
 Nelson's Column was erected in Trafalgar
 Square?

Johnny Grimes (immediately). Please,
 Sir, to 'elp 'im up to 'eaven, when 'e died
 in the arms of the Victory.

A BEAU-STREET AXIOM.—*Il faut souffrir
 pour être BELL.*

PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.

No. VI.—OUR PHILOSOPHER.

LONG beard, long locks, wild and unkempt—a tawny, tangled
 mane,
 An ancient coat grown greeny-grey by years of sun and rain,
 Hands crossed on back, brow creased with thought, eyes fixed
 upon the far,
 He slowly moves and meditates upon the things that are.
 There is a philosophic lurch about his wayward feet,
 A spirituous odour, too, is wafted down the street,
 And when he murmurs to himself his utterance is thick,
 And punctuated freely, very freely, with a *hic*!
 "Time, Shpache and Time! Whash Time? shays KANT. We
 know it a *priori*!
 Then whash the good of clock up there? No, no, KANT! Thash
 a story!
 I dono Time—whash more, don' care. If tishn't night, itsh
 day,
 And if itsh t'other way about, itsh round the other way.
 Whash Shpache? I passed the 'Shtar' jush now, and here 'sh
 the ole 'Cross Keysh.'
 Rum thing! Dem queer!—Yesh, yesh, my dear, my usual, if
 you please.
 Your health, Missh KITTY! Wish you joy! And blesh your
 pretty fache!
 And tellush whashu think of Mishter KANT on Time and
 Shpache?
 What! Never heard the genlman? Lose no time, then, for
 you'll find—
 I'd swear it wimme dyin' breath—that KANT 'sha Mashter-
 mind!
 I've read him dayanni', KITTY, for five-and-twenty year;
 I've read him drunk on whiskey, and I've read him drunk on
 beer;

I've read him backwards, forwards, and in all the beggar's rant
 There'sh not a word I undershtand! A Mashter-mind is KANT!
 He knows Time a *priori*—sho he shays. Why, then, alri'.
 KANT'sh clever man, dem clever! 'Fact, a Mashter-mind,
 shay I!
 Put him 'side me. There'sh clock, you shee, stuck up behind
 the bar.
 Now I can't even shay for shure how many hand there are.
 At firshight, shpeaking roughly, I should think there'sh three
 or four,
 But when I shtudy queshtion there'sh conshtderably more.
 I can't tell Time; but KANT knowsh Time without a blessed
 wash
 By shimple appercepshun or shome transhendental bosh.
 Ish wonderful! Mosh wonderful! That feller KANT'sh a brick!
 Take my advice and read him. He'sh a good ole Mashter—
 hic!
 Yesh, laishangemmen, whash is Man? A ph'nomenon—no
 more!
 He strutsh his hour upon the shtage, and then his day is o'er.
 You're nothing but a ph'nomenon in Time and Shpache, Miss
 KITTY.
 Dem jolly ph'nommen, too! Jesh wish the resh were all ash
 pretty!
 He's ph'nomenon! She's ph'nomenon! And I'm a
 phommen, too!
 All ph'nomena together, laishangemmen, I and you!
 Thash KANT, and sho ish true! Don't think I'm trying to
 amuse you all.
 Ish firsh-rate phlosphy!—Thank you, dear! Another of my
 usual!"

SONG OF THE PROMOTED PEER.—Baron to bed and Early to
 rise.

MOTTO FOR THE CZAR.—Bear and FAURE bear.



Lindy Venn

CINCINNATUS GLADSTONIUS. ("Return!" Not if I know it!")

[It was suggested at a public meeting that if Mr. Gladstone would return to Parliamentary life an uncontested seat would be found for him.]



DAMAGED GOODS.

Sportsman (invited to help shoot some bucks in Mr. Meanman's park, and has just knocked one over). "BY JOVE! WHAT A LOVELY HEAD! YOU MUST LET ME HAVE THAT FOR MOUNTING."

Mr. Meanman (frightfully indignant). "WHAT! CUT HIS HEAD OFF! WHY, MAN, IT WOULD RUIN THE SALE OF THE CARCASE!"

THE NEW NIMROD.

[MR. PAT O'BRIEN, M.P., was first in at the death the other day with the Meath Hounds on his bicycle, and was presented with the brush.]

AIR—"The Hunting Day."

"WHAT a fine hunting day"—
'Tis an old-fashioned lay
That I'll change to an up-to-date pome;
Old stagers may swear
That the pace isn't fair,
But they're left far behind us at home!
See cyclists and bikes on their way,
And scorchers their prowess display;
Let us join the glad throng
That goes wheeling along,
And we'll all go a-hunting to-day!

New Nimrods exclaim,
"Timber-topping" is tame,
And "bull-finches" simply child's play;
And they don't care a jot
For a gallop or trot,
Though they will go a-hunting to-day.
There's a Fox made of clockwork, they
say,
They'll wind him and get him away;
He runs with a rush
On rails with his brush,
So we must go and chase him to-day.

We've abolished the sounds
Of the horn and the hounds—
'Tis the bicycle squeaker that squeals,
And the pack has been stuffed,
Or sent to old CRUFT,
Now the huntsmen have taken to wheels!

Hairy country no more we essay,
Five bars, too, no longer dismay,
For we stick to the roads
In the latest of modes,
So we'll bike after Reynard to-day!

MUSICAL HONOURS.

To all whom it may concern. Commander-in-Chief PUNCH begs to notify that Lieutenant DAN GODFREY retires from the Grenadier Guards with the well-earned bâton of a musical Field-Marshal. Commander-in-Chief PUNCH also wishes it to be understood that Lieutenant DAN GODFREY is henceforth entitled to wear the decoration (First Class) of the high and mighty Order of the Merry Minstrel. Furthermore, Commander-in-Chief PUNCH desires to shake hands literally with a gallant officer, whose attack has always been unrivalled on the field of instrumental battle, and to wish him many years of melodious engagement. F. M. DAN GODFREY is the last man in the world to blow his own trumpet, so Commander-in-Chief PUNCH does it for him.

A WORD TO FRENCH WISEACRES WITH REGARD TO OUR OCCUPATION OF EGYPT.—Remember the excellent Marshal MACMAHON's saying, "*J'y suis, j'y reste.*" Our rest is also our cue at this game of Pyramids.

RESULT OF THE CAB-STRIKE.—That many handsome drivers have become growlers.

A New Name for Party "Leaders."

(By a Disgusted "Follower.")

LEADERS, quotha? Why, the prospect's infernal!

The Party's becoming increasingly like
An ill-managed, scrappy, political journal.
We're edited—badly—but led? Why, a strike

Is conducted with far more decorum and dignity.

Masterdom's not to be hoped for, of course;
But when we find neither strong will nor benignity,

How shall we hope for cohesion or force?
Swashbuckler, Laodicean seceder—

Parties are not to be managed in pets!
We're like potshot papers, with never a leader,

Though any number of leaderettes.

Trafalgar, October 21, 1805.

[The Right Hon. ARETAS AKERS-DOUGLAS, born 1851.]

GLORY and honour to NELSON,
Who the French and the Spaniards
whipped!

And in "BOB AKERS,"* too,
Let each honest True Blue
Toast a whip that has never been clipped!

* MR. AKERS-DOUGLAS's nickname at Eton.

SOCIAL PURITY LADIES.—Those who try
to collect dirt at the music halls. Tea
leaves not wanted for sweeping reforms.

A WALLED TOWN.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

PAGE II.—*A Blotch of Modern France.*

Montreuil, Monday.—Standing on the walls when the sun has gone down, looking westward, one catches sight, on far horizon, of a couple of lights, so near together that, to SARK's fanciful mind, they suggest the eyes of a tiger watching us through the gloom. They are, in truth, the beams of the twin lighthouses on the coast by the mouth of the Canche. Why two,



Le Sportsman.

no one knows. There is nothing like them on any coast. Apart from duality, they are cosily built, well inshore. Instead of their base being sea-washed they are set in pleasant gardens, where are grown the best pears for miles round.

Between them and the sea there is space for a watering-place. Paris-Plage it is called. VILLEMESSANT, the creator of the *Paris Figaro*, gave it this name, and it has stuck ever since. Good Parisians before they die buy a patch of sandy soil near the twin lighthouses, and build their souls a lordly pleasure-house. These are, for the most part, fantastic monstrosities, the structure budding forth in all kinds of excrescences. Balconies that will hold nobody; pillars that uphold nothing; towers so unwieldy as to threaten to bring the whole building down; bits of coloured glass wherever they can be stuck. Each *propriétaire* further shows his independence by building his house at an angle obtrusively corner-wise to his neighbour's. The general effect is as if the ginger-bread contrivances had been shaken out of a Brobdingnagian pepper-box, and left where they had fallen. But they please their owners, and that, after all, is their main object.

Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé come down in the season, bathe in the newest costumes, lounge about the beach, grow ruddy

and brown, and believe they are having a high old time. Some of them are mighty Nimrods. When I was last here, in the summertime, I was much struck with a Monsieur who strolled about the place from morn till eve armed cap-a-pie for *la chasse*. A gun was slung round his shoulder. A warlike belt, scarce concealing a liberal supply of cartridges, girt his portly waist. He wore a velvet coat and waistcoat, corduroy trousers, thick-soled boots, and a very large bag to bring home his game.

As far as close observation went, he never shot anything, not even the postman. When he was not drinking *petits verres* or smoking cigarettes in front of the *café*, he haunted the beach, sometimes going down to the water's edge. This suggested to me at the time the suspicion that he shot shrimps.

By chance, to-day, his secret was disclosed. Walking through the pine-woods at the back of Paris-Plage, we came upon a small clearing. At one side of it was what, at first sight, looked like the top of a well. There was a wooden cover, some three feet broad by five long. This, we learned, was our gallant *chasseur's* happy hunting ground. Hither he came, in the gloaming or early morning, with his game-bag half full of succulent cabbage leaves. These he spread about at the further edge of the clearing. Then, with stealthy step, he withdrew to the wooden box, lifted up the lid, and dropped into a carefully-dug pit, closing the lid upon himself.

"For all the world," SARK says, "like IRVING doing *Iachimo* in *Imogen's* bedroom."

The front part of the lid does not close level with the ground, thus not only supplying the sportsman with light and air, but leaving loophole through which the muzzle of the gun projects. Presently the rabbits come to feed on the cabbage-leaves, and the noble sportsman lets fly.

Ah, le beau sport! Here is its sublimation. SARK, like the late TROCHU, has a plan. He notices that the padlock lies on the top of the lid. Good. Next season he will repair to Paris-Plage, will stalk the noble sportsman. When he has settled himself in his pit and pulled down the lid, SARK will advance on tip-toe from the wood behind, will quietly turn the key in the padlock, and will withdraw, leaving the noble sportsman to enjoy an unexpectedly prolonged opportunity of making a bag.

In the meantime, SARK does not want the thing mentioned. Premature disclosure of the plan might prove destructive of its full success.

SHYNESS PAST AND PRESENT.

THE OLD STYLE.

PLACE—*Anywhere.* CHARACTERS—*He and She.* TIME—*Yesterday.*

He. Forgive me for addressing you, but I believe we were introduced to one another by your parents.

She. Yes, with the sanction of my grandmother.

He. So you will pardon me for taking a seat next you.

She. I should be sorry to see you ill at ease, especially as you have secured the esteem of my relatives. My uncle JOHN holds you in great regard.

He. I am delighted to hear you say so; but, disregarding your uncle JOHN (with infinite respect), I am most anxious to obtain your own goodwill. I am sure you will give it to me.

She. I am afraid that our acquaintance has been so short—I have only known you for the last five years.

He. But surely that is sufficiently long a period to get some idea of my character! Pray answer me.

She. I am so shy.

He. Then permit me to give you a few moments for reflection. May I light a cigarette?

She. Tobacco! I would far prefer to hear you play the guitar.

THE NEW STYLE.

PLACE—*The same.* CHARACTERS—*The same.* TIME—*To-day.*

He. I say, we don't want an introduction, eh?

She. Why, no! Fancy, too, we have met before!

He. Dare say. Guvnor and Mater know an odd lot.

She. So does my grandmother!

He. Got room for me, beside you?

She. Rather. Hate to see a man looking like a cod-fish, as uncle JACK says.

He. Bother uncle JACK! Want you to think well of me.

She. Think well of you! Why, I scarcely know you!

He. Nonsense. You have been chatting with me for at least five minutes! Come, out with it.

She. I am so shy.

He. Then I will give you a pause for reflection. How would you like a tune on the banjo?

She. Music! I would far sooner join you in a cigar!

MISS TWIDDY ON MODERN SHYNESS.

[The *Daily Telegraph* has "opened its columns" to a discussion upon the startling question "Why are People Shy?"]

DEAR MISTER PUNCH,—I'm confident an error worse than clerical
Has crept into the statement of this interrogatory.

I'm shy; I always have been, to the verge of the hysterical,
Which I was taught, *x* years ago, was a young maiden's
glory.

I'm hushful, and I'm blushful, as I was when young and
mittenish,—

For mittens in my girlhood were the ensigns of the modest
ones,—

But now that all the maids seem fast and all the matrons
kittenish,

This query strikes me, truly, as the oddest of the oddest ones!

My sainted mother taught me a Mimosa-like timidity

Was maidenhood's bewitchingest, most captivating quality;

But now it seems regarded as the height of insipidity,

And rigorously excluded from the scheme of virgin polity.

To blush, to lower eyelids, and to twiddle with one's toes about

The pattern of the carpet in a fashion feebly fluttery,

Is now a mark of mawkishness that nothing useful knows about,

The stamp of school-girl silliness absurd and bread-and-buttery.

Now girls are bold as—brass knobs, and as cool as any icicle.

To ask why *they* are shy, then, these young "misses" imper-
turbable

Who smoke, and put on knickers—oh!!!—and, *yes*, bestride a
bicycle,

And are, in short, emancipate, smart, up-to-date, uncurbable,
Is really most preposterous! As well ask why a porcupine

Is sleek and saponaceous! If you share the *modern* girlishness,

To emulate the masculine in play as well as work you pine,
In billiards as in business, evening "nips," and early-purl-

ishness!

Shy? Goodness gracious!—Only they've small goodness and
scant graciousness,

These girls, whose "naked egos" are now advertised ob-
trusively—

That's a "psychologic phrase," although suggestive of "owda-
ciousness"

To those whose early training left them "ladylike" ex-
clusively—

Amidst the modes and phrases, manly customs, unsexed crazes,
Of—my nieces and their "she-pals." I feel "shy," and even

giddy;

But to apply *that* word to *them*—as poets do to daisies—

Fits—well, like "up-to-date" applied to, Yours,

MATILDA TWIDDY.

DARBY JONES NATURALLY ELATED.

HONoured SIR,—Was I right over the Cesarewitch or was I not? Did I give the straight tip or did I not? Are your readers not now rolling in gold or are they not? These three plain and simple questions are best answered by *Fact*. Yes, Sir, in giving them *St. Bris* I laid *low*, but came out at ten to one. Is there any prophet in the United Kingdom, who could boast of the same record? I am well assured that not *one* was in it with yours truly, and I am confident that you yourself, mistrusting the advice of some gutter-snipe of the turf, did not plank your hard-earned doubloons on a rank impostor like *Phæbus Apollo*, a disreputable towel-horse, whom I never even named in my diplomatic despatch to your Napoleonic columns. But my second string, *Piety*, was fourth, and under other circumstances might have run third. I was truly glad to see the Prince of WALES in time to salute the Ditch—"Ditch dien" ought to be H.R.H.'s motto—Lord ROSEBERRY seemed none the worse for his discrepancy (a political word of mine own) with the Ill-Liberal party. The Duke of WESTMINSTER, despite the coloured collars, which he insists upon wearing like the late Duke of HAMILTON, is always above the dead level of Armenian atrocities, and made the Duke of CAMBRIDGE smile with his anecdotes of *Rampion*, who would not take his little bit between his teeth for the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton Park.

Newmarket always reminds me of the Maze at Hampton Court. You never know where the races begin or end. I love the stewards of the Jockey Club for their lighthouseardness in this respect even more than I respect their determination that no one but the judge can possibly find the winner up the hill.



Mamma. "THERE! I'VE DRAWN A DEAR LITTLE DOG, A DICKY-BIRD, A PUSSY CAT, AND A PIGGY-WIGGY; WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO DRAW NOW?"

Effie (after due consideration). "A LITTLE GIRL BEING RUN OVER BY A CARRIAGE AND PAIR!"

When a man-backer (I take no count of females) thinks that his own particular fancy has done the trick, lo and behold the number of some despicable quadruped, which has been actually crawling beside the Birdcage is hoisted on the board! Can such things be, and a man afford new socks for the winter? I know not. Nevertheless, with my pockets moderately garnished with a *saintly* benefaction I hope to brave the "battle and the breeze" of Christmas. In your esteemed wire you ask "Have you anything good for the Cambridgeshire?" Yes, Sir, I have at present the name of the animal, which shall not be revealed. Suffice it to say that the prize shall not go East or West or North, but South, in the humble opinion of

Your fervent admirer, DARBY JONES.

P.S.—At Newmarket, always expect to meet "loo-sers."
Verb. sap.

O. K. (By 'Arry.)

O. K. indeed! That's tidy cheek, I say!

That clever Roosian lydy they may call so.

(For OLGA NOVIKOFF is dubbed O. K.)

But she attempts to prove, in 'er sly way,

That Roosian Policy is O. K. also!

She's orful hartful and a stunning talker,

But when *she* sez O. K., wy, I sez "Walker!"

NEW NAME FOR SAME THING.—It is proposed for the name of "Dynamite" to substitute that of "Tynamite." This information does *not* come from France.

The Sultan's Proverbial Philosophy.

THOUGH England on "humanity" greatly dwells,
Give her an inch, she'll take the Dardanelles!



THE LAST CONGRATULATION.

Fair Guest (who, having had a desperate flirtation with the Bridegroom a short time ago, wouldn't be absent from the Ceremony on any account). "WELL, ALGEY, IT'S ALL OVER NOW! AREN'T YOU PLEASED?"
[Uncomfortable position of Algey.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

For a clearly-told and alluringly-exciting story, which can be read within the limits of a continuously wet day, or on the evening of a fine one, FLORENCE WARDEN'S *Inn by the Shore*, published by JARROLD & SONS, can be confidently recommended. The locality of the incidents will be recognised at once by any one acquainted with that portion of the south-east coast where grazing fields, lying between the monotonous road and the sea, are gradually merged into such extensive flats of sand and grass, varied by occasional undulations, as delight the heart and exercise the muscles of the determined golfer. The heroine is a charmingly puzzling personage, who so gains upon the honest reader's sympathy as to make him hope against hope that she will ultimately escape from what appears to be the just retribution awaiting her crimes. Whether that sympathy is deserved, or wasted, it is for the authoress to tell, and the reader to discover. Should any of the BARON'S friends, anxious for a day's quiet, seek any place in this, or any other, neighbourhood close to the melancholy ocean, he will not do better than to make the acquaintance of FLORENCE WARDEN'S *Inn by the Shore*, where there is as good entertainment to be had as the most hungry novel-devourer could desire.

"Never was man better served with" horses of various descriptions than was the

young rattletrap, *Hugh Peters*, the plural-named Puritan in the stirring, or rather galloping, romance entitled *A Puritan's Wife*, writ by one MAX PEMBERTON, and dashingily illustrated by Master SIDNEY PAGER, or Sidney Full-Page-it, as all his capital drawings are of this size. It is such a Romance of Multitude, a regular slashing, hacking, cutting, banging, crashing-through-woods, scouring-country (until it is clean), sword-thrusting, fisticuffing, brawling, plunging, lunging, struggling, guggling, half-drowning, with success-crowning-everything romance, as Master MAX and not a few other writers,—he of the Golden Spur, for example,—love to write. Odds bucklers and carbines! but it needs all the relief that the love story of a gentle girl can give to the tale, in order that we may have a few moments' lull. The heroine is an oppressed, thwarted, but ever ready-witted damsel, and though she gives the name of *A Puritan's Wife* to the novel, herself playing the "title rôle," yet is her part not so prominent as is that of the Puritan wife's Puritan husband; nor, indeed, is she so much in evidence as are the friends and enemies of the Puritan wife's Puritan husband. But, Messieurs the romance readers, the Baron, humming "*Suoni la tromba*" from *I Puritani*, doth recommend to your notice the work heartily. Ye can procure it at the sign of the CASSELL & Co., and thereto setteth the Baron his sign and seal,
 B. DE B.-W.

THE CYCLING GOVERNESS.

I no longer teach my classes
 Their SHAKESPEARE and the glasses,
 And the uses of the globes, as was my custom;
 But all they'll learn from me
 Is to ride the iron gee—
 All other lessons utterly disgust 'em!

The girls no more will meddle
 With the painful piano-pedal,
 They'll only touch the pedal of their
 "Humber";
 Like their grannies, they begin
 At an early age to "spin,"
 But the road it is their spinning-wheels
 encumber.

So wheeling now my trade is,
 And finishing young ladies
 In the proper kind of bicycling deportment;
 I'm nearly finished, too,
 And battered black and blue,
 For of falls I've had a pretty large assortment!

A Zoological Error.

MR. BARNEY BARNATO has presented President KRUGER with a brace of marble lions. What the eminent financier really meant to give was a couple of other animals, well known on 'Change, a bull and a bear, only, unfortunately, they broke loose previous to shipment.



“PLAYING PATIENCE.”

ROSEBERRY (*the Hermit of Dalmeny, loc.*). “THEY MAY SAY IT’S A DULL GAME, BUT AT LEAST IT DOESN’T WANT A PARTNER!”

MUSICAL NOTES.

["The bagpipe threatens to be a fashionable instrument in London this winter."—*Daily News*.]

CERTAINLY the reproach sometimes urged against us that we are an unmusical nation is in a fair way to become obsolete. The number of concerts given this winter beats all previous records, and most of the music performed, whether by professionals or amateurs, is of the very highest class.

ON Thursday, for instance, at Lady CLAPPERCLAW'S *soirée musicale*, the orchestra of amateur bagpipe-players distinguished themselves greatly. The orchestra consists of twenty-seven members, and the drawing-room at Clapperclaw House is



fortunately small, so that the effect gained was simply stupendous. A few of the audience thought that the *fortissimos* were almost overdone, but these were captious persons who had forgotten to place cotton-wool in their ears, an elementary precaution always to be observed before attending a modern concert. On the other hand, a distinguished foreign musician was overheard to remark with great emphasis that no such performance was even possible in his own country.

A FEATURE of the Duchess of MARGATE'S reception on Saturday was the magnificent trombone-playing of Miss ALAMODE. This talented young lady played with such success that all the electric-light globes in the room were shattered, and several of the audience were deafened for life. Charming pathos, too, was Herr THUMPOFFSKY'S solo on the big drum; indeed, tears stood in many eyes at the conclusion of his performance.

Now that the older musical instruments are falling into well-deserved neglect, it is interesting to find how readily well-known artistes move with the times. Señor SARASATE'S penny-whistle recitals have been crowded, and there is sure to be a full house at his next concert, when he will play the whole of *Don Giovanni* on that delightful instrument. Not to be outdone, on the following day Herr JOACHIM will render the overture to *Tannhäuser* and the choral symphony with the assistance only of a small comb.

AMONGST the new music recently published we would especially commend a volume of *Twelve Morceaux for the Bones*, by Professor VILLIERS STANFORD, which

are provided also with a tambourine *obbligato*, and *The Wanderer's Return*, a stately triumphal march, specially written by Doctor HUBERT PARRY for performance on a latchkey. Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE'S new work, *Israel's Lament*, a symphonic overture arranged for an orchestra of Jew's harps, will be produced, we understand, at the next Birmingham Festival.

MANY complaints have lately been made of the unsatisfactory character of the Dictionaries of Music now in use, which supply hardly any information as to the musical instruments of the day. However, this ignorance will be partly remedied for those who attend Professor BRIDGER'S historical lectures, which are doing a great work for the musical education of the public. The next course will begin on Monday week, and will deal with "The Structure and Development of the Barrel-organ." The lectures will be illustrated by performances on the instrument under discussion, given by M. PADEREWSKI, Herr ROSENTHAL, and others.

CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(For Ladies only.)

DEAREST ETHELINDA,—"On ne badine pas avec l'amour," says ALFRED DE MUSSET. Ah! how regretfully do I recognise the truth of the poet's adage. When I recently told you of the capture of poor Lord ARTHUR RANTIPOLE at the Spa of Scarborough by the female who is unhappily privileged to call herself his wife, I mentioned that the unlucky fellow was reduced from leonine resentment to sheep-like docility by the mere mention of the name "Jones." Which JONES? Aided by an astute *employé* of Mr. ROPESEND, the celebrated private detective, I have discovered that this JONES (I might say, *our* JONES) is a betting man with whom ARTHUR has been rash enough to plunge into turf speculations, naturally to his financial embarrassment. The FEMALE (I can call her nothing else) having discovered this fatal secret, ingratiated herself with the man JONES (probably he is a blood relation), and, whenever in want of funds, she has produced him like a god out of a bathing-machine, as some Latin author remarks, to his temporary discomfiture. Talking of bathing-machines reminds me that an admirable substitute for soap is a mixture of cigar ashes and crushed apples, which I have registered under the title of "Pom-Nic." Demand it at all confectioners and bookstalls.

Mr. ROPESEND, who served with distinction in the Peruvian army, says that JONES is as hard as a Brazil nut—by the way, I can give you an excellent receipt for a *purée* of Brazil nuts, and will do so later—and that, if ARTHUR does not settle his liability, he means to have "his lordship warned off every course in Christendom." This sounds like an Armenian atrocity—but I gather that unless the sum of £2,660 is paid to this implacable JONES, my hero will have to suffer *peine forte et dure*. This must not be, and so, like another JOAN OF ARC, I have resolved to sacrifice my little fortune (left me, you will remember, by my godmother, Lady POKESDOWN), for the rescue of my GUY LIVINGSTONE. JOAN v. JONES. Mr. ROPESEND says that I am behaving like a real lady, but his praises fall from my ears like water from the feathers of a teal or

widgeon. *A propos* of widgeon, roast it with cayenne and onions, stir gently into beetroot sauce, caviare, lemons, and three ounces of delicate fresh-herring-roe jelly, and serve hot, with capers to follow. ROPESEND also states that I must not see ARTHUR, who is (I again quote his language) "lying doggo," having (*Dieu soit béni!*) escaped momentarily the persecution and presence of JONES and the FEMALE. In my conduct I know that I am both wicked and immoral, but *que voulez-vous?* I shall earn the praise of GRANT ALLEN and SARAH GRAND.

I will let you know how my scheme "pans out" (dear ARTHUR'S expression).

We have moved into a new flat, and I must say that the Art wall-paper in my



boudoir, illustrating MACAULAY'S *Lays of Ancient Rome*, is worthy of WALTER CRANE. It can only be obtained from—"At the Stores you can now buy the new Kamtchatkan drapery, made from Siberian rabbits. A capital way of dressing pheasants is to stuff them with larks and sausages, and baste, while roasting, with Burgundy. The original flavour of the bird by this process entirely disappears. Serve with sage and garlic sauce. KADR.

* No, you don't.—Ed.

THE MUSIC HALL LICENCES.—According to the report in the papers last Thursday, Mr. COOTE (surely not the representative of the musical Coote family, of the "COOTE and TINNEY" band, which it was most unfair ever to term "Tinney," being "strings and wind") opposed the licence for which the Palace Music Hall had applied. *Coûte que coûte* he was determined to oppose it, was COOTE; and ultimately, when granting the licence, our unfortunate COOTE was actually told by the Chairman how they, the magistrates, through him, their chief, regretted he (COOTE) should ever have expressed his strong opinion against the living tableau illustrating "*La Source*." Who can object to *nuda veritas*? Ladies and gentlemen visiting the Empire find no fault with "*La Source*." And what is "*La Source*" for the Goose is *La Source* for the Gander." So why complain?

SUGGESTION TO MODERATE LIBERALS.—The formation of the Primrosebery League. Plantagenets, or old brooms with new faces, warned off.



A STUDY OF FOUR PHILANTHROPIC AND USUALLY PEACEABLE LITTLE GENTLEMEN, WHO ARE PREPARED, AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE AND IN THE TEETH OF EUROPE, TO FORCE THE PASSAGE OF THE DARDANELLES, OCCUPY CONSTANTINOPLE AND ASIATIC TURKEY, DETHRONE THE SULTAN, AND RIGHT THE WRONGS OF THE UNIVERSE AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET!

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

ON THE THAMES.

DEAR MISTER,—I am not gone to Worthing, for the day where I wrote to you I received a letter from one of my friends, who inhabits Goring, inviting me of to render him visit, there where I could see the Thames. Ah, the fine occasion for to make some notes for my guide! I have already seen the Thames at London, at Richmond, and at the Lock of Boultaire. Ah, how it is gay the sunday—even the english sunday—that to see to pass all the adorable misses and the brave misters by the Lock of Boultaire! But until here I know not Goring.

Therefore very *volontiers*, voluntarily, I make my mail—*je fais ma malle*—the morning, I go to the station, I make to put an etiquette for Goring on my baggages, and I demand if there is a train direct. The factor—*facteur*—responds that yes. Then I obtain a ticket of to go and return, and I part in the train for Goring.

After a time incredibly short, in arriving at a station, I find that it is already Goring. *A la bonne heure!* Very content of to arrive so quick, I descend and I seek my friend, whom I will name Mister X. He is not there. Eh well, it is equal to me, something has prevented him, *j'irai chez lui*, I shall go at him. So I demand if Mister X. has sent a carriage. The factor says that no. Then I demand where lives Mister X. The factor knows not the name. Nor another employed no more. Nor the coacher of a fly. Nor the chief of station. In fine I seek the letter of my friend, and I show to them his name. "Ah," they cry themselves all, "that is Goring on Thames!" "Eh well," I say, "and what is this that this is that that?" "This is Goring, Sussex," respond they. After some time I comprehend that there is two Gorings, and that this one here is not that one there, the Goring of my friend, and—name of a dog!—in fine I return to Brighton, and I go to London to the station of Victoria, and I traverse London to the station of Paddington, and at Paddington I entrap the last train, and, all *épuisé*, I arrive to the other Goring after a voyage of the most longs and of the most annoyings—*ennuyants*—a voyage of all the day in omnibus trains. And this by a cold, ah but, a cold!

However, in fine I arrive, and the to-morrow, *le lendemain*, I

find that Goring is enough pretty, even when the season of the canoeing, *canotage*, is passed. It is true that one sees not the adorable misses and the ravishing colours of their robes of summer, but *en revanche*, in revenge, one sees the beautiful tints of the leaves of autumn, red and yellow, on the hill of Stritly. She is very well situated, the hill of Stritly, and dominates the landscape. Goring and Stritly are two ancient villages, united by an ancient bridge in wood, very picturesque, with a mill to water at side, of which the artist painters make all the days some pictures. I admire much your english villages. Even in the houses of the peasants one sees a little of the english comfortable—*le comfortable anglais*. And all the villages have the air of a garden, the little houses surrounded of trees and of flowers. My friend Mister X. fears that the ancient bridge may be *un peu usé*, a little used—ah no, you say "wo'n out." What misfortune if he should be replaced by a bridge in iron! *Ca se peut*, that may himself, for even at Venice there is a bridge in iron of the most detestables, but I hope that not. With a bridge in iron the river at Goring would be absolutely ugly, as ugly as he is at Charingcross where the bridge of the railway, traversing the river, destroys all the beauty of the *quai*, of the Embankment. The lock of Goring should not to resemble to the quay of London.

The valley of the Thames is charming when the sun shines. When the sky is grey and he falls of the rain, that which arrives so often in your country, she is a little sad. And when there is some inundations, and the inhabitants of the riverain houses are obliged of to rest at the first—*rester au premier*—because the *rez-de-chaussée* is full of water, I believe that the valley of the Thames is a little humid. Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

The Meat and Marriage Markets.

A MARKET-RETURN from Porkopolis reads:—

"*Ribs pressed for sale and closed weak.*" Yanks are smart. But this seems a fitting account of the deeds

Mothers do in our own Matrimonial Mart; For the phrase would apply with a fitness quite funny To daughters tight-laced, and then married for money!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

(A fond but foolish Lover rejoices in the decadence of the Season.)

I LIKE to see the life-spent leaves
Come tumbling on the sodden ground,
When swallows quit the cottage eaves
To warmer lands and sunshine bound.
I like to watch the year's decay—
A melancholy subject that—
And think of things of yesterday—
The while the rain goes pit-a-pat.

The bracken browns beneath the pine,
The mast is winnowed from the beech,
The creepers make a thin red line,
And shed the blooms we could not reach.
E'en daisies born of Michaelmas,
Upon the earth are lying flat,
Nasturtiums stoop to meet the grass—
The while the rain goes pit-a-pat.

Across the heath the lapwings wail,
They know the time of joy has fled,
And mourn beneath a sky too pale
The sunsets that were rosy red.
The misty cloak is damp and cold,
It scares the ever-greedy bat,
Who fears to leave yon tower old—
The while the rain goes pit-a-pat.

And yet I love this dreary scene,
This picture of the dying year,
That tells of what the world has been
Before the trees were gaunt and sere.
For Time despises day by day—
A leveller, a democrat—
And I unhold his iron sway—
The while the rain goes pit-a-pat.

Off in the days that are no more
I longed to live. But what avail
To hoard such wishes in my store,
When Hope is but a fairy tale?
When many an autumn long ago
My ark was wrecked on Ararat,
You could have saved me then, you know!
Meanwhile the rain goes pit-a-pat.

HOSPITALITY.

(Found in an Imperial Diary.)

Monday.—Reception, déjeuner, reception, review, banquet, concert, reception. Their friendly hospitality delightful. Bed—in train—1 A.M., after reading despatches.

Tuesday.—Rise 7, in train. Reception, breakfast, procession, reception, déjeuner, drive, receptions, visits, interviews, drive, reception, dinner (such a dinner!), reception, opera, reception, despatches. Well-meant hospitality rather fatiguing. Cut fireworks and opera; rather tired, bed 2 A.M.

Wednesday.—Rise 6. Despatches. Breakfast, reception, visits to churches, palaces, &c. &c. foundation stone with verses, steamboat trip, visits, Mint, Institut, more verses, concert—cut short concert—banquet, reception, theatre, &c., &c. Hospitality tiring. Bed at 3 A.M.

Thursday.—Rise 5. Despatches, breakfast, reception, picture galleries, drives, &c. &c. *da capo*, with variations. Hospitality awful! To bed at 3.55 A.M.

Friday.—Rise 4. Hardly worth going to bed. Despatches banquet, Final Reception, train—off! Rest at last. To bed, utterly exhausted, at 9 P.M. Their hospitality—oh, save me from my friends! WILLIAM of Germany is the only man who could stand it. They should invite him.



LONG TO RAIN OVER US!

Bill. "BE 'T STILL A RAININ', SAM?"

Sam. "AH, THAT IT BE; AN' NOT LIKE TO GIVE OVER, NEITHER. BIN A COMIN' DOWN POWERFUL 'EAVY, IT 'AVE! WY, I DID 'EAR SAY AS IT'S BIN SO BAD UP IN LONDON THAT THEY 'VE BEEN A CELEBRATIN' THE LONGEST RAIN ON RECORD!"

NOT ENOUGH YET?

["There is a deficiency of rain."—*Meteorological Reports.*]

Pour down, oh rain, from sodden air,
While at barometers we stare,
They never more will point to "fair,"
Pour down unceasing everywhere!
We envy—they alone don't care—
The fish in sea.

Pour down, oh rain, day after day,
Soak sodden man on sodden way,
Soak sodden horse, and sodden hay,
Soak all the land from Thames to Tay,
Because—my goodness!—there is a
Deficiency!

MOTTO FOR A MASSEUSE.—There's nothing like rub-bish.

"They Manage these Things," &c.

Bumbleshaw (reading from daily paper). During the CZAR's stay, 6,000 policemen, out of a force of 8,000, were constantly on duty, each man doing fifteen hours service daily.

Grumbleshaw. That's what comes of entertaining a despot! And I suppose that we, the down-trodden ratepayers, will have to pay for this gross truckling to imperial vanity by a free country?

Bumbleshaw. Not unless you happen to have property in France.

Grumbleshaw. In France! What d'ye mean?

Bumbleshaw. Only that the paragraph refers to the guardians of liberty, equality and fraternity in Paris.

[Collapse of GRUMBLESRAW.]



AFTER THE FÊTES!

First Citizen. "SAY THEN! WAS IT NOT A FINE CHANGE TO CRY 'VIVE L'EMPEREUR' FOR NEARLY A WHOLE WEEK, INSTEAD OF 'VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE'?"

Second Citizen. "AH, MY BRAVE, IT WAS TRULY MAGNIFICENT! AND SO NEW! I'M HORRIBLY BORED WITH ALWAYS CALLING OUT 'VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE'!"
[They smoke and consider.]

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

MONSIEUR ELZÉAR BLAZE, ON "LE CHASSEUR AU CHIEN D'ARRÊT."

M. BLAZE, I should mention, was not only a keen sportsman, but he had been a soldier, and had fought in the armies of the great NAPOLEON. Here and there in his pleasant book he scatters anecdotes of his military life, which agreeably diversify the narrative. And it must be admitted that he by no means forgets the maxim in which he lays it down that one of the chief duties of a story-teller is to embroider. At the end of his chapter on the hare he gives an account of the finest "chasse aux lièvres" that has ever, according to him, taken place in the memory of man. "There were four hundred thousand of us, Frenchmen and Austrians in equal numbers, engaged in the sport, which took place at a little village called Wagram, a few miles from Vienna. The plain was covered with hares; at every ten steps several started in front of our side. Our muskets and our cannons alarmed them dreadfully, and away they ran in the hope of escaping. But further on they met two hundred thousand Austrians, who were in no joking humour. So back they came to us, and squadrons of them were to be seen running between the two armies. A charge of cavalry, which was in no way intended for them, would put them to rout. They pierced our ranks, passed between our legs. We killed them with sword-cuts, with bayonet-thrusts; we took them alive. On that day we saw a great slaughter of men and of hares. A hare killed made one forget the death of a comrade; it was like farce after tragedy. How many bullets, intended for the enemy were shot at these unfortunate hares! Never has so great a number been seen, never before have so many been killed. That evening, after the battle, nearly all of us supped on hare."

HERE is some advice which will come home to the heart of many a British sportsman:—"Be very careful," says the sagacious BLAZE, "of young shooters. If you are walking in line

with them I advise rather to be behind than in front of them. Such fellows lose their head at the sight of a partridge, a hare makes them dizzy, a pheasant throws them into convulsions. They keep on firing, no matter how, and their neighbourhood is very dangerous, and the best plan is to keep out of shot of them." Any young sportsman, however, who reads M. BLAZE's chapter on "The Pheasant" might well be excused a slight tremor at the sight of this bird. This is how it opens:—"But here is the king of game-birds! the pheasant! At this name a sportsman's eyes glitter, his heart beats faster. Listen to him! If he speaks of his exploits he does not pronounce the word pheasant like any other word. With a certain lightness he mentions the partridge, the rabbit, the hare; but when he comes to the pheasant his mouth is full, the two syllables are broadly articulated. He emphasises each of them so that you might fancy you hear two words joined by a hyphen." I recommend this method of pronunciation to country-house parties. But in whatever way pronounced, the pheasant in M. BLAZE's day was not easier to stay than he is now, for novices are told by him that when they shoot at a pheasant they must in thought separate the body from the tail:—"The tail saves many a pheasant; it deceives novices. None of the pellets that hit it count. A shot in the tail scatters many feathers in the air, and one imagines the bird is wounded. Not at all. Like the fox in the fable, the bird has lost its tail in the conflict, and is no whit the worse for it."

THE above advice is, of course, elementary; but the book is full of cunning hints, not merely for the improvement of a man's shooting, but also as to the best method of bringing various animals to bag, and as to the training and treatment of dogs. "No man ought to lend either his wife, or his horse, or his dog," says M. BLAZE, but he proceeds to recount how he himself, being endowed with a magnanimity out of the common, once pushed that quality to the extent of lending *Médor*, the illustrious *Médor*, to a friend, *Médor*, the best of dogs; and that, an hour afterwards, *Médor* came back alone, having left his sportsman on account of a succession of six bad shots. "A dog hunts for his own pleasure, much more than for yours. Amuse him if you want him to amuse you." And, by the way, I may mention that I never yet met a French dog who was not called either *Médor*, or *Phanor*, or *Azor*, or *Belphégor*, or "le vieux Stop."

THE CONCERT OF EUROPE.

RUSSIA's first fiddle, France bassoon,
And England the big drum;
But when it comes to any *toon*,
The lot of us are mum!
We do not know each other's parts,
We funk cacophonous war
We are a happy concert troop,
We are, we are, we are!

At a Dog-Show.

First Fancier. That's a well-bred terrier of yours, BILL.
Second Fancier. And so he ought to be. Didn't the Princess of WALES own his great grand-aunt!

CLEARING THE AIR.

WITH party missiles flying,
With wild shillelaghs blent;
Armenia slowly dying,
The SULTAN well content;
To "clear the air," by speeches,
Is well. Yet must we pray
For him, more wise, who teaches
England to "clear the way."

THE POETRY OF BUSINESS.—"The Ladj Loch" and "The Forrest King!" Do not these names sound like the title of a romantic poem? Yet, they are but the names of two gold mines, and poems are not invariably "gold mines" to their authors.

At Chalons.

(Did not miss his opportunity.)

Energetic Bonapartist (at last at liberty). Vive l'Empereur!
Police Official. It is defended, Sir!
E. B. But I only cry for the CZAR! [P. O. takes a back seat.]



THE "BIKE" FROM A DOG'S POINT OF VIEW!

DARBY JONES ON THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

HONOURED SIR,—Had I had the privilege of being educated like yourself at a Public School and a University, where the Knowledge of the Ancients is dispensed like Soothing Syrup to the offspring of the Good, Great, and Wealthy, I might be able to grasp that touch of Nature which make all men of the world kings. But unfortunately my bringing up was established by Providence amid the grave-to-gay surroundings of a Baked Potato Merchant's *lares* and *penates*. I am not ashamed of my sire's calling. On the contrary, oft in the stilly night the residue of his unsold stock-in-trade has furnished me with a substantial supper-breakfast, while the expiring embers of his peripatetic furnace have only been equalled in warmth by the condition of my body after he had discovered the loss of those vegetables with which the names of RALEIGH and PARMENTIER will be immortally associated. You, honoured Sir, in your Pacha-like sanctum—I can picture you in an old-gold dressing-gown, with fez to match, whirling the luscious Latakia through your thoroughbred nostrils—will probably wonder what my early training has to do with the winner of the Cambridgeshire. It is in this wise. Nineteen years ago, on the eve of this race, at the corner of Waterloo Place, my esteemed parent was pursuing his vocation, no longer a beardless youngster, but still almost as fine a judge of a horse as he was of a "spud"—in which latter merit he yielded not to the late Mr. PADDY GREEN, of EVANS'S—when he was approached by two richly-garbed French noblemen, who not only regaled themselves with the mealy delicacies, but also in handsome style stood treat to many of the Outcasts of our ever-hungry thoroughfares. When paying for the delicacies one of them asked the name of the street. "Waterloo Place," said my father, "but no offence meant." "Ha! ha!" cried the stranger, grimly, "always your sacred Waterloo! But to-morrow we shall avenge ourselves at Newmarket. Nevare fear!" My dad was one of those sanguine individuals who would have taken a tip from a broken-down billiard-marker. What did he do? Sold his entire business the very next morning in the Market, and planked down all the "dibs" which he could beg, borrow, or annex, on the Gallic *Jongleur*! I need not record the result, but suffice it to say that but for baked potatoes he would not now be handsomely entombed in Kensal Green Cemetery, nor I be privileged to communicate to your readers those forecasts which must make the weather-prophets of the daily journals redden with ill-concealed envy. That I have servile imitators I allow, but this is the ubiquitous Fate of Genius. I have seen Sir HENRY IRVING burlesqued, and have heard Mr. GLADSTONE'S name held up to the derision of a time-serving audience. Once more, then, without fear or reproach I shall, like a second BAYARD,

THE SCORCHER.

(After William Watson.)

I do not, in the crowded street
Of cab and "bus" and mire,
Nor in the country lane so sweet,
Hope to escape thy tyre.

One boon, oh, Scorchers, I implore,
With one petition kneel,
At least abuse me not before
Thou break me on thy wheel.

FATAL EFFECT OF THE EASTERN QUESTION ON THE TOBACCO AND SHOE TRADES.—We learn that Mr. LABOUCHERE, M.P., has left off smoking cigarettes made of Turkish or Egyptian produce, and has now pledged himself to consume none but those manufactured at St. Petersburg or Moscow. A serious deficiency in the *régie* is consequently anticipated. On the other hand, the SULTAN has forbidden Northampton boots to be imported into his dominions. It is suggested that a Mixed Commission, nominated by the Prince of MONACO, might adjust this international difficulty. Meantime Europe trembles.

"HATS OFF!"—New song by a German composer partial to Newmarket.—"Ich liebe Ditch."

endeavour to find the pea under the thimble, and tune my lyre with all truthful prescience.

The *Victor* of a dozen fights will battle game and true,
But I prefer *Kilwarlin's* son when there's short work to do.
A *Kendal* lass may do the trick, our Prince has got a chance;
But oh, beware the *Second All* that hails from tricky France!
The *Devil* there may be to pay, and *Wisdom* bear in mind,
While *Barcaldine's* successor might leave many more behind.
Let *Canterbury* be my shrine. "On, *Pilgrim*, on!" I cry.
Though Irish *Pride* may have a win—a fact I can't deny,
Remember that TOM CANNON may a great upset supply.

Such is my augury; passed as quickly through the ever ardent oven of my brain as is the grateful woodcock through the kitchen when an opulent Mendicant is ravening for his evening provender.

Contented with Irish stew and beef *à la mode*, and taking the quips and cranks of Fortune as the squibs and crackers of existence, I am, as usual,

Your devoted henchman,

DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I intended the last paragraph to refer to yourself. I assure you that your jokes and jibes fall from my head like hailstones off a well-conditioned widgeon. But your *ingratitude* pierces me like the false tooth of a senile boa-constrictor.

[DARBY JONES has, we learn, since the Cesarewitch been living at the rate of £50,000 a year. Perhaps the "ingratitude" to which he refers, was due to our refusal to send ten cases of dry champagne to his lodgings. Any person meeting him is earnestly requested not to join him in consuming intoxicating liquor. He can't stand it—no more can we.—ED.]

AT WIESBADEN.

W-lh-lm (at 12.50). My dear fellow, how rejoiced I am to see you after your many perils in foreign lands. I was only thinking this morning that if you and I—

N-ch-l-s (interrupting). I know, were to have a drink together, how happy we should be! Order up the refreshment!

W-lh-lm (when the liquor has arrived). *Prosit!* my dear fellow, and now what do you think—

N-ch-l-s (again interrupting). Of your Hamburg cigars? Well, frankly, I prefer my Russian cigarettes. Wife and family well?

W-lh-lm. Naturally, under my constant care. But now, dear friend, the time has come—

N-ch-l-s. By St. George! So it has. I promised to be back for luncheon. Order my carriage!

[Leaves Wiesbaden for Darmsdadt at 2.30.

W-lh-lm (watching departing train). And this fellow calls himself an Autocrat! Perish the suggestion!



THE POLITICAL FAT BOY AGAIN.

Old Lady (who is timorous). "LAWKS! WHAT CAN YOU WANT NOW?"

Fat Boy. "I WANTS TO MAKE YER FLESH CREEP!" (Pickwick Papers.)

[Lord ROSEBERRY at Colchester said that an inquiry by the Chambers of Commerce into the progress of technical and commercial education in Germany would produce a compact and handy volume which would make *all your hair stand on end*!]



MOST UNFORTUNATE.

HORRIBLE CATASTROPHE WHICH HAPPENED TO CAPTAIN FUSSEY (OUR LADIES' MAN) ON HIS ARRIVAL AT THE OPENING MEET.
NEW COAT, NEW BOOTS, NEW HORSE, NEW EVERYTHING! HARD LUCK!

THAT FAT BOY AGAIN!

A PICKWICKIAN FRAGMENT UP TO DATE.

[Lord ROSEBERRY, speaking at the opening of the Technical College at Colchester, said "he was afraid of the Germans," warned England against the danger of being thirty years behind Germany in technical and commercial education, and said that the result of an inquiry into the matter would "produce a compact and handy volume which would make all your hair stand on end."]

It was the Old Lady's habit to sit quietly and contentedly in the old arbour—which was also a harbour (of refuge)—of which she was so proud, as defying competition by her friends, much more demolition by her enemies. From behind a peg in the Old Lady's chamber, she took a close, helm-shaped black satin bonnet, a warm cotton-shawl of a bunting-like texture and florid flag-pattern, and a thick stick with a curious tri-form handle; and the Old Lady, having put on the bonnet and shawl at her leisure—for she disliked hurry, did this Old Lady, exceedingly, and all new-fangled notions in dress or demeanour—walked also leisurely to her favourite arbour. Like another Old Lady—her of Threadneedle Street—she loved to take things easily, and follow old fashions, as, indeed, is the way with old ladies in general.

The Old Lady was very precise and particular; and as this ceremony had been observed for goodness knows how many years without the slightest deviation from the accustomed form, she was not a little surprised, on this particular morning, to see the Fat Boy, instead of quietly leaving her in her comfortable seat in the arbour, walk a few paces away, look carefully round in every direction, and return towards her with great stealth and an air of the most profound mystery.

The Old Lady was timorous—most old ladies are—and the Fat Boy's unwonted manner and movements alarmed, or, as she said, "worried" her.

"Drat that boy!" she muttered; "whatever ails him lately? He used to be such a silent lad, though he always *did* stare, like—like a sleepless codfish. But now he's always bothering a poor old body, about burglars, and designing neighbours with an eye

on my property, and so-called Christians as are worse than regular Turks for joint viciousness and individual ill-will. And since he fell out with his fellow-servant, WILLIAM, he seems wuss than ever. What does ail the boy?"

She watched his motions with feelings of alarm, which were in no degree diminished by his coming close up to her, and shouting in her ear in an agitated and, as it seemed to her, a warning tone:—

"Missus!!!"

"Well, PRIMMY," said the trembling Old Lady, "what's the bogey, now? Nasty neighbours again, Rumrooshians, or terrible Turks, eh?"

"No!" said the Fat Boy, emphatically. "GERMANS!!!"

"What does the boy mean?" cried the Old Lady, trembling.

"Germans!" repeated the Fat Boy, ogling her oracularly.

"Technical Teutons! Cunning tow-headed commercial travellers, fellows thirty years ahead of you in teaching, who mean to deprive you of your favourite arbour, and collar all your trade—ah! and are a-doing of it, too, like one o'clock!"

"Good gracious, boy!" cried the Old Lady; "what do you mean, and what do you want to do, now?"

"I wants to make yer flesh creep!" replied the Fat Boy.

With the New Forest Hounds.

First Cavalier. That new horse of yours doesn't seem to be much of a jumper.

Second Cavalier. No; but he's a deuced cunning chap at picking his way through rabbit holes.

The Delights o. Football.

Amy. I suppose that your poor brother lost his left leg and right eye fighting for his country?

Rose (proudly). Oh, no, dear! He lost them playing for his county. Brave old fellow!

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXVI.

Mr. Jabberjee expresses some audaciously sceptical opinions. How he secured his first Salmon, with the manner in which he presented it to his divinity.

Owing mainly to lack of opportunity, invitations, *et cætera*, I have not resumed the offensive against members of the grouse department, but have rather occupied myself in laborious study of Caledonian dialects, as exemplified in sundry local works of



"Whether he had wha-haed wi' Hon'ble Wallace?"

poetical and prose fiction, until I should be competent to converse with the *aborigines* in their own tongue.

Then (having now the diction of Poet BURNS in my fingers' ends) I did genially accost the first native I met in the street of Kilpatrick, complimenting him upon his honest, sonsie face, and inquiring whether he had wha-haed wi' Hon'ble WALLACE, and was to bruise the Peckomaut, or ca' the knowes to the yowes. But, from the intemperance of his reply, I divined that he was totally without comprehension of my meaning!

Next I addressed him by turns in the phraseologies of Masters BLACK, BARRIE, and CROCKETT, Esquires, interlarding my speech with "whatefers," and "hechs," and "ou-ays," and "dod-mons," and "loshes," and "tods," *ad libitum*, to which, after listening with the most earnest attention, he returned the answer that he was not acquainted with any Oriental language.

Nor could I by any argument convince this beetle-head that I was simply speaking the barbarous accents of his native land!

Since which, after some similar experiments upon various peasants, &c., I have made a rather peculiar discovery.

There is no longer any such article as a separate Scottish language, and, indeed, I am in some dubitation whether it ever existed at all, and is not rather the waggish invention of certain audacious Scottishers, who have taken advantage of the insular ignorance and credulity of the British public to palm off upon it several highly fictitious kinds of unintelligible gibberish!

Nay, I will even go farther and express a grave suspicion whether the Scotland of these bookish romances is not the daring imposture of a *ben trovato*. For, after a prolonged residence of

over a fortnight, I have never seen anything approaching a mountain pass, nor a dizzy crag, surmounted by an eagle, nor any stag drinking itself full at eve among the shady trunks of a deer-forest! I have never met a single mountaineer in feminine bonnet and plumes and short petticoats, and pipes inserted in a bag. Nor do the inhabitants dance in the street upon crossed sword-blades—this is purely a London practice. Nor have I seen any Caledonian snuffing his nostrils with tobacco from the discarded horn of some ram.

Finding that my short kilt is no longer the mould of national form, I have now altogether abandoned it, while retaining the fox-tailed belly-purse on account of its convenience and handsome appearance.

Now let me proceed to narrate how I became the captor of a large-sized salmon.

Having accepted the loan of Mister CRUM's fishing-wand, and attached to my line certain large flies, composed of black hairs, red worsted, and gilded thread, which it seems the salmon prefer even to worms, I sallied forth along the riparian bank of a river, and proceeded to whip the stream with the severity of Emperor XERXES when engaged in flagellating the ocean.

But wæsucks! (to employ the perhaps spurious verbiage of aforesaid Poet BURNS) my line, owing to superabundant longitude, did promptly become a labyrinth of Gordian knots, and the flies (which are named *Zulus*) attached their barbs to my cap and adjacent bushes with well-nigh inextricable tenacity, until at length I had the bright idea to abbreviate the line, so that I could dangle my bait a foot or two above the surface of the water—where a salmon could easily obtain it by simply turning a somersault.

However, after sitting patiently for an hour, as if on a monument, I could not succeed in catching the eye of any passing fish, and so, severely disheartened by my ill-luck, I was strolling on, shouldering my rod, when—odooks! whom should I encounter but Mister BAGSHOT and a party of friends, who were watching his keepers capture salmon from a boat by means of a large net, a far more practical and effectual method than the cumbersome and unreliable device of a meretricious fly with a very visible hook!

And, just as I approached, the net was drawn towards the bank, and proved to contain three very large lively fishes lashing their tails with ungovernable fury at such detention!

Whereupon I made the humble petition to Mister BAGSHOT that, since he was now the favourite of Fortune, he was to remember him to whom she had denied her simpers, and bestow upon me the most mediocre of the salmon, since I was desirous to make a polite offering to the amiable daughter of my host and hostess.

And with munificent generosity he presented me with the largest of the trio, which, with great jubilation, I endeavoured to carry off under my arm, though severely baffled by the extreme slipperiness with which (even after its decease) it repeatedly wallowed in dust, until someone, perceiving my fix, good-naturedly instructed me how to carry it by perforating its head with a piece of string.

I found Miss WEE-WEE in a secluded garden seat at the back of the Manse, incommoded, as usual, by the society of Mister CRUM.

"Sir," I said, addressing him politely (for I was extremely anxious for his departure, since I could not well present my salmon to Miss WEE-WEE and request the *quid-pro-quo* of her affection in his presence), "accept my gratitude for the usufruct of your rod, which has produced magnificent fruit. You will find the instrument leaning against the palings of the front garden." And with this I made secret signals to Miss WEE-WEE that she was to dismiss him; but she remained bashful, and he seemed totally unaware that he was the drug of the market!

At last, weary of concealing my captured salmon any longer behind the small of my back, I was about to inform Mister CRUM that he had Miss LOUISA's permission to absent himself, when she broke the silence by informing me that, as the old familiar friend of both parties, I was to be the first to hear a piece of news—to wit, that DONALD (Mister C.'s baptismal appellation) and she were just become the engaged couple!

I was so overcome by grief and indignation at her perfidious duplicity (since she had frequently encouraged me in my mockeries of her admirer's uncouthness and rusticity), that I stuck in the throat, and then flung the salmon violently across a boundary hedge into a yard of poultry.

"Madam," I said, "that fish was to have been laid at your feet as the visible pledge of my devotion. You have not only lost the gift of a splendid salmon, but have thrown away the heart of a well-educated native B.A. and Member of the Bar! And you have gained—hoity toity! What? Why, a Scotch Bun!"

But almost immediately I was taken by violent remorse for my presumption, and shed the tears of contrition, entreating forgiveness—nay, more, I scrambled through a hole in a very thorny hedge, and, recovering the salmon (which had not had time to become very severely henpecked), I begged them to accept it between them as a token of my esteem and good wishes, which they joyfully consented to do. I had expected that my worthy host and hostess would have shared my astounded disappointment on hearing of their daughter's engagement; but, on the contrary, they received the news with smiling complacency.

It appears that Mr. CRUM, though endowed with a somewhat sheepish and bucolical exterior, is of tip-top Scottish caste and lineage, and the landed proprietor.

I am not to deny the attractiveness of such qualities, though I had hitherto been under the Fool's Paradise of an impression that they would have infinitely preferred this humble self as a son-in-law.

However, I am now emerging from my doleful dumps, with the reflection that, after all, it is contrary to common-sense to drain the cup of misery to the dregs for so totally inadequate a cause as the ficklety of any feminine!

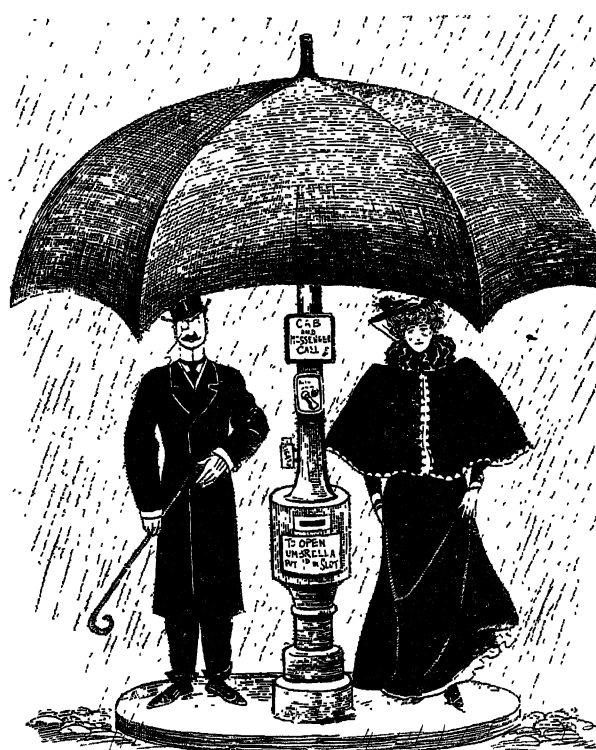
Suggested by the Cab Strike.

(A Word of Advice to Jehus.)

HANSOMS and growlers together,
Fares don't care for your love or your war!
In this coming November
Just please to remember
You've a rival—the new motor car!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"VENI, Vidi, Vici!" The remark has been made before, or it might have served to tell *The Story of My Life*, which Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, under the fostering care of CASSELL's, has expanded into two volumes. The resources of type in the mammoth establishment in La Belle Sauvage Yard are practically illimitable. But it is probable that when these two volumes were set up there was scarcity in the "box" containing the first person singular. It is to some extent inevitable when a man writes his autobiography that he should have frequent recourse to the letter I. Sir RICHARD TEMPLE literally peppers the pronoun over his pages. In the evening of his days, reviewing his career, he is honestly lost in loving admiration of his own achievements. "For sixteen years I governed about 115 millions of British subjects. . . For five years I conducted the finances of British India. . . I personally supervised and commanded in the field the operations for the relief of famine for two occasions, on a gigantic and unprecedented scale. . . I governed, at different times, the provinces which included both the capital cities, Calcutta and Bombay." This is a summary of big achievements. Incidentally, we learn how "the villagers loved to watch me, the pale-faced, beardless Anglo-Saxon, seated against the trunk of some monarch of the grove, dispensing patriarchal justice." Sir RICHARD ever has an eye for scenic effect. Thus, "on the day of my leaving Lahore, I spoke my final words to the natives standing in front of the old Moslem gateway under the umbrageous trees." But though consciously decorative himself, he is not niggardly in his admission of corresponding beauty in other directions. There is a pretty scene of his unexpectedly coming upon the Himalayas. "Instinctively I take off my white helmet to salute the peerless mountains on this my first sight of them." Likewise they bows. My Baronite can well imagine how, had time and place been convenient, Sir RICHARD would have taken on each arm a couple of the youngest and prettiest of the Himalayas, and led them off to show them the tea-room of the House of Commons, the lobby, the terrace, and the table in the library at which the late Member for Evesham used to sit. All this—or a little of it—is funny. But as often happens the well of tears is near the source of laughter. Sir RICHARD TEMPLE's career in India was one of unbroken success, a triumph achieved by high capacity and stupendous industry. His career in the House of Commons was a lamentable, occasionally a ludicrous failure. In March, 1880, he resigned the Governorship of Bombay and hastened home to take part in the General Election. For him, the House of Commons was merely a new world to conquer. It would be India over again, only with more brilliant results. Beaten in East Worcestershire in 1880, he was returned for Evesham in 1885. It was characteristic of him that he made his maiden speech on the first night of the first session of a new Parliament. That was of itself sufficient to predicate



THE AUTOMATIC UMBRELLA AND CAB-CALL.

DROP A PENNY IN THE SLOT, AND PROTECT YOURSELF FROM THE SHOWER, AND WAIT TILL THE HANSOM ARRIVES.

failure. Through seven sessions he stubbornly fought against the prejudices of the House. At first amazed that it would not listen to him, then angry, at length subdued. Finally, at the dissolution of 1892, he resolved to retire to "my ancestral home," and write the story of a life that should prove to a scoffing House of Commons that the eighteenth century had not a monopoly of Indian administrators of the stamp of WARREN HASTINGS and CLIVE.

Had Mr. E. E. BENSON taken a hint from his own title of *Limitations*, and limited the dialogue of his characters to just one half of what he has given them to say, at the same time enlivening them all round with something to do, his novel with the above title would have been half its present bulk, but its value would have been doubled. The dialogue is bright, not so bright as to be of dazzling brilliancy, but just so steadily bright as to weary the reader's attention and induce him to close his eyes and the book. Now this ought not to be, as the *dramatis personæ* are few, distinctly drawn, and true to life: the story is as "simple as *bonjour*," and the picturesque descriptions, notably that of Athens, are excellent. The misfortune of having previously written a novel so successful as *Dodo* handicaps its author with the public. Mr. BENSON has to go one better than *Dodo*. That Mr. BENSON is a student of certain popular contributions to *Mr. Punch's* popular periodical is evidenced by one of his light-and-leading characters suggesting that a piece of sculpture should be executed from University models and called "Typical Developments of Modern Dons." The *magnum opus*, "Typical Developments," projected to be in several volumes, and started many years ago by the anonymous diarist of *Happy Thoughts*, has never, the Baron believes, advanced farther than the note-book stage. A post-mortem examination of this wonderful collection may produce a posthumous work of unexampled interest, as it was intended to be a book of the very rarest ideas; *only*, the ideas becoming rarer and rarer every day, most of the pages in the various volumes, all pre-arranged, panned out, and pre-named in order, still remain blank. However, this is just thrown in as a hint to Mr. BENSON in case his sculpturing character should need a few that might be useful to the Typical Developer, whose office it clearly is, not to originate but to develop. So says

THE BARON.



AT THE RINK

He. "I SAY, WHEN ALICE MARRIED THAT LITERARY FELLOW, SHE SAID HE WAS GOIN' TO RAISE HER TO A HIGHER LIFE AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING, DON'TCHERKNOW." She. "AND DID HE?" He. "YES; THEY'RE LIVING IN AN ATTIC NOW!"

IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

A Memory of October 21, 1896.

"[May the Great God whom I adore grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself individually, I commit my life to Him who made me; and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend!]"—*Nelson's Prayer on the morning of Trafalgar Day.*

THE memories of greatness make men great,

Till the chill pulse of coward fear and greed

Palsies the slackened sinews of the State.

Great sailor! Here to-day let England heed

Her best-loved hero's lesson, written large
In that brief life whose fame is England's charge!

Priceless possession, of all precious gifts
Most precious, is the record of the man,
Heedless of odds or diplomatic shifts,
So that his patriot heart in honour's van
Might strike for that "just cause," unto
life's end,

"Which is entrusted to me to defend!"

Certain there be to-day that curl the lip
In cynic scorn at mere "humanity,"
And "sentiment," which lets large chances
slip;

Would bid self-interest rule on shore or
sea

Our island policy, pledged to things that pay,
And swell our powers. It was not NEL-
son's way!

It may be that reminder shall strike home
Where gentler pleadings fail. No
shouter he,

No mere emotional thing of froth and
foam;

He struck for "great and glorious vic-
tory,"

And gained it, dying, strong, yet soft of
mood,

For England's glory, and for Europe's
good!

Yon wreathed column, those memorial
flowers,

This thronging crowd whose thoughts a
moment lift

High as the effigy which above us towers,
Passingly conscious of the glorious gift

Of such a memory—shall their influence
fail,

Or pass, unfruitful, like an old wife's tale?

Illustrious seaman, we are sea-lords still,
And *must* be, till that sea o'ersweeps

our fame,
Burying all records of the valour, skill,

Love and devotion which upbuilt our
name

As rulers of the waves that wash our coast.
Shall sordid thrift leave that an empty

boast?

Hold firm, hold fast, ye countrymen of
him

Whose memory is best honoured by re-
solve

To let the fame he won you never dim,
Whilst the waves leap, and whilst the
stars revolve.

Europe in arms we *may* have yet to meet;
Bid party strife "hands off" the British
Fleet!

But let not grasping greed or craven fear
Plant the white feather in our England's
helm!

There *may* be—as there have been—dan-
gers near,

And banded foes may menace to o'er-
whelm;

But ill 'twill be with England when, for
Right,

Like NELSON, against odds she *dares* not
fight.

The braggart oft turns poltroon at the
pinch,

Timidity as wisdom loves to mask;
When honour calls it is not *safe* to flinch,

Not the *wise* Titan shirks the Titan task;
And they will never rank with history's

gods
Who too solicitously count the odds.

Humanity—whereat the swaggerer rails—
Is not "predominant partner," hints a

chief,
Who, mayhap numbering dauntless NEL-
son's sails

At Trafalgar, had stayed him! *His*
belief

Was that humanity, fearing no defeat,
Was "the predominant feature in our

Fleet!"

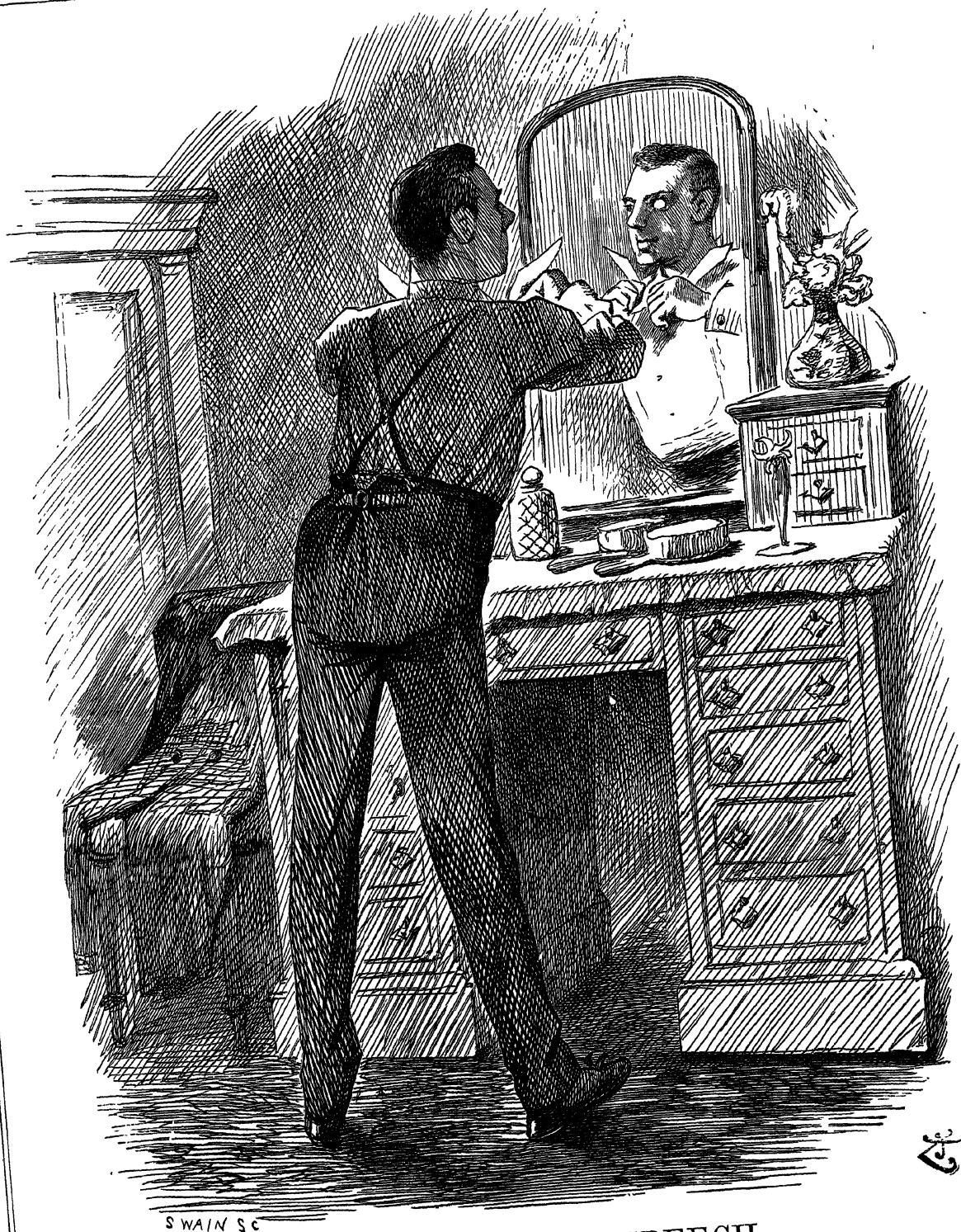
Humanity with Duty hand in hand,
Served the great patriot seaman to the

last.

So shall they serve our NELSON's well-
loved land,

Whilst courage to their counsels to hold
fast

Fires our defenders as it fired him then.
Such to her hero's prayer is England's
best "Amen"!



PREPARING HIS SPEECH.

MR. JOE CH-MB-RL-N (*to himself*). "‘IN SHORT, GENTLEMEN—IF YOU ARE ONLY TRUE TO YOUR PRINCIPLES, ANY ONE OF YOU MAY BECOME—AS I HAVE DONE—A MINISTER IN A LIBER—I SHOULD SAY IN A CONSERV—I BEG PARDON—I SHOULD SAY IN AN UNIONIST GOVERNMENT.’ H’M—RATHER, CONFUSING—I DON’T THINK *THAT*’LL QUITE DO!”

[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is announced to speak to-night, Wednesday, October 28, at the Jubilee Union of the Birmingham Debating Society.]

SPORTIVE SONGS.

On a fine night a Financier remembers in a well-known pleasure the Moonlight of other days.

The moon to-night shines full and fair,
Her gentle tones make argentine
The oak and chestnut nearly bare,
And deepen shadows of the pine.
The manor house, all red by day,
Is silvered to a deadly white,
And here and there a long bright ray
Pierces the copse with spear of light.

Just twenty years ago the scene
Was just the same for you and me!
The moon was full; the weirdlike sheen
Made glamour round our trysting tree,
The beech, that all our secrets knew,
And never once our trust betrayed;
A loyal-hearted friend, so true
That e'en his fall of leaf he stayed.
We spoke our vows, as lovers will,
Arranged a life-long plan of dreams!
While on our rapture, calm and still,
The moon looked down with blessing beams!

As though she said, "My children, this
Is but a forecast of your joy.
Oh, prithee join another kiss!
Thrice happy maid! Brave constant boy!"

This mute advice we did not need—
It naturally came to both—
But still we gave Diana meed
For thus approving of our troth.
Your father's wrath I swore to dare
For you, my sweetest empress-queen!
Though sovereigns I'd none to spare;
And you were only seventeen!

Your sire was one to cut a dash,
Lord of the park wherein we stood.
He never wanted ready cash,
And ever had a princely mood!
Oh! how I quailed beneath his eye,
And envied him his lavish reign!—
Before, somehow, he had to fly,
And seek another home in Spain!

And you went, too! Some whiskered Don
Mayhap has claimed you for his wife;
Perhaps, like me, you think upon,
Sometimes, the ironies of life.
I now am rich, am not afraid
Of any cavalier's doubloon!
Diana should have lent her aid
To us, when Father shot the moon!

"THE SORROWS OF—SOLICITORS."

SIR,—Why should the public pay three, nay four, lawyers to do the work of one? The junior counsel is altogether superfluous, yet "the etiquette of the Bar" prescribes that a Q.C. shall not appear in Court without a junior.

If a litigant may and does appear in Court in person, why should he not be represented by his solicitor, thus doing away with two unnecessary lawyers?

To carry the idea a step farther, why should a litigant be forced to appear either in person or by counsel before a judge, who is himself a lawyer?

Why should not the solicitors for the respective parties arrange matters between themselves without the intervention of a judge, thus doing away with the third unnecessary lawyer?

By this simple arrangement only one lawyer would remain, namely,

Your obedient servant,

London, October. BEDFORD ROWE.

SIR,—I have been in practice for ninety-nine years, and consider, therefore, that I am authorised to speak on this question.

The curse of our profession is overcrowding, owing, I believe, to the modern craze for examinations.

A young fellow finds that by steady "cram" he can pass the three qualifying "exams," as he calls them, and be admitted. In my days, the examination was a mere matter of form, and neither cleverness nor "cram" were necessary to satisfy the then examiners.

My proposal is to do away with the attraction of the "exams" altogether, and, as *experientia docet*, not to admit any solicitor who has been less than ten years in a lawyer's office, and who is under forty years of age.

I am, yours, &c.,
OLD PRACTITIONER.

Burgess Hill, October.

DEAR SIR,—It is all very well to talk about the sorrows of a solicitor, but look at my case.

I was briefed at the Blankshire Sessions to defend a prisoner charged with stealing a pair of boot-laces.

Entirely owing to my, I will not say eloquence, but exertions on his behalf, the prisoner got off—with twelve months' hard labour—and so did his solicitor; he did not get the hard labour, but he got off without paying my fee.

I have applied to him at the address endorsed on the back sheet (my sole instructions) he supplied me with, but he is not known there.

I can only trust that by the time I am on the bench he will be discovered, and brought before me, and if he is not a sor-crowing solicitor now, he will be then.

Yours disgustedly,

Temple, October. RISING JUNIOR.

SOMETHING IN ADVANCE.



At a meeting of the L. C. C. last week, Colonel FORD moved that "the Local Government and Taxation Committee should further consider and report with a view for the mitigation or suppression of such street noises as constitute a public nuisance." Bravo! Don't waste time in "mitigating," but get to "suppression." "Suppression is the better part of valour" in this case. Wandering musicians with inharmonious instruments, street howlers, street bands in London one and all without exception, organs of all kinds—away with them! And let Peace be with us scribblers and invalids who can't sit at home and do our writing and thinking with ease! War to the itinerant musicians! Let them be the *expulsés* of London. Go it, gallant Colonel FORD, L.C.C.! Away with all street noises except the drum and pipes of the Punch and Judy show!

THE NEW VERB.

(As Used in an Automoting Log-book.)

A SINGLE word for "to travel by automotor" is apparently required. Like "to bike," the verb "to mote" has been sniffed at by purists. It has, however, been completely conjugated as follows:—

(VERY) ACTIVE VOICE.

PRESENT TENSE.

I mote.
Thou stokest.
He looks out for the police.
We run into a lamp-post.
Ye knock a man over.
They pay damages.

FUTURE TENSE.

I will mote.
Thou shalt come along with me.
He will sit tight.
We shall go twenty miles an hour.
Ye will sell your horses.
They shall eat sausages.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

I was moting.
Thou wast trying to steer.
He was carrying a red flag in front.
We were going four hours a mile.
Ye were cussing like anything.
They were giving it up as a bad job.

PERFECT TENSE.

Wanting.

FUTURE PERFECT TENSE.

Wanted.

PLUPERFECT TENSE.

I had walked.
Thou hadst biked.
He had taken a hansom.
We had gone by train.
Ye had 'bussed it.
They had stayed at home.

SUBJUNCTIVE PRESENT.

I may mote.
Thou mayest buy me a motor.
He may think better of it. (*Aside.*)
We may start to-morrow.
Ye may meet us.
They may pick up the pieces.

SUBJUNCTIVE IMPERFECT.

I might mote.
Thou mightest mote, if you weren't such a silly guffin.
He might mote, only he can't afford it.
We might mote in the dim future.
Ye might mote, or, on the other hand, ye mightn't.
They might mote, and pigs might fly.

IMPERATIVE.

Mote thou (by moonlight alone).
Let him meet some other gal.
Let us get down, for heaven's sake!
Mote ye—or perish in the attempt.
Let them burst.

PARTICIPLES.

Present: Moting.
Past: Sat upon by coroner.

PASSIVE VOICE.

The subject of the above is now passive, and has no further voice in the matter.

THE MOTTO OF ANGLO-PHOBE THISTLE EATERS IN NORTH AFRICA.—"Nemo me in Tunis lacessit." But, of course, bray away at England in Egypt as much as you like. A court-nez does not always mean the absence of long ears.



UNRECORDED HISTORY!

TELLING TO THE MARINES ON BOARD H.M.S. TARADIDDLE THE DETERMINATION OF HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT—AS A CONCESSION TO THE PREJUDICES OF THE CONTINENTAL POWERS—TO EVACUATE EGYPT AT AN EARLY DATE: PROBABLY THE FIRST OF APRIL, 1897.

FRED.

A WALLED TOWN.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

LAST PAGE.—*A Dip into the Future.*

Montreuil, Monday.—There is something better in store for this stretch of the northern coast of France than is supplied by the tawdry vulgarity of Paris-Plage. JOHN BLACKLEY has taken the territory in hand, and will presently work a transformation scene. JOHN is a hard-headed, keen-sighted Yorkshireman, who has spent some courses of a useful life in accomplishing the apparently impossible. Other people visiting Etaples, driving to Paris-Plage, and passing onward beyond the two light-houses, saw nothing but a pine forest coming down to the marge of a beach stretching to the horizon. JOHN BLACKLEY discerned in it the making of an international watering-place that would beat anything at present going either in Great Britain or France.

Situate almost exactly midway between London and Paris, within four hours' travel of either point, JOHN's prophetic soul swelled at prospect of the pleasure-loving population of two capitals racing to Mayville. That was the name he forthwith bestowed upon the new watering-place. Five minutes later he decided that (when everything is completed) the new paradise shall be inaugurated by the gracious presence of the Duchess of YORK. The whole thing was irresistibly logical. The place was called (or is to be called) Mayville. The Duchess of YORK's maiden name was the Princess MAY. Q. E. D. In other words, There you are!

That settled, JOHN BLACKLEY went to work to prepare everything for the inauguration. He secured the refusal of the property, and then laid it out on the most beautiful and convincing maps. Broad roads traverse the pine wood. A row of charming villas front the sea. There is a pier, with a band upon it, a casino, a racecourse, and golf links four miles long, in contemplation of which the golf champion of England has been thrown into a state of ecstasy. Finally, in order that no time may be lost by the crowd making their way to Mayville, JOHN BLACKLEY has arranged for a branch line of railway from Etaples to the sea-front, a distance of three miles.

Whilst all the world will be welcome to purchase building sites on the property, JOHN BLACKLEY, shrewd Yorkshireman as he is, has been first in the field. He has selected for his private residence a site on a wooded height, commanding rare views of land and sea. Practical in every detail, he has had a platform built among the branches of the pine-trees at about the level of his drawing-room window. (*Mem.*—At present it is the only building in Mayville.) SARK and I made a perilous ladder ascent and viewed the prospect o'er.

"Yes," said our guide, regarding the scene with soul full of content, "this will be JOHN BLACKLEY's home. We are standing now on the level of the drawing-room. The dining-room will be below, opening out on to a terrace. There are the stables, and there is the billiard-room."

"Where?" asked SARK, eagerly following the indication of the outstretched walking-stick.

He saw nothing but the top of a pine-tree. JOHN BLACKLEY beheld as clearly as if it stood there the green table with the lights above, the high benches at either end of the room, the marking-board on the wall, and the rack full of cues. He even heard the rattling of the billiard balls. Faintly, in the dim and distant future sounded a ghostly voice, "What's the score, marker?"

"Well, it beats me," said SARK, when we had carefully descended from the level of a drawing-room in a house for the foundations of which the first sod has not yet been turned. "But mind you, that's the way big things are done, and that's the sort of man brings them to pass."

Certainly there is fruitful ground to till. To begin with, Mayville has the rare advantage of combination of pine forest and sea air. The story of the forest is a romance. Seventy years ago Mayville was like the rest of this part of the coast, a monotonous waste of sandhills. A retired Parisian notary bought many acres of the sand heaps for a mere song. One day it occurred to him that he would turn the sandhills into a forest. People laughed at him, but he went his way, morning and afternoon, planting pines in the sand, and to-day a forest blooms, where at the beginning of the century stretched a wilderness of sand. As for the beach, SARK avers that what with its length and breadth and openness to the unbroken sea, it reminds him much of Biarritz.

The country round Mayville is full of historic association. Within easy drive through leafy lanes is an ancient monastery, whose chapel has for centuries witnessed the midnight gathering of a cowed congregation, its walls echoing with sound of praise and prayer. At Etaples, three miles off, is the house

where NAPOLEON passed two nights arranging the invasion of England, still unaccomplished. Yesterday SARK visited the field of Agincourt, and to-morrow drives to Crecy. Is full of his good fortune at Agincourt. Met there an old sergeant, who still wears the badge of the Duke of ALANCON. He fought by the Duke's side, pulled out the arrow that pierced his breast, attempted to staunch wound. No use. The old man, who must have been in the thickest of the fight, also assisted at the obsequies of the Duke of BRABANT and the Archbishop of SENS, who fell on that fateful day.

"Seems a long time back," I said, musingly.

SARK admits it would be so in ordinary case; but in respect of great battles, always one or two survivors. Besides, this old soldier sold to SARK a horse-pistol, part of a crossbow, a buckle with



The Old Sergeant.

S. and a coronet over it (evidently from the belt of the Earl of Suffolk, one of HENRY THE FIFTH's captains) and the plume from the helmet of a nameless knight. That seems to settle the matter.

As for JOHN BLACKLEY, he regards these great battles as having been fought for a purpose only now developing itself.

"They might," he says, "have been located west of Havre, nearer Calais, or south of Amiens. But then they would not have been within driving distance of Mayville, forming, so to speak, extraneous attractions to our golf links, our racecourse, our pine woods, and our sea-bathing conveniences. Quite clear to me why Agincourt and Crecy were fought."

"DOCKING HORSES" was the heading of a paragraph in the *Times* last week. "I have seen rocking-horses," observed an erudite reader, "but—" "You don't understand," said the well-informed party. "Boats and vessels are put in docks—" "And prisoners," interrupted the erudite. The well-informed withered him with a glance. "I am speaking of the expression 'docking.' If a ship is docked and a horse is docked, what do they both possess in common? Clearly capacity for sea-voyaging. Ergo, the horses that are docked must be sea-horses." "The rest was silence."

THAT lion cub born in the Aquarium on Trafalgar day last week "can be called nothing else," says the *Daily Chronicle*, "but Nelson!" Of course, that's it, Nelson, the sea-lion with the "British mane."



Irish Groom. "WILL YE SEND UP TWO SACKS OF OATS AN' A BUNDLE AV HAY."

Voice from Telephone. "WHO FOR?"

Irish Groom. "THE HARSE, AV COORSE, YE FOOL!"

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

DEAR MISTER.—I have to pick one bone with you, or rather with a certain MISTER JABBERJEE, *jeune rédacteur* of your journal so distinguished. He arrives by hazard that, being at the country, at Goring, I had not the occasion of to read your journal, and that, by consequence, I saw not the injuries of MISTER JABBERJEE before of to expedite to you my last letter. What that this may be who arrives, I go to be calm. In France, at the moment of the most great excitement, the word of order is invariably, "*Soyons calmes!*" Me also I say, "Be we calm!"

But, by blue, is it that AUGUSTE MONTMORENOI DE BASSOMPIERRE will suffer the injuries of a nigger, of a man who is black, of a man who names himself HURRY BUNGSKO? *Sapristi, mais non!* Truly, until here, I have read his letters with a certain sentiment of admiration for the poor Hindou, who essayed all his possible for to learn the english language so difficult, that I write and that I speak so currently. I thought to my proper efforts when I was young student, and, as one says in english, a feeling fellow makes one wonderfully kind.

It was at the month of June, 1895, that I had the honour of to address to you my first letter. At that epoch there MISTER JABBERJEE was I know not where. There is but ten months that he commenced his letters. And now he says to me some injuries, to me that he calls "a mere Parisian Frenchman," me of who the family was noble and illustrious, and inhabited her middle-aged castle, when Paris herself was but the chief-place of a little kingdom, and when the Oriental Indias were but some countrys of savages, devastated by the barbers—*barbares!* *Sacré nom de nom, c'est trop fort!* But be we calm!

Only I say to MISTER JABBERJEE that, if he would to come in France, there is two of my friends, journalists of Paris—and you know, dear Mister, that the Parisian journalist is one can not more ferocious—two journalists, I say, of the most warriors, *guerriers*, who would be truly enchanted of to arrange with his witnesses a meeting *quelque part*, some part. But I doubt myself of it that he may be too poltroon! Then there is the english duel, the box. If he is not also too poltroon for that,

my faith, I will make him, already black, blue and black! Well sure! if I encounter him some part, even in the street, I will pull that "nose of a cultivated british subject," of which he speaks! *Mille tonnerres!* *Mais soyons calmes!*

In this moment here it is a little difficult to continue tranquilly the recital of my voyage. *Allons donc!* I rested still some days at Goring, where I saw one time the fishers at the border of the Thames, entrapping nothing, all to fact like the fishers at the border of the Seine, but by a cold, *ah ça, un froid!* And then I part by a beating rain, *une pluie battante*, and I go all the long of the valley of the Thames until London, by Reding, Maidenhead, Tapelo, Stanes, from where I see all at the far the castle of the great and illustrious QUEEN, and *partout* the sky is grey and he falls of the rain—*ah mon Dieu, quel pays, quel climat!*—and at London also, and at the beyond, until to this that we arrive to Brighton. And there, where *auparavant* I have seen but some rain, he makes fine. *C'est épatant!* After my voyage in railway I hasten myself of to make a little walk by the fine time.

Et voilà, almost the first thing that I see, in going out from the hotel, it is a *saltimbanque*, a singer of the streets, that which you call a "nigger." There is much of them at Brighton, and enough diverting sometimes, not like the horrible organs of the streets, or the vendors of journals who shout frightfully "Quinna!" *Qu'est-ce que ça veut dire?* These last at Brighton are insupportable. But the niggers sing on the *plage*, and their music is not so horrible as the interminable noise of the *cafés* at Monte Carlo or at Nice. Eh well, this nigger, who carries a false collar red and white enormously large around of the neck, and a droll of little bonnet, like a pie of pork *galonné* of gold, on the head, regards me with the smile of a buffoon. And all of following, *tout de suite*, he recalls to me MISTER JABBERJEE! *Mille tonnerres!* Immediately I re-enter to the hotel, where I write to you this letter to protest against those injuries, those outrages, so abominable. But be we calm!

Agree, &c.,

AUGUSTE.

OUR FAIRY TALES.

(By Special Wire.)

BLUEBEARD.—THE INQUISITIVENESS OF THE LADY.

BY ANTH-NY H-PE.

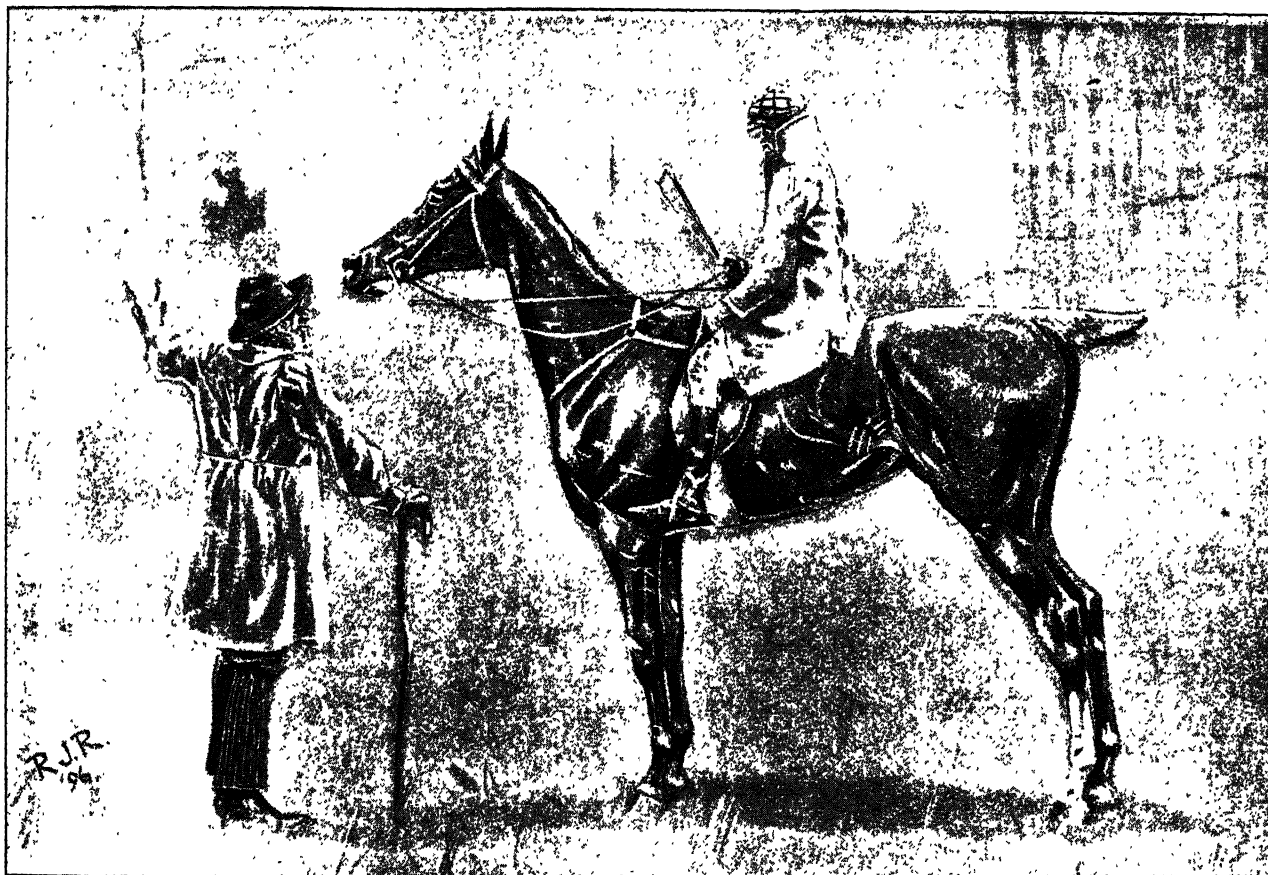
THE most beautiful lady that ever was seen . . . in her choicest array, looking like a goddess . . . all his relatives constantly mistaken for one another . . . blue Elphberg hair . . . all valiant, noble, bad-tempered, not to be trusted with a woman, and exactly alike . . . at this moment there came through the window that opened on the street the clattering of horses' hoofs . . . their eyes gleamed in the glee of strife . . . having a Dolly dialogue with the Bishop . . . a purse of gold pieces . . . swords . . . danger . . . strife . . . love . . . laughter . . . fear . . . hope . . . lived happily ever after . . .

FATIMA. BY MRS. H-MPHRY W-RD.

FAIR Vandyk creature . . . MARIE ANTOINETTE'S diamonds . . . influence for good . . . head held a little stiffly . . . eyes kind and reserved . . . cool, grey dress . . . great pots of wild flowers . . . merry, child-like airs . . . huge bunch of March marigolds . . . beautiful clear look . . . Old Liberals . . . Prime Minister . . . division . . . Government Whip . . . toiling thousands . . . misunderstanding . . . women should leave politics alone . . . unpleasant quarter of an hour . . . do you see anybody coming . . . Conservative brothers . . . just in time . . . Bill past . . . eyes have it . . . reconciliation . . .

"KIDNAPPED. A Chinaman seized in London. Remains at the Legation." Such was one among the sensational "headers" taken with a splash and a dash by several papers last Friday. The rapid reader of headlines, who stops not his running for his reading, would, from the above, have deduced that a Chinaman, seized in London, had been chow-chow'd or chop-chopped up, and his "remains" had been found in the house of the Chinese Legation! Not a bit. All know by now what happened. The heading had simply omitted the pronoun "He" before "remains." "He remains at the Chinese Legation." That's all. Now the SUN is out again.

AN ASSOCIATION WARNED OFF BRITISH WATERS.—The German Press-gang.



HUNTING IN A FOG.

"SEEN THE HOUNDS, MY MAN?"

"AYE, SIR. THEY BE IN T'NEXT FIELD. AH CAN HEAR T'HUNTSMAN A-SWEARIN' AT 'EM!"

WHAT WILL NOT BE SAID AT THE GUILDHALL ON THE NINTH.

THE LORD CH-NO-LL-R remarked that the attention of the Public had been recently attracted to the grievances of barristers and solicitors. If outsiders did not understand the difficulties of the situation, it was because they did not comprehend the origin of the argument. The fact was, that both branches of the profession were willing to regard laymen as shells and litigation as the prime cause of the existence of the oyster. Lawyers naturally preferred the bivalve to its covering. So they clamoured for justice with, and not at, all costs.

A distinguished admiral, returning thanks for the Navy, said that the country should recognise the importance of the Senior Service. Patriotism was a most excellent thing, but it would not go very far without pay. An increased fleet meant rapid promotion. So by all means let ships be procured as rapidly as possible, and there would be any number of officers in the senior ranks to commission them. As to the question of procuring the men before the masts that was a matter of detail.

A celebrated general, in responding for the Army, congratulated his colleague upon his very sensible remarks. In these piping days of peace "pace" was of equal importance to efficiency. Anyone could fight, and the British Army had always been equal to the occasion. What the Service really wanted was men who could keep their hunters and enliven garrison society with smart balls and pleasant polo parties. It would never do to have the army flooded with youngsters who could scarcely pay for their uniforms.

The Marquis of S-L-SB-RY thought the present occasion a fitting one for making a clean breast. He entirely agreed with Lord CHARLES BERESFORD as to the propriety of seizing Egypt, and he begged to say that he had already taken steps to carry the proposed plan into immediate effect. However, as it was customary to inform Foreign Powers, in the first instance, of any step of international importance, perhaps the reporters would be so good as to let his statement go no farther. His right hon. friend, Mr. G., had already stigmatised the SULTAN as "the

Great Assassin." That was a good name for him, but what could be done when the Concert of Europe was a sham? He didn't mind telling those present (but he did not want it to go farther) that England has a private understanding with Italy, of which Germany and Austria were to know nothing. As to his nephew, the Leader of the House of Commons, he thought he gave up too much time to golf, and far too little leisure to politics.

Mr. J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N was pleased to put in an appearance, as it was always as well to speak when the noble Lord had sat down. He considered himself (and so did many others) the real Boss of the Ministry, or, at any rate, of the House of Commons. He believed in advertisements, but was rather annoyed at the cartoon in last week's *Punch*, which suggested that he had changed his principles now and again. But he had got out of it by saying that he was "inconsistent," which produced—as intended—a laugh. He had confessed at a dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund that he had once sent a joke to *Punch* which had not been inserted. He might now declare that he had not sent this subject for that cartoon—but it had been inserted. This statement, he was happy to see, had produced a laugh—as intended.

The LORD M-Y-R thanked them all very much for drinking his health. However, he was bound to say, that good as were the speeches to which they had just listened, he could have made far better.

Facilis Descensus.

LORD ROSEBERRY says "his information's good";

And so, there is no doubt, are his intentions;

But such "good" things may sometimes pave the road

To—well, a place politeness never mentions.

ECCLESIASTICAL QUERY.—It is all very well now calling him "Dr. TEMPLE," but, when he becomes Archbishop, ought not he to be "Dr. Cathedral"?



THE OLD PILOT TURNED WRECKER.

Ex-Pilot Bismarck. "THINK I TIMED THAT PRETTY WELL. I FANCY I 'VE ORIPPLED HER!"



A MODERN SPORTSMAN.

Landowner (who has asked some friends over for a day's shooting). "LOOK HERE, YOU FELLOWS, I SHAN'T SHOOT TO-DAY! JUST HAD THIS LETTER FROM MY DEALER. THE HOUND ONLY OFFERS EIGHTEENPENCE APIECE FOR HARES, AND WON'T BUY MY PARTRIDGES AT ANY PRICE!"

OUR CONDENSED FAIRY TALES.

(By Special Wire.)

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, OR THE YELLOW DWARF. (BY MAX MEERBOOM.)

BEAUTY young and mere limp, out-moded frock . . . lilac cotton . . . dressed worse on week-days than anyone else on Sundays sisters malaperts . . . father flutterpate . . . ace up sleeve, heart on it . . . loaded claret and dice . . . cheats BEAST of large sum . . . refuses to leave castle till he gets it . . . cordially invited to remain indefinitely as guest . . . ripping castle . . . terraces and lakes . . . guests pick quarrels and flowers . . . clever convolvuluses . . . genial geraniums . . . prudish primroses . . . served by gilded homuncles . . . BEAST threading his way through the acacias . . . fair daughter . . . Cupid's shaft . . . suitor for her hand . . . non-smoker . . . BEAUTY refuses . . . not wicked enough . . . "J'ai demandée à John Lane, et je suis maintenant" . . . happy thought . . . fifth of November . . . disguise as Yellow Dwarf . . . tangled acrescency of hair . . . BEAST throws away his face and reveals his mask . . . capital fireworks . . . she smiles forgiveness . . . they dance the cockawhoop . . . vanilla rusks, dewberry wine, buns, and bliss . . .

To a Bard.

ALTHOUGH "Poeta nascitur" in you, I see no reasons for congratulation, Your verses I have carefully gone through, And find they are "non fit" for publication.

A Chance for Spouter, Ranter & Co.

MR. PUNCH begs to announce that his Goose and Turkey Club is now well established. Subscribers are respectfully informed that by the weekly payment of one shilling, they will, by the Ides of March, be provided with a complete outfit wherewith to proceed to Constantinople for the expulsion of the SULTAN. In consideration of the enormous benefit which this country will derive from the expedition, Mr. Punch has reason to believe that the Foreign Enlistment Act will be suspended for the especial benefit of those taking part in it, on condition that they never return. Members holding testimonials from Mr. GLADSTONE and Canon MACCOLL will be allowed ten per cent. discount. No Armenians need apply.

"THE Château of Loo," where the two queens were recently staying, sounds uncommonly like a house of cards. Unless "Loo" is short for "Louisa," and if so, who is the LOUISA at whose château the two queens were staying? By the way, asks the quiet gambler singing—

"Loo! Loo!

I love you!"

is there anywhere about a "Château of Unlimited Loo"?

LATEST TOAST OF THE G-R-M-N EMP-E-R.—"In this country we will not to our lips raise the ever pernicious champagne of France! Proudly, with the fruitful vineyards of the Fatherland before my enlarged eyes, do I cry Hock! hock! and again, sparkling hock!"

A STRIKE ON THE BOX.

SCENE—A London Street. TIME—During the "strained relations." Driver of Four-wheeler discovered. To him enter Would-be Fare.

Would-be Fare. Hi, cabby! Take me to the Great Western station.

Cabby. Very sorry, Sir, but I am afraid I can't.

Fare. Why not? Are you a stranger? Don't you know the way?

Cabby. Well, Sir, it isn't a public place.

Fare. Not a public place! Why, it's just by Paddington—

Cabby. Yes, Sir, I know the locality. But you see, according to a decision, it isn't a—

Fare. What does it matter to me what the law is? I want to catch the train!

Cabby. Well, Sir, if you will jump in, I will get as close to it as I can.

Fare. All right; departure platform.

Cabby. Very sorry, Sir, but I can't go there. You see, that would be breaking our rules. But I can take you to the Edgeware Road.

Fare. What nonsense! That won't do.

Cabby. Well, Sir, we are only doing it for the benefit of the public. If we boycott the railway stations, the public will benefit by it. I am sure I have your sympathy Sir?

Fare. You may have as much sympathy as you like, but as you can't take me to the station, I shall hail a 'bus! [Does so.]

THE LATEST SENTIMENTAL SONG.—The biker-rôle.

ABOUT THE RED ROBE.

A CHANGE has come over the spirit of Managers, and therefore of Playwrights, as distinguished from Original Dramatists. The Problem Play and the Ibsenitish Woman, the modern fashionable accessories, the whiskies-and-soda drinking, the perpetual cigarette-smoking, the rude repartees of sharp Society folk, all these are temporarily shelved, and the drama comes again before us in its romantic phase with a clean bill of health, so that no longer will the "Young Person" be excluded from the auditorium.

What are the odds against old Drury Lane, after the pantomime carnival is over, returning to the HALLIDAY times of SCOTT's novels dramatised? Nothing more likely, unless DUMAS, or the works of one of the modern Dumas-ings in fiction, be chosen for adaptation. ANTHONY HOPE—anything but a forlorn Hope—GILBERT PARKER, STANLEY WEYMAN, with others, all springing up in the same line and deluging us with cavaliers,



"WHAT'S BECOME OF WARING?"

Robert Browning.

Why, here he is, disguised as Burglar Gil—the newest hero, law-breaker, card-sharper, liar, picklock, duellist, hypocrite, and bungler; but false to the hand that pays him—NEVER!

swash-bucklers, French kings, conquerors and cardinals! Stirring times, too, for the theatrical costumier! Up goes the price of hauberks and "flat King Johns!" Then there are new kingdoms to be opened to the adventurer, such as Ruritania. More work for the costumier and the artistic designer!

And, what a time for the genuine playwright! Not for the original dramatist who invents his own plot; he may get a look in now and again; but the playwright who sees what stuff there is, in a published story, effectively serviceable for dramatic purposes. *His* is the chance. He has but to read, mark, and send in his card to the author with "gents own materials made up" on it, and if he can but come to terms with the gent in question—they are getting a bit wary, now—the playwright only has to propitiate the manager, and the trick is done. Capitally done, too, is this same trick by Adapter ROSE, who has performed the operation for drama on STANLEY WEYMAN's romance of *Under the Red Robe*. All the plums are here; all the scenes are effective; the plot clear as possible; the "mounting" picturesquely perfect, and the acting as good as it can be. Adapter

ROSE has lost a point in the last act, when the Cardinal and *Renée* ought most certainly to have had a scene together; and in this last act the dramatic construction is so faulty that the finish is a foregone conclusion full twenty minutes before the curtain drops, and all that while actors and audience are "only puttendin'."

To Mr. HERBERT WARING as *Gil de Berault*, all say, "thou art the man." Mr. VALENTINE's *Richelieu* is striking, and this figure remains in the memory while the others vanish. *Captain Larolle* is a bit of a droll, but is not *le rôle* in which, for his own sake, most of us would have preferred to see Mr. CYRIL MAUDE. Yet is he uncommonly good, and at the last wins the sympathy of the audience. If, in the proposed duel, he were yet a bit more serious, for he is meant to be plucky enough, he would win on his audience still more, and the previous foolishness of the character would be condoned and pardoned. As the nameless lieutenant, Mr. BERNARD GOULD is admirable. He is the rough-and-ready soldier of duty and honour, straightforward, with heart in right place. What a *Marcel* in *The Huguenots* would not Mr. BERNARD GOULD make! Such a *Marcel* would be worth his weight in Gould.

As *Renée*, Miss WINIFRED EMERY is charming, and the shades of sudden changes of temper, in hating yet fondly loving, doubting yet doting, are clearly defined by the actress, who carries the audience with her throughout. Miss EVA MOORE is nice, and sufficiently frightened. *Clon*, the dummy, a necessary evil, is a very difficult part carefully played by Mr. HOLMAN CLARK. The scenery is excellent. But, for exceptional effect, that of the Great Gallery in the Cardinal's Palace, painted by Mr. HARKER, is the best thing of the sort since the great scene in *The Cup* at the Lyceum. Everybody congratulates Messrs FREDERICK HARRISON and CYRIL MAUDE on this most successful commencement of their enterprise at the Theatre Royal Haymarket.

The Lay of a Decorative Monarch.

[Before leaving Darmstadt the CZAR distributed many Russian decorations.]

A RIBBON here, a medal there,
The Hessians cry "*Nach gut!*"
But to Berlin I send with care
The Order of the Boot!

At the Zoo.

Little Chris (who has just seen the pelicans for the first time).
Oh, mamma, come and look at these funny birds with fish-baskets on their necks!

THE Temperance League, whereof the Archbishop-Designate of Canterbury is President, is said to have under consideration the proposition for changing its title to that of the Temple-ance League. The objection to this is that it sounds as though the suggestion had been made after a vinous dinner in the ward of Portsoken.

At Brighton.

She. They don't allow anybody on the Chain Pier, now, do they?

He. No. It's the chained pier, now.

WHAT NEXT?—Mr. ELGAR's new cantata having been successful at the North Staffordshire Musical Festival, *King Olaf* will probably be followed by *Queen O'Smile*.

HOORAY! NO LACK OF WATER IN FUTURE.—WELLS will be used for the suppression of all fires in the Metropolis. May ne never run dry!

A SURE SIGN OF AUTUMN.—The fur trade is now in full swing. For explanation, see police-court reports and latin dictionary.

APPROPRIATE FOOTBALL FIXTURE FOR THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.—A match against Guy's.

EVER-DEVOTED TURTLE-DOVES.—The Aldermen of the City of London.

THE CENTRE OF GRAVY-TATION.—A joint on the spit.

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

EDIMBOURG.

DEAR MISTER,—Until here I have forgotten of to send to you my notes on the "north grey metropolis," that I visited at the month of July. I regret him much. However, I may say, "Better too late than never." It is true that the Scottish say that their country is not comprised in the England, but for we other French it is the same thing.

The first thing that a voyager of to-day sees in a town is not, as other times, the gates, the principal streets, and perhaps some of the monuments, from the imperial or from the cut of the diligence, but the station of the railway. And *partout* the stations are some edifices enough hideous. In effect I think that more the town is beautiful, more the station is horrible. By example, at Venice! But of all the stations that I have ever seen, the station of Waverley at Edimbourg is absolutely, and without any doubt, the most hideous, the most horrible, and the most inconvenient. Not only that, she is situated *au beau milieu*, at the beautiful middle—and in this case *beau* is not only an augmentative, but expresses also the beauty—of a city whose site is truly remarkable. And not only that, the station is actually since longtime in state of reconstruction, and there is so little of progress in the works that they have the air of never to be finished. One descends from the train, and immediately one finds a chaos of planks, of poles, and of scaffoldage, and naturally between them some *étangs*, some pools, without number, because the provisory roofs admit the rain who falls so often: The voyager falls also. There is no more of quay, nor of office, nor of room of wait, nothing but some miserable sheds, at some enormous distances one from the other, almost some *kilomètres*, which he must to traverse *à pas de course*, at step of course, in leaping by above the planks, the poles, and the pools—a veritable "steplechase." And all that in following a scottish factor, *facteur*, who speaks not english! *C'est assommant!*

Eh well, I arrive to this charming station, and when I have enough admired her, I go to one of the hotels in the Prince Street. I leave my baggages, and, the rain having ceased, I make a little promenade the long of the street. Truly she is admirable, as street, resembling a little to the Rue de Rivoli, houses of one side, gardens of the other, but much more picturesque. The blow of the eye of the castle on the rock is superb, and the gardens are charming. But all is spoilt by the horrible railway in the valley. *Quel dommage*, what damage!

After the dinner at the hotel—*pas grand'chose en effet*, not great thing in effect—I walk myself of new, and I seek some divertisement for the evening. *Pas de café*, not of coffee, not of music, not of promenade, nothing! In fine I arrive to a "music hall." *A la bonne heure!* See there the place for to study the music of the Scottish, the "bagpips." I enter immediately and I rest some time. Figure to yourself, Mister *Punch*, that there, in the principal hall of music of the scottish metropolis, one finds absolutely not one sole "bagpip"! The orchestra, the songs, the music, the assistance, are precisely as in England—perhaps a little more sad, if that can himself. All desolated and fatigued I return to the hotel, and I couch myself. For to sleep? I hope it. *Attendez!*

Agree, &c.,

AUGUSTE.

SHOWS IN ACTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—*Monte Cristo*, the new ballet founded upon DUMAS' romance, is a distinct success at the Empire. It is true that about two-thirds (or even three-fourths, or perhaps nine-tenths) of it is spectacle, and the remainder story. But for all that, the plot is the guinea stamp and the dancing is the entertainment (as BURNS would say), "for all that and all that." However, as one triumph makes many, another production on the same lines may be confidently expected before the close of the present century. If there is any difficulty about a *scenario*, I can give one. How would this do?

THE THREE MUSKETEERS.

(Founded upon the celebrated Story by Alexandre Dumas, Père.)

The three soldiers meet. They go to sleep and dream a dream. *Dream*.—Grand French ballet. Dance of early Normans. Bretonne Pas de Quatre. Parade of the Empire, with dresses of the period. The armies of France past and present. Military manoeuvres. Knights in silver and gold armour. Musketeers. Comic *pas seul* by Mr. WILL BISHOP as *D'Artagnan*. The soldiers of to-day. Reception of the Czar in Paris. Grand finale with electric lights.



ON THE NINTH.

Freddy. "AND DO THEY HAVE A NEW LORD MAYOR EVERY YEAR, MUMMIE?"
Mother. "YES, DEAR."

Freddy. "THEN WHAT DO THEY DO WITH THE OLD LORD MAYORS WHEN THEY 'VE DONE WITH 'EM?"

The three musketeers awake. They express surprise at the magnificence of the tableau. Curtain.

There, that would do nicely. I feel sure that Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS, with the aid of Madame KATTI LANNER and talented assistants, could do wonders with such a theme. Let him try when the attractive powers of *Monte Cristo* are exhausted.

And now, Mr. *Punch*, allow me to subscribe my name

Yours, well pleased,

TERPSICHOIRE.

NEW MUZZLING ORDER.

By P.C. Punch.

Notice.—Since faction much the public fogs,
If there's not silence soon among our shouters,
We'll have to take the muzzles off our dogs,
And clap them on our noisy party spouters.

SLIGHT CORRECTION.—"You must march with the times," observed the eloquent Mr. DICKENS, Q.C., when trying to obtain a license for a promenade at a music hall. Excellent argument, only, when he repeats it next year, for "march" let him substitute "promenade," and there he is!

A BROADWAY INDEED!—That promenade must be an uncommonly wide one when processions of men "from all walks of life" were able to march along it during recent election excitement in the States.

RIVER MEM.—The inhabitants of Putney are clamouring for a lock. Mr. *Punch* wishes them all success, but begs to point out that a new quay is also badly needed.



FIRST PERSON SINGULAR.

Algernon Coccoombe. "OH, I KNOW THE MAN WELL—A CAPABLE FELLOW, BUT, IN MY OPINION, AN INVETERATE EGOIST."
 Miss Pinkney. "DO YOU DISTINGUISH THEN BETWEEN AN EGOIST AND AN EGOTIST?"
 A. C. "UNDOUBTEDLY. THE DISTINCTION IS SUTLE, BUT WELL MARKED—"
 Miss P. "THEN WHICH ARE YOU?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHEN you see before you an attractive-looking volume, brought out by the combined efforts of Messrs. HODDER and STOUGHTON, as though STOUGHTON couldn't have ventured upon such a proceeding without HODDER, or any Hodder man, nor HODDER, which, of course, is hodder still, without the assistance of STOUGHTON, and when you see that the author of the book in question is Mr. H. W. LUCY, our TOBY, or, we may boldly assert, the TOBY, without whom in the Gallery no Parliament is perfect, you will settle yourself down in an easy chair, giving yourself as much time as possible for the perusal of what apparently is a novel in one volume, entitled, *The Miller's Niece*, but which turns out to be a volume of tales ("Toby's Tales"—an excellent title!) writ by the accomplished raconteur aforesaid. *The Miller's Niece* is the first of these stories, told with such graphic touches when dealing with mere accessories, as forcibly to remind you of DICKENS at his lightest and best. The dramatic situation in *The Miller's Niece* is akin to that in the Erckmann-Chatrian story of "Le Juif Polonais." *Mathias*, in the latter, is hypnotised, and rehearses his crime in action; in this, the Miller, walking in his sleep, does precisely the same thing. It may occur to some that the story would have been more perfect had it not been completed. But—quite good enough as it is. The story of the Colonel is charming. The Baron's only regret is, that this rough-and-ready "true grit" man should ever have been presented at Court, and should have so far been influenced by snobbism as to belittle his dear niece Kitty's hand by a flunkeyish comparison. One of the best is "From the Chapel Roof." If after the exertions of the day you have only a short time left you before dressing for dinner, read the last-named story, and tell it to your convives as your own experience.

The Temple Shakspeare is now completed by the publication of the sonnets. There is no better small edition of the Divine WILLIAM's entire works, plays, poems, and sonnets, with erudite prefaces, practical glossaries, and most useful notes, than is issued by Messrs. DENT & Co., Aldine House, availing themselves of the "Cambridge" edition, by kind permission of Messrs. MACMILLAN and W. ALDIS WRIGHT. The Shakspearian

student can easily pocket any two of them, honestly, of course, carrying them with less discomfort than he would a small cigar-case or note-book, and during his travels he will have in his pocket two delightful travelling-companions, ever ready to converse with him when others are silent, always instructive, ever suggestive, never for one second dull. "A most convenient and invaluable series," quoth the Baron.

A more picturesque, dramatically-tragic, that is, as far as concerns the first part of the story, and altogether more absorbingly interesting novel than *Taquisara* it would be difficult to find, even among the works of its author, Mr. MARION CRAWFORD. He is thoroughly at home in Italy; he knows it and its society, from the highest to the lowest, better than CHARLES LEVER knew Ireland, and as well as CARLETON knew Irish peasant life. The author has created a charming heroine, the *Princess Veronica*. The portrait sketch of *Cardinal Campodonico* is admirable. The journey of the Princess by rail and road, and the sketches of the peasantry, are rare examples of picturesque descriptive-writing. The reader feels it to be the work of a truthful, simple, and sympathetic writer. There is a strangely powerful scene of death and marriage; but how all ends, whether happily or not, it is not for me to reveal; it is for the reader to discover. Only one question arises, and that is of fact. But probably Mr. MARION CRAWFORD has consulted the highest authorities, and has satisfied his own literary conscience. If "the essence of marriage is consent," with or without witnesses, with or without ecclesiastical benediction, then what becomes of the difficulty he has imagined? Thus: A. and B. agree to be married. If A., meaning to marry B., accidentally takes C.'s hand, while a third party, priest or layman, pronounces the words of union, surely A. is not married to C.? However, apart from this, the novel, published by Messrs. MACMILLAN, is delightful, and its perusal is a real recreation. At least, so thinks and says

THE BARON DE B.-W.

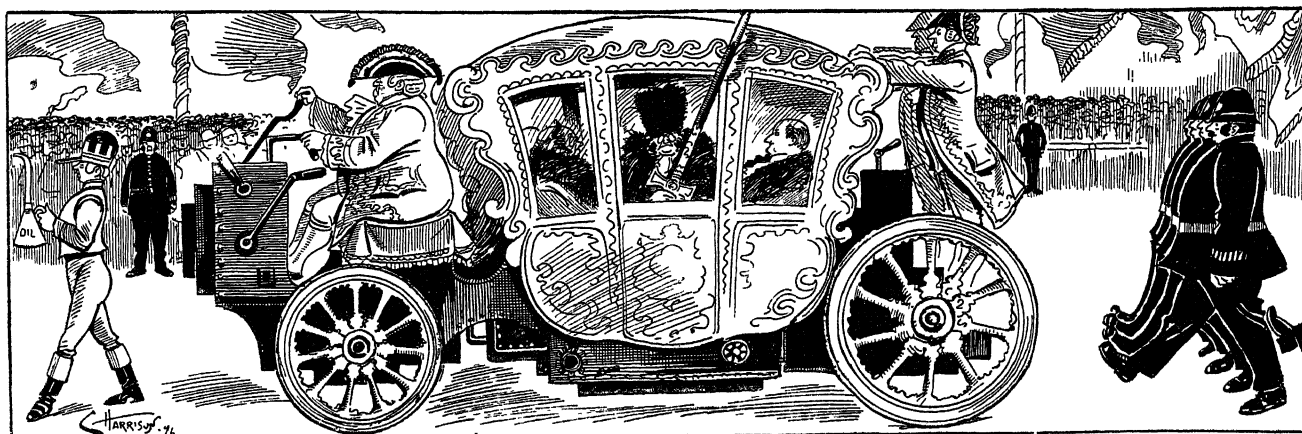
NOTE BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (again bailed out).—The French authorities have released TYNAN, and they would also like to re-lease their Government to the people for an indefinite period. St. Petersburg and Moscow papers please copy.



COLUMBIA'S CHOICE.

COLUMBIA (to PRESIDENT MCKINLEY). "AH, YOU ARE THE MAN FOR ME!"

SHADE OF WASHINGTON. "I CONGRATULATE YOU, MY DEAR! 'SOUND MONEY' IS THE BEST POLICY!"



WE HOPE IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO SUGGEST A MOTOR LORD MAYOR'S CARRIAGE FOR THE NINTH.

CLIPPINGS FROM THE "GUY FAWKES GAZETTE."

THE cycling mania having now taken firm hold of the fashionable world of guys, it is expected that there will be a large meet on the 5th at Hampstead Heath, when many effigies of light and leading will be mounted on boneshakers of the most elegant and combustible description.

GUYS, don't forget to light up at 5.40 P.M. next Thursday! Prove yourselves worthy of the noble name of "scorcher," and let us have a record demonstration. Quit you like men of straw, and explode for all you are worth! England, or, at any rate, the juvenile population of it, expects that every guy this day will do his duty.

GREAT anticipations are being entertained of the forthcoming procession of auto-guys on their motor cars. Fancy or court dress will be worn, and it is recommended that, for the sake of uniformity, the participants shall each adopt the regulation cocked hat, with or without feathers, and a sword of lath. There will be a light collation of squibs at the start, and the run to Clapham Common will be accompanied with crackers and catharine-wheels.

I HEAR that the carnival and masked ball to be given this year at Lewes will be unusually brilliant. All the prominent county magnates have promised to be present in effigy, and they are looking forward to quite a warm reception. There will be several interesting *débutantes*, who, I am told, will completely dazzle all beholders.

No guy of any pretensions to taste and breeding should omit a visit to Mr. FAWKES, the costumier, of Rag Fair. He has an extensive assortment of well-ventilated costumes and outfits, and is really unrivalled in the delicate art of figure-padding. With a broomstick and a bundle of old newspapers he will work wonders with the most hopeless case.

THE open-air palanquin is the mode just about this time. It consists of a kitchen chair, which need not have any bottom, slung on two poles. The occupant is then securely tied on, and the whole turnout presents a striking appearance. Possibly guys of a retiring nature might ob-

ject to the crowd of admirers which this form of conveyance invariably attracts, but I fancy most effigies are accustomed to the glare of publicity, and would, I think, be disappointed with a longer, but more humdrum, career.

It is not improbable that the Sultan of TURKEY, amongst other celebrities, will



"Turkish Delight!"

be represented at this year's festivities, as his Majesty has now achieved a high degree of popularity in guy circles, and no re-union is considered to be complete without him.

THE CAB STRIKE.

Cabby sings:—

STRIKE, strike, strike!—
I'm forced to go out, yer see;
But I would that my tongue might utter
The oaths that arise in me.
Oh, well for the omnibus cad,
That he shouts "Bank, Bank," all day!
'Tis well for the tram-car lad,
As he climbs to the roof for pay!
And the privileged cabs go on
To St. Pancras or Ludgate Hill;—
But, oh, for the crack of my unused whip!
And the sound of my wheels that are still!

Strike, strike, strike!—
But there's one thing that strikes ME,
That there isn't nothing to strike about,
And the game is all U P.

WHERE THE CORN PINCHES.—Now, at the baker's shop.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Jilted Lover at Folkestone vents his feelings on the first day of the week.

On Sunday morning, smartly dressed,
You join the *frou-frou* on the Lees;
Your little sins are all confessed,
Your mind must surely be at ease!
I wonder if, when gained your shriit,
You vows for better conduct made,
Or into worldliness redrift,
On Church Parade?

Sackcloth and ash are not for you,
Nor mortifying of the flesh;
Your hat is decked with peacock blue,
Your rosy tints are pure and fresh;
Your varnished boots, your curling fringe,
Reveal the prowess of your maid;
Of conscience you have not a twinge
On Church Parade!

The sermon may your soul have vexed
With dreary diatribes, and yet
I'll bet you do not know the text,
The preacher's moral quite forgot!
Denunciation of the world
You listened to all undismay'd,
But longed upon your cushion curled
For Church Parade!

Sun-kissed, you scarcely look upon
That glittering wild of tossing wave,
But in your heart give *pro* and *con*.
Of how to make another slave.
That dapper captain from the camp
Falls to the ambush deftly laid;
An aide-de-camp he now must tramp
On Church Parade!

On me your glances do not waste,
Too well I know those cruel eyes
That welcome with such ardent haste
Each victim as he loves and dies!
One time I paid you constant court,
But now I call a spade a spade.
I wish you'll know none other sort
Of Church Parade!

At the Paper-Chase.

Master (to most energetic hound, who has suddenly tailed off). My dear fellow, what's the matter?

Hound (exhibiting torn paper). Only this, that among the scent I have found the remains of a very private letter which I wrote last night to the sister of one of the hares. [Left disconsolate.]



THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF GUYS, SUITED TO ALL POLITICAL TASTES—SPECIALLY DESIGNED AND MANUFACTURED—MAY BE HAD ON APPLICATION TO OUR ARTIST. APPLY EARLY!

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

(Being some Letters from Mr. Roundabout to his Nephew at Cambridge, and to Others.)

NO. I.—OF RELATIONS—OF CAMBRIDGE IN OCTOBER—OF YOUTH AND AGE—OF BEDMAKERS AND GYPS.

MY DEAR JACK,—I promised to write to you as soon as I got back to London, and here is the letter. I noticed that, when I spoke of writing with such haste, you looked at me with some curiosity. Naturally, you wondered what more I could have to say to you after we had spent the best part of three days together in Cambridge, and after I had, as it must have seemed to you, exhausted all that even a prosy uncle can have to say to a nephew just embarked upon his freshman's voyage. But honestly, JACK, I think you will find when you cast back in your memory that, though we talked a great deal, I did not speak much of the place, nor did I try to depress your bubbling spirits with any weight of avuncular advice. I did, indeed, ask you to remember that you were a ROUNABOUT, and that in all things that concerned the bearing of a man you could have no better guide and example than your memory of your father, one of the best and staunchest as he was one of the truest and most loyal men that ever lived. He was my brother, and I loved him. That sounds a simple and a natural thing to say—but is it so? Is it not too often the case that such a relationship—and, in truth, almost any relationship, save that between child and parent—is a barrier rather than a link? Courtesy and tolerance there may be, but affection is a different matter. However, all that is not to the point. What I wanted to say was this: When I was with you in that dear old town I meant to talk to you—my heart was full, but the thoughts were ill-defined, and the words would not come. Don't tear up this letter under the impression that it's going to be what we used to call a "pi-jaw." It isn't; but the sight of Cambridge once more, and in your company, affected me strangely, and, in short, I want to write to you, my dear boy, and free my heart.

I was glad to go with you, and to see you make your start. It refreshes an old chap to plunge into that sea of young faces, to hear the old familiar sounds, the footsteps hurrying across the court at night, the bells ringing to hall or chapel—you carp at the bells, now, no doubt, but you don't know how instantly and vividly they brought back a troop of old delightful associations to me. It was as if a curtain had been drawn, and the inexorable years had rolled back, and I wandered, a freshman

once more, and with all the proud awe of a freshman, through these ancient sacred haunts. Every bell told its story and brought back a well-known face till the court was peopled again with my friends, and the tumble-down staircases resounded to their calls. Across the gulf of years I heard them plainly, and for a moment I lived again the old gay, free, enchanted life as though nothing had been changed, and fate had not scattered us all irrevocably to the four winds of heaven. We were much the same, I take it, as you and your fellows are now—more prim, it may be, in our costume, less addicted to cloth caps, but in all essentials, in our spirits, our manners, and in our youth we must have been as you are. And yet, till I saw you all in chapel that evening, I never realised how gloriously young we were in spite of the emphatic manhood which we had assumed with our caps and gowns. As you and I came from chapel, a half mist lay wrapped round the court and its grey pinnacles and towers, and the lights twinkled away into the distance while the throng of youngsters moved along. That was Cambridge in October. They may talk as they like about the May Term, when the days grow long and the skies are clear, and the avenues are rich in the freshness of their leaves, but to me Cambridge in the October Term is the real Cambridge. Then better than at any other time, in those long evenings when the darkness comes down and blurs the outlines, or when the moon lays a soft and hazy light on the gateways and lawns and fountains, you seem to get that impression of vague mystery that lingers about old buildings, the feeling of hoary and venerable tradition renewed by abounding youth, of tottering age refreshed by strenuous life and vigour. That is the Cambridge of my dreams, and that to me is the real Cambridge.

And what, after all, are thirty years? To you looking forward their length seems infinite, incalculable. You think that when you shall have accomplished them you will be a broken-down old fellow, with all your joy, your keenness, your exuberance thrust away into the past, with only a few melancholy years still left to you for the living of a grooved and humdrum existence. But to me, as I look back to my freshman's day, they seem as a wind that has blown and touched my cheek in passing, and life still seems full and fresh and delightful. We realise advancing age by starts and surprises. A twinge in the back, a stiffness in the knee-joint—what are these? A spin in an out-rigger, a bout with the foils will soon chase them. But they are not chased so easily, and in the morning, when you stand at your looking-glass confessional, and do penance with your



Rector. "Now, what you want, my good man, is OXYGEN, plenty of OXYGEN."
 Giles (brightening up). "Law now, is it, Sir? An' thankye kindly. I can't say as I ever tasted that sort o' gin, but I'll ask for it over to the 'Three Tuns.'"

razor, you may notice a gray patch or so where formerly all was black or brown, and the little network of lines that many years of repeated smiles have stamped about your eyes. And the youngsters treat you with a deference that is almost disagreeable, though you would think them unmannerly if they abandoned it. You are no longer slapped heartily on the back, your ribs receive no more familiar digs, and you marvel as you watch two of your nephew's friends chasing and tripping, and disarranging and battering one another, with shouts of laughter as though nothing in the whole world could be so amusing as to bruise or be bruised by a familiar friend. Still, we are not old—shall we ever be?—and when we meet together, as we sometimes do, at festivals and celebrations, we are apt to say, with OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
 If there has, take him out without making a noise.

If you are not acquainted with the works of this kind and friendly American, get them at once and read them. You will find in them a truer refreshment and a serener wisdom than in all the ponderous volumes of the philosophers. And here let me observe, by way of parenthesis, that when I was in Cambridge, I saw my old bedmaker and my gyp. My dear JACK, bedmakers and gyps never grow older. Something there must be in their occupations that keeps them immovably fixed at a certain point of life. These two familiar faces were not altered by a single line from my memory of them. Mrs. WRIGLEY's well-worn shawl hung on its accustomed nail, the same shawl, to all outward appearance, that used always to stray mysteriously into coal-boxes or cupboards. Her voice was the same. She came to greet me, bearing the same old tin dish-cover in one hand, and the same piece of cracked crockery in the other, and she still complained that Cambridge was not what it used to be, and that two brass fardens would cover all that was spent daily in food upon her staircase. She will never change and never die. Someday she will cease to be. A company of ghostly bedmakers will come on an evening when her work is done and

spirit her away to a place where there are no tables to be laid and no beds to be made, and where there are no tradesmen's boys to offer her any impudent suggestions.

Good-bye, my dear boy. Your affectionate uncle,
 ROBERT ROUNDABOUT.

A Word to Wrangling Leaders.

It is not much use to sneer or to hiss,
 It is foolish and futile to froth and foam!
 And were it not well—at a time like this—
 To wash dirty (party) linen at home?

ILLOGICAL CONDEMNATION.—Experiments with the Zalinski pneumatic gun were recently tried at Milford Haven, which is a haven all very nice for Cymbeline's Imogen, but not for a quiet visitor when gun practising is going on, and the result was that the Zalinski gun made only one hit out of seventeen rounds. So, observed a naval correspondent in the *Globe*, "the gun cannot be considered a success." Ahem! But suppose Mr. WINKLE SNODGRASS ZALINSKI, out with a shooting party, hit only one partridge in seventeen shots, would every one at once declare that the fault lay with the weapon, and not with Mr. WINKLE SNODGRASS ZALINSKI? Of course, ZALINSKI himself would say so, just as Mr. WINKLE, not shooting, remarked about his skates. Probably the gun is not a success, but this decision is not to be arrived at by the reasoning aforesaid.

FRESH WATER AND NEW NAME.—Works to purify the River Ure were recently inaugurated by Lord RIPON, Marquis and Mayor. It is to be hoped that they are of those "good works" which do not go unrewarded. And when the river purified shall begin to run afresh its new course, let its name be changed to what sounds ordinarily like a *tu-quoque* retort, and be called "Ure Another," which it will be, quite another.



THE LANGUAGE OF SPORT.

"WHERE THE——! WHAT THE——! WHO THE——!!! WHY THE——!!!!"

DARBY JONES ON TURF MATTERS.

HONOURED SIR,—You and your readers must now, indeed, be callous as to the upheaval in the price of cereals. While believing that the ever-resourceful TOM CANNON might fire an unexpected shot at the last moment, I nevertheless boldly proclaimed the probable victory of *Winkfield's Pride* in the Cambridgeshire. And of course it came off, as easily as does the gold foil of a champagne flask at the hands of an expert. Nevertheless, I frankly confess that I was fairly puzzled by the way in which Mr. J. C. SULLIVAN's chestnut colt was knocked about (metaphorically) a few days before the contest. With tears of anguish I remember that on the previous Friday I twice refused to take £1,000 to £5 about the Irishman's chance! Think of that, honoured Sir! By my egregious weakness with regard to my own powers of divination, I have probably deprived myself of a glorious Winter of Content. Not but that sundry shekels have been added to the wallet which I carry in my pistol pocket, but I missed the *grand coup*, the Austerlitz or Waterloo of the racing campaign, owing to the plausible pleading of a "Fly-flat." No more pitiable creature exists than this. He is, to borrow a simile from the Wizard of the North, the *Dugald Dalgetty* of modern chivalry. Always thinking that he knows better than anyone else, and but too eager

to take advantage of the failings of others, he is invariably captured and stripped of all his possessions before he is well aware of the fact. And yet by such a Braggart, who professed to know a Stable Secret, an Old Campaigner was induced to abstain from raking in the plunder, which none-too-kind Fortune had again placed at his disposal. I therefore implore all noblemen and gentlemen to take warning by my woeful example, and avoid the "Fly-flat" as they would immature whiskey, or tickets in a Hamburg lottery. He is pretty easy to recognise, and must on no account be mistaken for "One of the Boys," or that candidate for a *paulo-post-futurum* workhouse, the harmless, but perhaps necessary, "Mug." The "Fly-flat" is not only dangerous to himself, but his existence is inimical to others. That I should have been entrapped by his specious birdline proves that even a Solon might be deceived by oaths, considerably more veracious in quality than those employed in her Majesty's Courts of Equity and Justice. Yes, Sir, even the most knowing birds are occasionally "twigged." For instance, Mr. ARTHUR COVENTRY, after despatching large fields of silken jackets with faultless celerity, had to return home on the Cambridgeshire day minus his well-appointed, and, I doubt not, well-lined, overcoat.

Newmarket is, I take it, the Metropolis of the racing world, and the Jockey Club

must be the equine Houses of Lords and Commons rolled into one, while always in the Birdcage flit hither and thither the most radiantly-clad bipeds that ever delighted the eyeballs of man. Nevertheless, it seems to me that the Jockey Club, Monarchs and Masters of all they survey, resemble that old lady who, on arriving at forked roads, was undecided as to her course of travel. Either the Jockey Club wants to keep its meetings Select, and available only for the Honoured Few who form Upper-Ten Society, or else it desires to attract to the Heath the Many who are not slow to repay Considerate Hospitality with £ s. d. If the former be the object of the Club, it is as successful as were the Japanese ironclads in the late far Eastern war. If the latter, I, with all humility, aver that the Stewards go the wrong way to work.

I believe that the eminent firm of BERTRAM cater for the unseen, but always craving, inner man, both at Newmarket and Kempton Park. I will guarantee that were Messrs. JOHN and WILLIAM examined before a Select Committee of Turfites, they could point out the horrible gulf of non-accommodation which is placed between the Jockey Club Show at Newmarket and that so sagaciously governed by Mr. S. H. HYDE from his Elizabethan Castle by the Thames. Indeed, honoured Sir, I fancy that you yourself might give valuable testimony, for, if my waning eyesight did not deceive me, I could swear that an aristocratic gentleman who lighted his choice Havana with a five-pound note after the victory of *Vesuvian* in the Dewhurst Plate, was none other than *mon rédacteur princier*. My knowledge of the Gallic tongue is, I may add, mainly derived from a French marquis, who stood to win £20,000 over *Omnium II.*, and borrowed the cash necessary for the return journey to his native land from

Your trustful adherent,

DARBY JONES.

P.S.—Next week I shall have Something on Toast for you and yours. There should be many a Christmas Turkey in my information. Was that indeed you, honoured Sir?

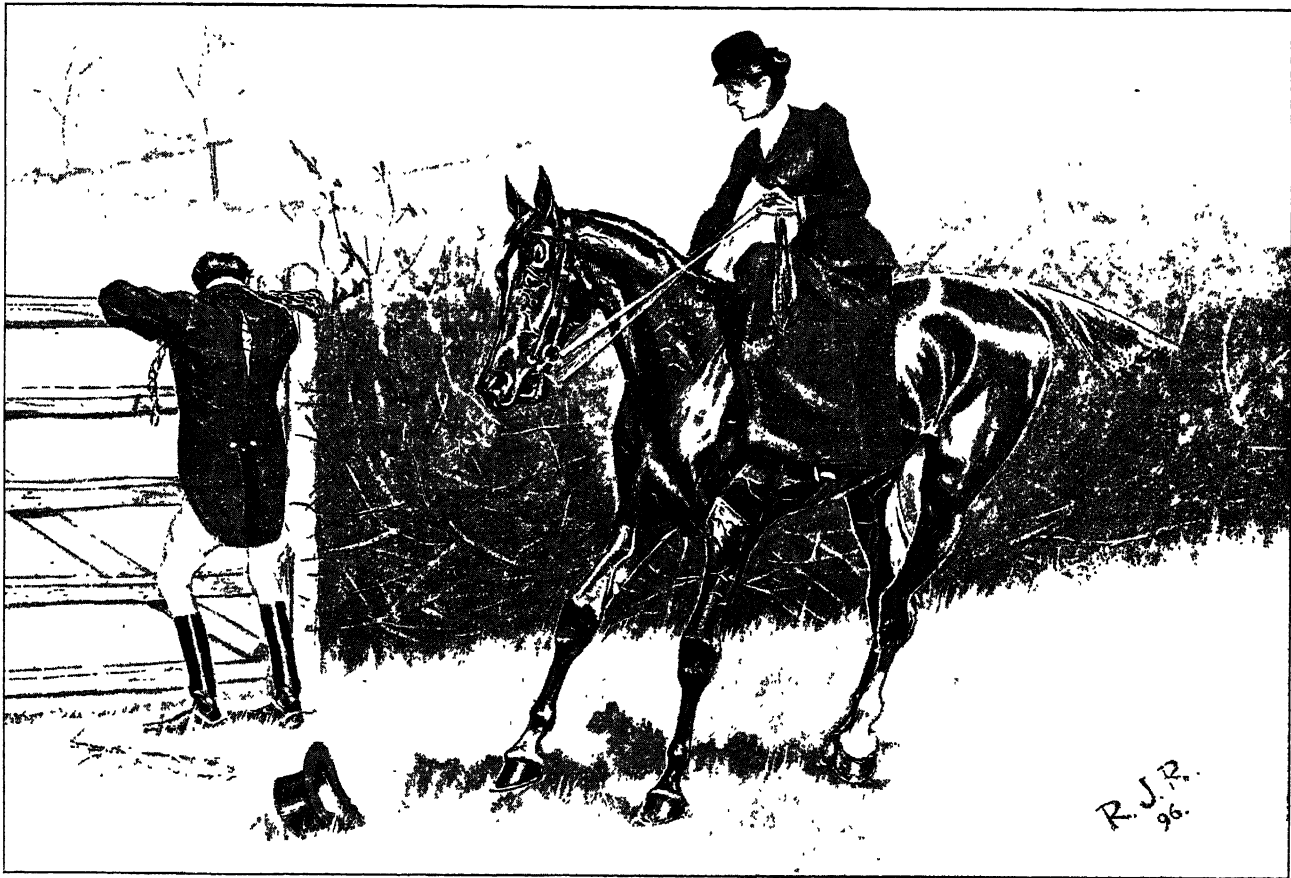
[We hasten to resent DARBY JONES's insinuation. In the first place, we were not at Newmarket, but at the Foreign—never mind. Secondly, we could not be guilty of such asinine conduct as that described. The individual referred to must have been D. J.'s friend, the "Fly-flat."—Ed.]

Chorus for the New Anti-Jingoism.

We used to back the Turk,
But we're weary of that work,
Our old policy is shifting as an opal.
We'll skedaddle from the Nile,
Just to make the Frenchmen smile,
And the Russians now may take Con-stanti-no-ple!

BRAVO, SYDENHAM!—The Directors of the Crystal Palace announce that next year all their efforts will be devoted to the celebration of the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign. The splendid building is, without doubt, the best conservatory of HER MAJESTY's good deeds, which have never ceased to blossom since the exhibition of 1851 proved how foolish it was for foreigners to throw stones at our great national glass house.

THE REASON WHY WE HAVE HAD SO MUCH WET WEATHER.—Because the SUN was locked up at the Chinese Embassy.



UNGRATEFUL.

The Pride of the Hunt (to Smith, who, for the last ten minutes, has been gallantly struggling with obstinate gate). "MR. SMITH, IF YOU REALLY CAN'T OPEN THAT GATE, PERHAPS YOU WILL KINDLY MOVE OUT OF THE WAY, AND ALLOW ME TO JUMP IT!"

THE TWO PRESIDENTS.

[A friend of Mr. McKINLEY says that he disregards "artistic and intellectual interests."
Daily Graphic, October 30.]

McKINLEY has no love for art—
Such trifles are not in his way—
Unlike the President we start,
The painter POYNTER, P.R.A.

Bimetallism is a quite
Entrancing study, some men say;
It's intricacies may delight
McKINLEY of the U.S.A.

But raise this country's taste till we
Raise no more monuments—or stay,
Raze some as bad as bad can be—
Oh, painter POYNTER, P.R.A.!

The London statues, as a whole,
Might make the gravest Goldite gay,
And stir that inartistic soul,
McKINLEY of the U.S.A.

Of paintings, too, there are complaints,
But into these we need not stray,
Because he personally paints,
Does painter POYNTER, P.R.A.

The figure nude, the figure clad,
The figure clerical or lay;
The frightful modern dress, as bad
With us as in the U.S.A.

All these he might improve, no doubt,
And try to sweep bad taste away;
If so, he'd find his work cut out,
Would painter POYNTER, P.R.A.

A GREAT CHANCE.

THIS from the advertising columns of the *Morning Post*:—

GRASS.—Any Lady or Gentleman wishing a quiet turn out for winter months; 40 acres run, abundance of grass, water; nice loose boxes to run into if wet; terms, with every attention, 4s. per week; dealers ignored.

What an opportunity a lady or gentleman wearied by London summer season, unwilling to face the "festive" season of Christmas, and only asking for plenty of space ("40 acres") for exercise when fine, and a loose box to run into when it rains. "Abundance of grass," too. Wouldn't this be the very thing for a "Grass Widow"?

At Melton.

First Sportsman. That crock of yours seems to be a bit of a songster.

Second Sportsman. Yes; he has always been like that since I lent him to a well-known English tenor.

First Sportsman (drily). You should have taken him in exchange.

HULLO, BOYS, HULLO!—There is but one President, and *Punch* was his prophet. *Vide* our congratulatory cartoon last week announcing the election before the news was received here.

THE WALKYRIE COLLECTION.

WALKER, like Christmas, comes but once a year, with his Christmas books, pocket-books, and diaries. The printed descriptions of these pocket-books (which are all pocketable, that is, after legitimate purchase, when they become presentable), are sometimes magnificent, often interesting, and occasionally touching. Thus how spacious must be the Imperial Pocket, which can hold "Russia," and, next in size, "Morocco." How strong could be the interest that every admirer of such books as *Alice in Wonderland* or of *Sandford and Merton* would take in ordering a specimen of "Polished Crocodile." How the tender-hearted would willingly expend six shillings in comforting "Crushed Morocco." That "Cloth limp" should be set down as "Fast" conveys a moral. The notice that "Diaries are Renewable" seems to be an offer made, perhaps on advantageous terms, by Destiny to the mortal purchaser. From experience, *Mr. Punch* praises the Walkerie Pencils. *Mr. Punch* has ere now described them as the handiest of the handy, and he may now add, that as "handy" they "take the palm."

PRESIDENTIAL.—The Silverites in the United States are now known as the Silver-wrongs.



PUTTING HIM IN POSITION.

A long way after his own picture of "Israel in Egypt," 1867.

[E. J. POYNTER, R.A., was elected President of the Royal Academy, Wednesday, November 4.]

AN IMPERIAL PROGRAMME.

It is understood that the Council of the Imperial Institute are taking measures to prevent a repetition of recent "Conglomerate" proceedings. A series of twelve lectures is contemplated, which it is hoped will at once restore confidence and replenish the coffers of the Institute. The subjects and the lecturers in the following syllabus, which has not yet been finally approved, are quite above suspicion:—

"Sound and Colour"	The Moore and Burgess Minstrels.
"Popular Anatomy"	Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS.
"Centrifugal Force and the Properties of the Circle"	LORD GEORGE SANGER.
"The War of the League"	Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY, M.P.
"Physiognomy of the Facial Angle"	Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS.
"Moral Philosophy"	Mrs. ORMISTON CHANT.
"The Ascent of Man"	Mr. STOEPLEJACK HARRISON.
"The Descent of Man"	Professor BALDWIN.
"The Transfer of Property"	Mr. WILLIAM SYKES.
"The Eye and all about it"	Dr. ELIZABETH MARTIN.
"French without a Master"	M. VILLEMESSANT, of the <i>Figaro</i> .
"Summers in the Vineyards of South Kensington"	Sir SOMERS VINE.

A Cat-astrophe at Hamburg.

It is not generally known that, in addition to his love for boarhounds, Prince B-sm-ack is an ardent admirer of the feline race. The other day at Hamburg he loosed a splendid Russian-German cat from his bag, which caused great wonder in all European menageries. It was originally an unsuspected member of the Triple Happy Family, which Prince B. formerly managed, but its presence was wholly unsuspected by the Austrian Eagle and the Italian Buffalo. It is believed, moreover, that the great showman has several other equally startling specimens of kindred race, but he sincerely regrets that he has no Anglo-Teutonic freak in his collection. At least one Imperial authority inclines to the idea that Prince B. is afflicted with *Katzen-jammer*, and wishes that he would retire to Heligoland.

THE LOFTIEST BALL-PLAY KNOWN.—That of Sir ROBERT BALL, who is constantly landing himself among the stars.



Bad Little Boy. "YOU TELL YOUR BROTHER! AN' I'LL BREAK EVERY PANE O' GLASS IN YOUR FACE!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Reviewer of Books is disturbed in his sandium by a request from a Literary Young Woman, who perpetrates fiction.

WHERE sparrows build I have my nest,
High on the topmost floor.
The very place for work and rest,
With close and "sported" door.
What matter if the street boy yell
"The winner!" Here his voice
Can scarcely reach. Mid asphodel
I could not more rejoice.

A tranquil air my books surround,
Friends that can never fail
To rouse, refresh, make pleasant sound
In words that never pale!
For speech is theirs, loud to the ears
As if they spoke indeed!
The solace of a lifetime's years
They bring to those who read.

Brave classic HORACE, minstrel king,
Flushed with Falernian wine,
Shall now his deathless ballads sing
With music-words divine!
Let VIRGIL meet the grand old Greek
Who told the tale of Troy,
And I, amid the great antique,
Become again a boy!

Let SHAKESPEARE supplement the feast,
And HAZLITT's subtle pen,
TRELAWNEY from the glowing east,
Make bright my dingy den!
And shall my SCOTT neglected be,
Or shunned my dear DEFOS?
What time that KINGSLEY makes our Sea
The pride of *Westward Ho*!

A hundred others I could name
Whose style can never fade,
The pioneers of English fame
Where English hopes are laid!
Yet with them there are strangers, too,
Who doughty deeds have done.
Who caught that thought of "derring do"
That makes the wide world one.

You see that all my spirit goes
Back to the faded past.
I do not like the mind that knows
The leaves that cannot last.
What's this! A ring! I quit mine ease;
Repose for me is fled!
A book! A note! You ask, "Do please
To read *Miss Go-a-head*!"

OF one LEYMARIE, who shot at a police-
man, the report—not of the pistol, but of
those who examined the shooter—was that
"he professes to be an anarchist, but his
sanity is doubtful." Surely, for "but"
should be read "therefore." The sentence
ought to have been, "He professes to be
an anarchist; if this is proved to be true,
then his insanity is beyond question." If
not true, he is sane, and a criminal.

At Ventnor.

*Grimes (to Dimes, a famous Alpine ex-
plorer).* Why, what on earth are you do-
ing here? Lungs not weak, I hope?

Dimes. Not a bit. But the fact of the
matter is, it does me good to climb up to
the station every morning to get my daily
papers.

THE VERY OLDEST MOTOR-CAR.—The
Whirl-i-gig of Time.

AN APPEAL.

[A large proportion of the numerous recent bi-
cycling accidents to ladies has been caused by the
dangerous practice of "coasting," or riding with the
feet on the foot-rests, down-hill.—*Daily Paper.*]

PRITHEE, PHYLLIS, give up coasting—
This appeal to you I'm making:
'Tis your neck, down hillsides posting—
And my heart—you're after breaking!

Woman—so they say who know her—
Let not this suggestion rankle—
Chiefly coasts that she may show her
Pretty foot and well-turned ankle!

Even so, pray give up coasting,
Homage I will duly render,
And instead, admire them toasting,
If I may, upon the fender!

"Silly libel!" Yes, I know it—
On that point we need not quarrel;
But he is concerned, your poet,
For the Queen who gave his laurel.

Coasting is a "dangerous practice,"
Let me beg of you to end it;
Do not argue, for, the fact is,
Argument cannot defend it.

Yes, I know—you say you've never
Had a spill yet—don't be boasting!
Though you do it "clean and clever,"
Prithee, PHYLLIS, give up coasting!

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."—Rather! See
the *Times* of a century ago reproduced
this week.

POPULAR TOAST IN A RAPIDLY INCREAS-
ING SUBURB.—"Brix-ton and mortar!"

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXVII.

Mr. Jabberjee is unavoidably compelled to return to town, thereby affording his Solicitor the inestimable benefit of his personal assistance. An apparent attempt to pack the Jury.

THE Public will be astounded at the news (which came with the perfect novelty of a surprise upon this insignificant self) that I have ceased to be the cherished guest beneath the hired Scottish roof of MISTER LEOPRIC ALBUTT-INNETT and his bucksome lady.

It fell out after this fashion.

One fine September morning, when I was accoutring myself in order to go out and hunt the robert (N.B. a genuine local Scotticism for individuals belonging to the rabbit genius), there came to me my young friend HOWARD, who was to teach my young idea how to shoot, in great gloom, asking me if it would take me a prolonged period to pack up my *impedimenta*.



Baboo Chuckerbutty Ram.

I replied that I could do the trick instantaneously, inquiring the reason for his question.

"Because," said he, "if I were you, I should have a wire requiring me to come up to London at once."

"From my solicitor?" I inquired. "Is he then desirous of consulting with me?"

My friend answered me that it was the one object of his present existence.

"In that case," said I, rather spiritedly, "let him come up here, since I am not a mountain that I should obey the becking call of any Mahomet. Moreover, I am impatient to achieve the destruction of some Scottish roberts."

"If you will take my advice," he said, "you will grant them a reprieve, and make a scarcity of yourself. There is a train for Glasgow which you can just catch. I wouldn't distress the Mater and Governor by any farewells, you know."

"But," I objected, "I am not even in receipt of any telegram. Nor can I possibly omit the etiquette of a ceremonious leave-taking with your honourable parents."

"Just as you please," replied he. "Just now the Governor and Mater are in the front sitting-room, engaged in perusing the back numbers of your precious 'Jossers and Tidlers' or whatever you call 'em, which have been thoughtfully forwarded by a relative. I don't think I'd disturb them."

"Are they so hugely interested in the performances of my un-

assuming *penna*?" I cried, with the gratified simpering of a flattered.

"It looked like it when I left the room," said he; "the Mater was very near rolling on the oilcloth, and the Governor dancing and foaming from his mouth. What an awfully old ass you have been, JAB, to go and blurt out everything in print—about your breach of promise case, and getting to know us, and—worst of all—being merely a bogey prince. Naturally, we don't care about being made to look fools. The dear old Mater, you know, is one of those simple, trusting natures that, if they once discover they have been taken in by a sham title, why, they kick up the row of a deuce! And, as for the Governor, he's the sort of old retiring chap that has a downright loathing of publicity, when it makes him ridiculous. If he came across you just now, there's really no saying what he mightn't do. He's such a devilishly hot-tempered old boy!"

I did not comprehend the reasons for such exuberant anger, but, of course, young HOWARD insisted so urgently on physical dangers to myself if I delayed, that I hastened stealthily to my room by a backstair, and flinging my *paraphernalia* with incredible despatch into a portmanteau, was so fortunate as to convey it out of the house without attracting the invidious attention of my host and hostess, who were probably still occupied in foaming and rolling upon the carpet like angry waves of the sea.

Young HOWARD accompanied me to the station, though blaming me as the cause of his embroilment with his progenitors, who, it seems, had insisted—quite unjustly—that he must have known from the first that my nobility was merely a brevet rank; and Miss WEE-WEE bade me farewell with a soft and perfectly lady-like cordiality, being too grieved by my departure to make any allusion to the head and front of my offending.

Now I am once more in London, paying daily visits of several hours to the office of my solicitor, in order to assist him in the preparation of my brief.

The other day, Baboo JALPANYBHOY and Baboo CHUCKERBUTTY RAM attended for the purpose of arranging their evidence, when I regret to say the former made a rather paltry exhibition of himself, being declared by Mr. SMARTLE himself to be totally incompetent to prove anything whatever material to the case, and I am therefore resolved to refuse him admission to the witness-box.

I am more hopeful of Mr. CHUCKERBUTTY RAM, who, I think, after diligent coaching from myself, may be induced to restrain his natural garrulity, and speak no more than is set down for him, which is simply that I have already, in his presence, contracted matrimony with a juvenile native, and that the laws of my country entitle me to marry several more.

This is in support of one of my most subtle pleadings of defence, to wit, that I have already offered to marry the plaintiff according to my country's laws, but that she did definitely decline such a marriage as polygamous, (which it is indubitably liable to become at any moment,) consequently, that my said contract is null by mutual consent.

Mr. SMARTLE was of the opinion that the plaintiff's solicitors would move to strike out such a pleading as bad in law, since it is no defence to an action for breach of promise that the defendant is already the Benedick. Fortunately they have omitted to do this, and I anticipate exciting excessive admiration in Court by the ingenuity of my arguments from Analogy, Common Sense, Roman Law, &c.

My said solicitor has also communicated with Hon'ble Sir CHETWYND CUMMERBUND, to inquire if he would consent to appear as a witness to my dependent filial condition, and entire lack of the sinews of war; which, with fatherly kindness, he has agreed to do, and, as he rather humorously puts it, convince the jury that I am the good riddance of bad rubbish.

Now the decks are cleaned for action, and all is ready for the forensic logomachy as soon as it may please Providence and some associate in the Queen's Bench Division to place the suit of *Mankletow v. Jabberjee* in the list of causes for the day.

My solicitor's advice, which I shall very probably adopt, is to keep as close as possible to the issues, and more especially to the point that, if I gave any promise to marry at all, it was extorted from me by threats of bodily violence which reduced me to a blue funkiness.

Also he recommends that I am not to attempt any golden-mouthed eloquence, thereby making the lamentable exhibit of a most stupendous ignorance of human nature!

For what can melt the stony hearts of men, causing them to bellow like an ox and become tender as chickens, or what can rouse them to Indignation, Approval, Contempt, Wonderment, and every other known sentiment as required, so effectively as the trumpeting tongue of oratorical eloquence?

All I can aver is that, if I am not to be permitted to draw the glittering sword of my tongue from the scabbard of my mouth, I shall infallibly, in sheer sickishness at such short-sighted folly, throw up my brief!

I must not omit to say that if any of my fellow-colleagues on this periodical (of course including Hon'ble Editor) should be anxious to become eye-witnesses of my forensic *début*, I shall be overjoyed to procure their admission, and will instruct the Usher that they are to be awarded the seats of honour. Perhaps it might even be feasible for two or three of them to obtain appointments as jurymen.

If so, let them not turn the deaf ear to the gentle wheezings of their *esprit de corps*, but remember that it is not the custom for one eagle to peck another in his optics.

P.S.—Since writing the above, my attention has been drawn to sundry abusive threats and challenges by your esteemed contributor, Hon'ble AUGUSTE, offering to arrange a meeting for mortal combat with certain Parisian warrior journalists, or if I am a "poltroon," he is to beat me blue and black and pull me by the nose. I wish to assure him, first, that it is not humanly possible that I can be a "poltroon," since I do not even comprehend the meaning of the term! Secondly, that, being immersed in litigation over head and ears, it is not convenient, or even practicable, for me either to box or permit the pulling of my nose at present date. Thirdly, that it was *not* this unoffending self whom he saw at Brighton in a false red and white collar and a pork-pie bonnet, since I am never at Brighton, nor do I wear such ludicrous garbage, but ordinary simple European attire. Let him be mindful of the antique fable of the *Wolf and the Lamb*, and not respond to me, "If not yourself, then it was indubitably your mother." Finally, I beg to tender him the most abject and gentlemanly apology, and shall always regard him as my loving brother.

H. B. J.

[ED. NOTE.—The air having been thus completely cleared, this unfortunate controversy must be considered to have ended.]

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

EDIMBOURG. (*Contd.*)

DEAR MISTER,—I have written you there is eight days how I am of return to the hotel in the Prince Street, after to have visited the melancholy singing coffee, where the "bagpips" wanted entirely. Eh well, being fatigued, I couch myself on the field, *sur-le-champ*.

Well soon I find that I have beautiful to couch myself, I have beautiful to essay of to sleep, it is impossible! And for why? All simply at cause of the insupportable noises of the detestable trains, there in face. I have beautiful to turn myself, I have beautiful to cover myself the ears, all is unuseful, I sleep not of the whole. All the night, absolutely without cease, I hear the whistlings, the rollings, the noises. Of time in time I lift myself, and for to repose myself, I walk myself of long in large and I regard by the window, which gives on the valley and on the castle. A beautiful view, but I have enough of her, I assure you of it! I see her in effect by night, by the feeble light of the *crépuscule*, at the point of day, and in full day, without the least relaxation of the *sacrés bruits en bas*, the sacred noises in low. By blue! *Mieux vaut*, for to repose himself, to pass the night even in a spanish train, than in a room on the street of an hotel at Edimbourg! In the train one hears but the sole train, in the room one hears of them an infinity! Only towards the six hours I distinguish less the noises of the trains, because the noises in the street commence. He goes without to say that I descend of good morning, of very good morning. At nine o'clock and half I go to visit the Castle, that I have already seen so well from my *chambre à coucher*—*à coucher, parbler!* I arrive too soon, the apartments are not yet open, I must attend. In attending I see to pass some brave soldiers, some "Hihlanders," of the "Blackvatch." Ah, what droll of costume! But the men are magnificent. I hear also a little the music—*tiens!*—of the "bagpips." Oh, *la la!* I wish not more of her! In fine I visit the apartments, and then I go to the Cathedral. I enter rapidly, being pressed, and at the instant that I mount the marches of the portal, a man, seated at a table, arrests me with some crys. He demands three pennys of entrance. What droll of church! And the good man cried himself so much of violence, because he feared of to lose the pennys, that which would be insupportable for a Scottish. But when I say to him, "Frighten not yourself, I am stranger, I knew not that he must to pay, I pay voluntarily, but be polite at the least," he becomes more civil. When I enter I find that, to true to say, it is not the pain. For the church is entirely



AFTER THE CAB STRIKE.

Very Light Porter. "NO, SIR, THE DOIN' UP OF THAT STRIKE AIN'T DONE US NO GOOD; 'AVEN'T 'AD NOTHINK TO CARRY NOT FOR A WEEK, SIR; QUITE A TREAT THIS IS, SIR."

remise à neuf, reput to new. More late I discover that the ancient edifices of Edimbourg are thus new, and that the new edifices, the moderns, are ancient—as the office of post, the hotel, and the fragments of the miserable station of Waverley. What droll of town!

Then I visit the home of JOHN KNOCKS, and the Palace of Hollyrude, all sad and in a miserable quarter. From there I go to the hill of Calton, and the coacher of the *fiacre* essays of to show to me the view so extended. But the fog, until here grey, becomes much more thick, and I see absolutely nothing, excepted the monuments. Oh, the drolls of monuments! Above all the "National Monument," the fragment of a copy of the Parthenon. Ah *ça, un véritable jeu d'esprit, absolument inattendu*, absolutely inattended in this country so solemn!

At midday he commences to fall of the rain. Edimbourg by the most beautiful day of sun is grey and sad. But by a day of fog and of rain, my faith! I rest at the hotel, and, having enough of time, I visit the *ascenseur*, a veritable object of interest, anciently perhaps in the house of JOHN KNOCKS. He goes so gently that if one is pressed one mounts by the staircase. He is even more slow than the ascensors of the italian hotels. And, *par dessus le marché*, above the market, one sees on the door the american word "Elevator," that which is the most rapid ascensor of the world! An American and his wife and me, who make the ascension together, we laugh much of it.

The afternoon I visit, all wetted, the bridge of the Fourth, and the evening—not wishing to pass one other night without to sleep—I part from the excellent station of the railway of the North-west, I couch myself in the good waggon-bed of the train, and I sleep—ah but, so well!—just until London.

Agree, &c.,

AUGUSTE.

DESIRABLE QUALITY FOR A PICKPOCKET.—Pursepickacity.



CUT SHORT.

Affected Young Poet. "Do, Miss BELLA, GRANT ME ONE FAVOUR. LET ME ASK YOU——"

Miss Bella. "I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY. YOU WANT ME TO LEND YOU A HAIR-PIN!"

HELIOS ON THE AUTOCAR.

(*Old Sol's Soliloquy, on Saturday, November 14 1896.*)

It doesn't want horses, it doesn't want sails,
It doesn't want wings, and it doesn't want rails,
Nor reins, nor a whip, nor a bridle!
Prometheus was right! There is nous in this Man!
And since he has hit on this capital plan,
To stand out any longer were idle.

My chariot and steeds look romantic—in Art!
But they are such a trouble! A countryman's cart
Is safe whilst slow market-wards plodding.
But going the Zodiac Course at my pace,
With horses like mine of a high-mettled race!—
It leaves not a moment for nodding!

Young Phaeton's self might have handled this car!
Mount, turn on a tap, and by Jove, there you are!
Might make poems, or love, whilst on duty.
Whilst I—I might set all creation on fire
If I stopped for a tippie, or happened to tire,
Or winked at a by-standing beauty.

Could not stand a growler, much less a two D. 'bus.
But this autocar!—it would not disgrace Phoebus.
In fact, I've no doubt proud Apollo,
Who calls himself God of the Sun—which is fudge!—
If finding my autocar answer, will judge
It were wise my example to follow!

He's thundering cocky; but if my new trap
Should give him the go-by, the bumptious young chap
Won't like to be licked by old Solly.
By Jove, I must have one! It won't want much care,
And then I may cut Phebus out with the Fair,
And that will be awfully jolly.

Besides, I can give my poor horses a rest,
Or send 'em to grass, if petroleum proves best,
As a motor, or e'en electricity.
Kim up!—for the last time, my beauties! I'm on!
As an autocar-driver the life of the Sun
Will be one of supremest felicity!

In the Grand Hotel Smoking-Room.

Artist (who refers to the election of the President of the Academy). Most satisfactory election that of the New President?

Yankee (who refers to the future President of the United States). Yes. I reckon the gold bugs will make things hum.

Artist (somewhat confused). Splendid works of his, "Israel in Egypt" and "A Visit to Æsculapius," eh?

Yankee (equally confused). I'm referring, Sir, to "sound money."

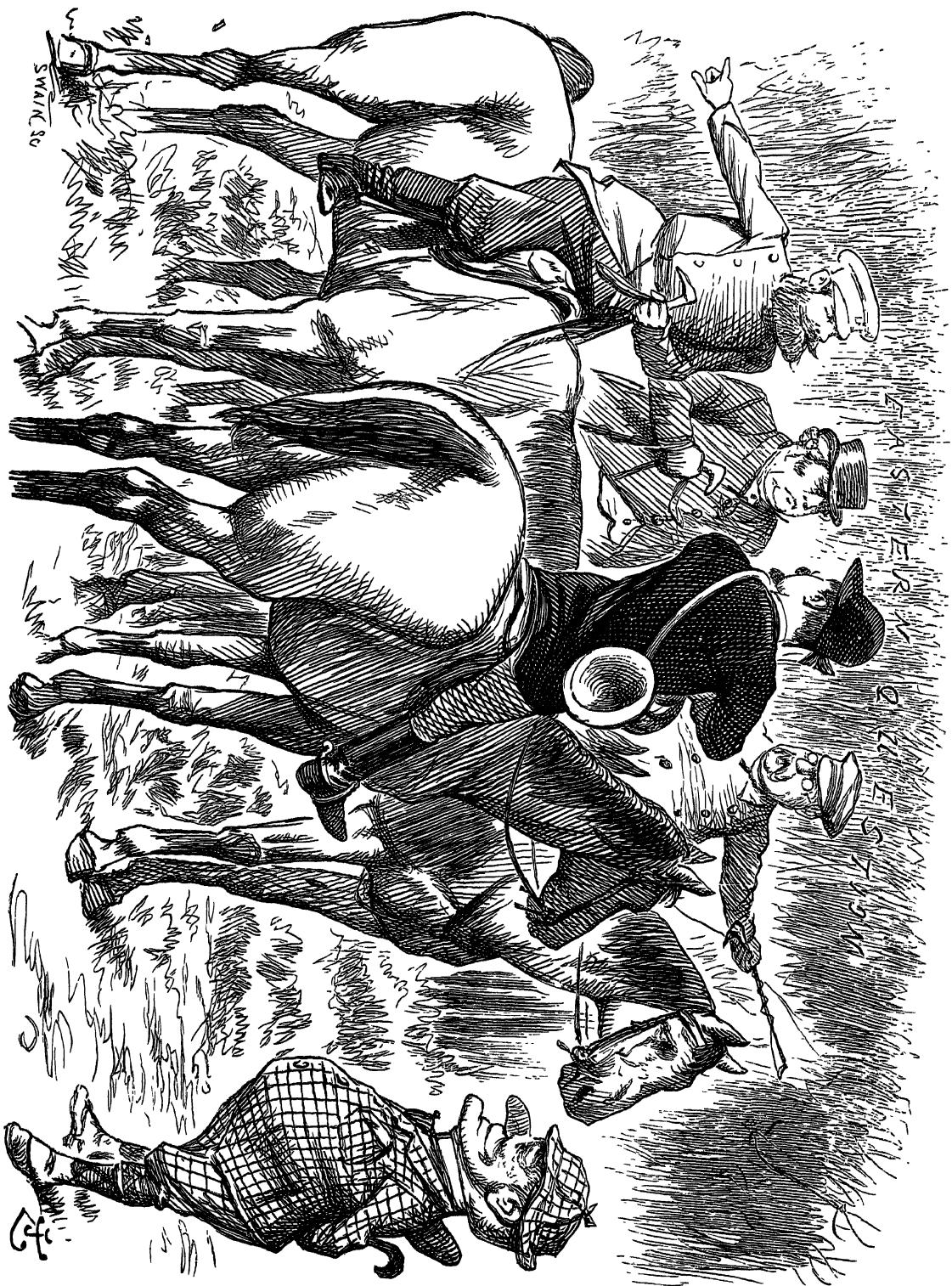
Artist. That must have been one of his earlier efforts. (*Aside.*) He's certainly cracked. (*Aloud.*) Good-night. [*Exit hurriedly.*]

Yankee. Good-night. Guess the cocktails here are too strong for that young man. Egypt! Israel! Æsculapius. He's seeing snakes. I'm off! [*Exit himself, precipitately.*]

PROBLEMATIC.—Should the shareholders, who rejected their directors' carefully-prepared scheme, neglect to furnish "the Wherewithal" to carry out their own plans, then "The Chartered Company" may deem it advisable to change its name to "The Shattered Company."

SUBJECT FOR AN OPERATIO CARTOON, TO BE ENTITLED "THE HOARSE BEFORE THE CARTE."—The Manager of the Savoy sympathetically listening to a tenor suffering from a severe cold.

APPROPRIATE WISH TO AN INVETERATE SMOKER ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.—"Many happy returns to your pipe."



THE TURKISH FOX.

MR. PUNCH. "TOO MANY MASTERS, GENTLEMEN! YOU'LL NEVER GET HIM AWAY WHILE YOU KEEP ON SQUABBLING."



DISCOURAGING.

The Poet's Wife. "GOT A CHEQUE FROM YOUR PUBLISHERS?"

The Poet (wearily). "YES: A POST-CARD, SAYING, 'FOR MERCY'S SAKE GIVE US A REST!'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

PHIL MAX's *Gutter Snipes*, which are veritable "snipe-shots," taken on the spot, and every one of them a hit, is the best collection of genuinely humorous pictures from the London streets that can be seen anywhere. Every figure in it is a type recognisable by all Londoners. The humour is comic, grim, pathetic. It depends solely on the drawing, unassisted by dialogue. They are, indeed, "Living Pictures." They have been brought out in one handsome volume by the Leadenhall Press, Limited, and should have an unlimited circulation.

The pictures in *Nonsense for Somebody, Anybody, and Everybody*, written and illustrated by A Nobody, are eccentric and amusing, and a dash of colour adds to their effect. The verses, though they may

possibly have suggested the illustrations, are not up to the pictures, and cannot for a moment be compared with those ancient ones of *King Lear* in this particular line, and of this particular sort of line. It is brought out by GARDNER, DARTON & Co., of Paternoster Buildings.

The first volume of *The Political Life of William Ewart Gladstone*—"a noble volume" Lord ROSEBERY calls it—brings a marvellous career up to the end of the Session of 1876, which, at the moment all unknowing, witnessed the withdrawal of Mr. DISRAELI from the House of Commons. Mr. *Punch*, of whose many sterling qualities modesty is not least marked, feels some delicacy in writing about the work of his own progeny. Happily he is relieved by no less an authority than the Prime Minister from the task of describing the objects and estimating the value of

the work. "It is valuable," writes Lord SALISBURY, "as a record of successive phases of political feeling, and to one who can remember those times, it is full of interesting reminiscences." That's about it, all packed into a sentence. It may perhaps be added that for a younger generation who cannot remember the times, here is rare opportunity of seeing how they looked beheld through keen, observant eyes. With something of a shock of surprise my Baronite is reminded that Mr. GLADSTONE's Parliamentary career began nine years before Mr. *Punch*, by the issue of his first number, formally assumed kindly charge of the affairs of the Universe. Once at his post he took note of young GLADSTONE, and for the last fifty years there are few of his weekly numbers that have not contained some pictorial note of this wonderful life. The first time Mr. GLADSTONE was pictured in *Punch* was in the Session of 1859, when he interposed in debate on the Reform Bill of that year. It is a slight sketch, illustrating a Homeric version of the debate, in which reference is made to "the Classic GLADSTONE." His first appearance in a full-page cartoon is in connection with his Budget in 1861. He is presented as the dentist in attendance on Master BULL, comforting the apprehensive youth with assurance that so far from extracting any more teeth in the way of income-tax he means to remit a penny. Thereafter, through all the changes of a bustling life, Mr. GLADSTONE periodically re-appears. It is interesting to watch, as the years pass, how the side-whiskers disappear, the hair grows more scanty over the lofty brow, the wrinkles deepen on the mobile face, the tall, slim figure begins to droop, the decades, as they accumulate, carrying him farther and farther away from the cast and stamp of the dark-haired, bright-faced, distinguished-looking young man whose portrait prefaces the volume. This is an engraving from the picture taken by W. BRADLEY of Mr. GLADSTONE in his twenty-eighth year, which to-day hangs in Hawarden Castle. The illustrations of the volume are, of course, unique. The letterpress is a masterpiece of lucid condensation, marked by judicial tone rare in the biographies of political personages.

THE BARON.



NEW COINAGE.

MR. PUNCH'S DESIGN FOR "REVERSE" OF PENNY TO BE ISSUED IN CELEBRATION OF THE SIXTIETH YEAR OF HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY'S REIGN.



FANCY PICTURE REPRESENTING SOME "LIVER-Y MEN" OF THE CITY OF LONDON!

THE DAY AFTER THE GUILDHALL BANQUET.

SARK ON SULPHUROUS WATERS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Harrogate, Monday.—"It's very curious," said the Member for Sark, with a faraway look in his eyes.

"What is curious?" I asked, gently.

SARK is, I fear only temporarily, a changed man. What Members on the other side of the House of Commons used indifferently to call arrogance, censoriousness, or dogmatism, has disappeared. Remarkable what effective solvent for these qualities are two twelve-ounce tumblers of strong "Old" sulphur water, taken before breakfast, followed at intervals later in the day by two eight-ounce tumblers of chalybeate, totting up with twenty minutes' stew in strong sulphur bath, heated to 98 degrees.

"It's curious," SARK continued, with just the slightest suspicion of accustomed acerbity, "how, dealing with identical persons suffering from precisely the same diseases, real or imagined, methods of treatment and personal customs vary at different watering-places. At Aix-les-Bains, for example, having had your bath, you are carefully bundled up in blankets till you closely resemble a mummy. Two men enter the bath-room carrying a sort of sedan chair. Into this you are lifted; another twist is given to your blankets; the curtains are closed; you are carried off to your hotel, dropped into your bed (or somebody else's) and there left for twenty minutes—not a second less, not a beat of the pendulum more. I think, *cher Tobee*, you once told a story of an incursion of one of these bundles into your bedroom at Aix-les-Bains?"

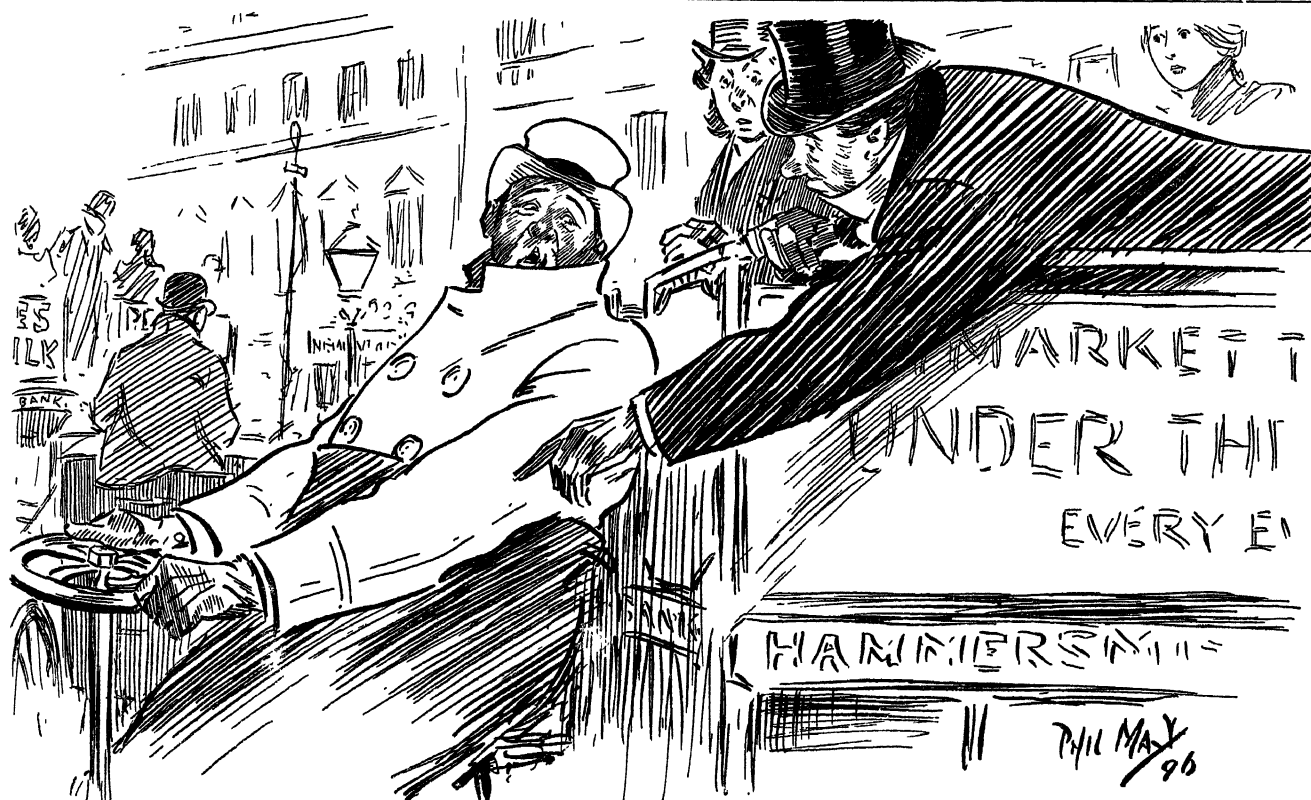
I blushed as I recalled how, standing one morning at the window of my bachelor room in the Hotel Splendide, feasting my eyes on the azure plain of Lake Bourget, and the jagged roof-tree of the mountains that girdle it, the door opened. Two men entered with sedan chair; set it on the floor; turned down the bedclothes—*my* bedclothes—and bundled into my bed a portly female. Afterwards, the porters explained that, the lady's

French not being that of Aix-les-Bains, they had misunderstood her instructions, and conveyed her to the wrong room.

But that is another story, and if SARK had only had a third twelve-ounce tumbler of what here is always affectionately alluded to as "Old" sulphur, he would have been too depressed to have hunted up the reminiscence.

"Well," continued SARK, "what I mean is this. According to the rule at Aix-les-Bains, after taking a bath, otherwise under precisely the same conditions as at Harrogate, it is imperatively required that for a while you lay up under the blankets. At Bath the same principle obtains to the extent that having stewed for the ordered time in a hot bath, you sit for a quarter of an hour in the cooling-room. There is the alternative, also recalling the custom at Aix-les-Bains, that at Bath you may be carefully wrapped up and sent home in a bath-chair, with instructions to lie down to cool off. Neither at Harrogate nor at Homburg is there any such observance. As soon as you have had your bath, the attendants, so to speak, call the watch together, let you go, and thank Heaven they are rid of a rogue.

"Then there's drinking water. At Aix-les-Bains there is no water to drink, consequently you don't drink it. At Bath a tumbler of water is incidentally served whilst you sit in the cooling room. Also there is a pump-room, where inoffensive water is taken in moderate quantities. But it is not, as at Homburg, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Harrogate, a leading feature in the cure. At Homburg, some people take baths; all drink water. The fashionable hour is 7 A.M., when the band under the trees by the Elizabethan Brunnen hails smiling morn with a hymn tune. Within half an hour the leafy *allée* is thronged with a gay company, walking briskly up and down for the stipulated fifteen minutes intervening between successive glasses of water. In the miserable little garden enclosing the wells at Aix-la-Chapelle, there is the same brisk walking to and fro, round and round, to the strains of a beautiful band. Here they don't commence with a hymn, but a touch of solemn respectability



THE MOTOR 'BUS.

Fussy Old Gent. "Hi! STOP! STOP! I WANT TO GET DOWN."

Driver. "I CAN'T STOP THE BLOOMIN' THING!!"

is given to the proceedings by every man in the band wearing a top hat. That is interesting as showing how serious a part of the cure water drinking is regarded under some systems. At Harrogate we take our water strong and often. But save during a limited portion of the season we have no band, top hatted or otherwise; nor any long, leafy *allée* in which to stroll.

"Next consider the drinking utensils. At Homburg it is the thing to have your own cup or glass, in which the water is drawn for you. At Aix-la-Chapelle the same custom almost exclusively prevails. In order to meet it, there are in the pump-room tiers of hooks, each numbered, upon which the water drinker hangs his cup when he has finished, and, arriving in the morning, goes straightway to take it down. I remember one morning, at Aix-la-Chapelle, a blustering German bullied the obliging maiden who filled the tumblers, because on going to find his cup on his particular nail, lo! it was not. She tremblingly went about till she came upon it (where he had put it) on the wrong hook. Ah me, the days that are no more! What a life I led that German. Every morning I was at the pump-room, bright and early; found his cup on its own particular peg; bore it off to a distant quarter; hung it on an unappropriated hook. Then to see my friend enter, stamp up to his hook, find it cupless; to see him rage round, Woerth blazing in his eyes, Sédan reddening his tightly-closed knuckles! It did me more good than all the waters of Charlemagne's town!"

"That is still another story," I diffidently observed.

"Yes. Talking about cups, I was rather in them. I was going to say that, neither at Bath nor here, is it the custom to bring your own cup or glass. Then take towels. At all continental watering-places towelling is a solemn function. When the appointed time for concluding the bath is reached, the attendant enters, bringing towels almost red hot from the oven. In one he enfolds you and gently rubs you down. At Bath, this custom is followed to the extent of towels being brought in hot at the conclusion of the bath. Here, the towels, rolled up and warmed to begin with, are placed in your dressing-room when you enter, and thenceforward you look after yourself.

"Finally, as to diet. At Homburg, patients are dieted as rigorously as they are watered. In most cases, as at Carlsbad, butter is anathema. Eggs, dry bread and coffee for breakfast, broth and bread for luncheon, bruised beef for dinner, the meal

washed down by a moderate quantity of hock. At Aix-les-Bains, strawberries are strictly forbidden. As in the season wild strawberries grow abundantly in the neighbourhood, they form the principal feature at dessert. This serves a double debt to pay. It exercises the boarder in self-restraint, and it makes the strawberries last a long time, to the profit of the hotel-keeper. At Bath, I do not remember any restrictions upon diet, whilst at Harrogate coffee, freely taken in identical cases in Homburg, is one of the few articles of daily diet absolutely tabooed.

"Now, you know, dear TOBY, these manners and customs, flatly contradicting each other, yet each in a particular place held as essential to a cure, cannot all be right. What are we poor trusting patients to do?"

"Better pay your money and take your choice," I said, soothingly.

SARK was working himself up into a frame of mind incompatible with the twelve-ounce tumbler of "Old" sulphur at this moment due.

TO AN ORGAN-GRINDER.

[It has been decided in the Appeal Court, Queen's Bench Division, that a householder cannot order an organ-grinder to cease playing outside his residence unless he states his reasons for so doing.]

OH! hurdy-gurdy man, I wish that you would go away,
How can I do a stroke of work if you are going to play?
The language that you make me use I own is somewhat strong,
But why distract me with the air of "Now we shan't be long"?

Oh, macaroni-eating fraud from fair Italia's land,
'Tis useless to pretend, my man, that you "no understand,"
I know the pugilistic art, so, if you won't desist,
I'll give you two good reasons with my left and dexter fist.

The Prevailing Passion.

Father (reading newspaper). I see another Rugby man has been appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. That's the third Rugby man in succession.

Son (a football enthusiast). Well, I think it is time one of the Association had a turn.



A CAPITAL DODGE.

AMONG HIS NATIVE BANKS OLD PODDLES TAKES A LOT OF BEATING. HE SAYS THERE'S NOTHING EASIER WHEN YOU KNOW HOW TO NEGOCIATE 'EM.

DARBY JONES REFLECTS ON RACING.

HONOURED SIR,—There are moments when a terrestrial angel is impelled by the force of untoward circumstances to make use of language which would scarcely be permitted within the Palace of St. Stephen's, Westminster, without a vehement reproof from Mr. Speaker GULLY. Such an incident occurred yesterday evening when, just as I was about to refresh myself with a dish of Bohea and Green mixed, accompanied by the succulent muffin, one of your richly-liveried emissaries was announced. With customary courtesy he handed me a large envelope superscribed in my name, addressed to your editorial castle, and marked "Immediate. Important. Confidential." "This," I thought to myself, "is no doubt some flattering testimonial from one of my gratified clients," who are, alas! too scarce in proportion to my well-known services. Having dismissed your ambassador, not without a trifling token of my goodwill, I tore open the cover! Then it was that, despite the teaching of the Poet WATTS, my angry passions rose, for the communication was nothing more nor less than a Diatribe on

the Sinfulness of Betting, accompanied by some far from sympathetic remarks with regard to one RICHARD DUNN, a layer of odds in the ready money or cash over the counter style of business, an operator whose magpie costume in days gone by never failed to excite my warmest admiration, and whose voice has ever struck me by its quality and sweetness to be well fitted for filling such temples of the lyric drama as Covent Garden Theatre, the Grand Opera, Paris, or La Scala, Milan. I understand that this unfortunate Mr. DUNN, after having had the complaint against him as laid out by the Anti-Gambling League dismissed by the Kingston Magistrates, is now to be brought into a superior Court, where his alleged iniquities will once more be subjected to the inspection of Themis, a goddess for whom I have but little sympathy, but much respect. It seems to me, Sir, that the continual object of Certain Parties in this Realm is the Sacrifice of Sane Citizens for the Protection of the "Juggins" (or "Mug"). Because there are a few thousand Congenital Idiots, who get periodically overcome by excessive consumption of the produce of the juicy grape, the

pretty little barley, and the merry hop, these Parties urge us to shut up those houses of refreshment which are, in my opinion, so many watch towers of Constitutional Freedom. Equally because these same Parties are aware that there have been instances of unscrupulous fools who have ruined themselves by improvident wagering, that therefore no Englishman shall be privileged to back his fancy! Was there ever a more preposterous and uncharitable notion propounded, when these very same Parties are, for aught I know, playing the good old game of Bull and Bear in that famous establishment which has just shed a financial lustre on the question of the Presidential Election in the land of the Ever-soaring Eagle? But if the "Juggins" (or "Mug") is to be protected from the nefarious designs of base individuals, let the Stewards of the Jockey Club issue yearly licences to the Knights of the Odds! They would not object, I feel confident, for the Ring is like a privileged railway-station yard, and the smaller the competition, the better is it for trade. And it wouldn't be a bad idea to licence the Juggins, too. It is impossible to be too Great-grandmotherly nowadays. The Lord Chief Justice, Sir HENRY HAWKINS, and Sir FRANK LOCKWOOD could from their mighty and experienced brains draw up such a perfect legal scheme that in days to come anxious parents would send their offspring to a Model Race Course, in preference to allowing them to waste their opportunities by the Isis or the Cam! You will, I know, honoured Sir, forgive this honest outburst. I have not felt so indignant since one night a month ago, when, at what I imagined was a respectable Nap Reunion, I found my neighbour, little BEN FERMINADAB, was in the habit, when my eyes were averted, of paying me my gains out of my own money lying on the table! This discovery put an end to a pleasant gathering. Thus will one black sheep defile an entire flock of immaculate fleeces.

But now, Sir, I conclude that you and yours are anxiously waiting for the seer to unfold his augury with regard to the Liverpool Autumn Cup. My Pegasus shall put his best foot forward, and give wings to the winner.

Let no *Parisian* run for me,
The *Count* may come again;
A *rod* in pickle though I see,
I view it with disdain.
But with a *Telescopic* eye
An *Irish* pair I scan;
While *Amphiprions* may have a try
To beat the *Market* man!

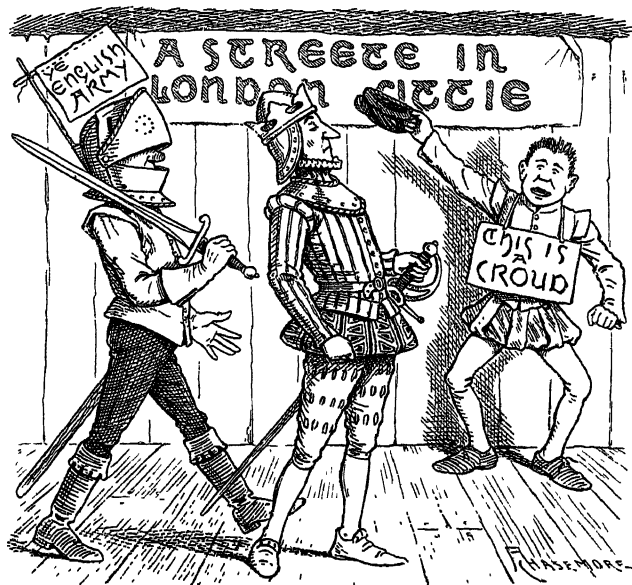
So runs the Muse away with warblings of "sound money." I do not conceal from you, Sir, that on Wednesday the winner of the Great Lancashire Handicap might respond to a *Spur*. *Verb. sap.* is the wish of Your respectful satellite,

DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I think you know, honoured Sir, that Liverpool is as celebrated as the City of London for its luscious calipash and calipee. I need not mention the hotel, but have issued satisfactory orders in your name.

[We hereby warn all innkeepers at Liverpool not to supply DARBY JONES with any sort of refreshment without ready money. He is not to be trusted "on the nod."—Ed.]

THE GREATEST CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN THE METROPOLIS AND THE NORTH OF IRELAND.—Lord London-Derry.



THE DRAMA IN THE DAYS OF ELIZABETH.

GRAND SPECTACULAR SCENE FROM HENRY THE FIFTH. RETURN OF THE VICTORIOUS ARMY FROM AGINCOURT. SHAKESPEARE THEN COULD NOT VERY WELL "SPELL RUIN."

(Dedicated to the Elizabethan Stage Society.)

[The Elizabethan Stage Society is going to act, as it promised, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* in Merchant Taylors' Hall. The date fixed is Saturday afternoon, November 28.]

FROM THE DIARY OF PATERFAMILIAS.

["The Americans have hit upon a new woman's industry—namely, lullaby-singing. A certain number of pupils training in the vocal schools and colleges are to be hired to visit the nurseries and sing to the children at bed-time, and they have found a general appreciation."—*St. James's Gazette*.]

Monday.—Children very troublesome again last night. GEORGE (aged one-and-a-half) and BETTY (six months) firmly declined to go to sleep, and howled loudly for hours. The nurse seems quite unable to keep them quiet, and treated with much scorn ELIZA's timid suggestion that she should sing them lullabies, remarking that she wasn't going to demean herself in that way, and that, if we wanted singing done, we'd better hire one of those low professional persons to do it. ELIZA remarks that perhaps it would be well to do this, as the papers say that the new lullaby-singers have met with "general appreciation." Tells me to order one on my way home from the city. (Later.) Have interviewed the manager at the College of Music, who promised to send round a high-class performer. Hope we may get a quiet night at last.

Tuesday.—Young lady with a large portfolio of music under her arm arrived at six o'clock last night. Took up her position on the hearthrug in the nursery, and opened fire with "Sleep, my love, sleep!" followed by "We're a-noddin'." Only result was to make both infants yell with terror. Then she began SCHUMANN'S "Schlummerlied," but stopped in the middle, explaining that unfortunately she could sing no more, as she was suffering from sore throat. Dismissed her, and then was kept awake nearly all the night by the children, in whom she seemed to have aroused a spirit of emulation. Experiment not successful so far.

Wednesday.—Called at the College of Music; manager profusely apologetic. Promised to supply another vocalist guaranteed not to break down.

6 P.M.—Lullaby-singer number two just arrived. When told of our former experience, she remarked that with intelligent and cultivated children like ours (ELIZA much delighted at this) the old-fashioned music was of no use. This case evidently needed to be treated with WAGNER. She begins to sing WAGNER forthwith.

8 P.M.—The manager has fulfilled his promise in so far as there is clearly no chance of this woman getting tired. She has a voice like a steam-whistle. She has now been singing WAGNER

for two hours; both children are still wide awake, and screaming fiercely. I fly to the club.

Midnight.—Return, to find WAGNER still being sung, and my wife in hysterics. Servant comes round from next door: "Mr. JONES's compliments, Sir, and please when the epitheted substantive is this noise going to stop?" Expostulate with the singer, and try to drive her away. She refuses to go, saying, that the credit of her profession is at stake, and continues to sing till 3 A.M., when she is at last induced to depart.

Thursday.—My firm resolve to have nothing more to do with lullaby-singers is overcome by the manager, who undertakes to send a more skilful vocalist—free of charge—to-night. Reluctantly acquiesce, and she duly appears. Marvellous to say, her success is complete; after about five minutes of her singing, both children fall into a profound sleep. We immediately offer her a month's engagement.

Friday.—Same delightful result; she manages to soothe the children wonderfully. ELIZA, however, declares that they are both looking far from well.

Saturday.—Alas! we have been outrageously duped! To-night ELIZA, not being quite satisfied with our singer's manner, concealed herself in the nursery while she performed. To her horror, she caught the so-called vocalist in the act of administering chloroform to our innocent BETTY and GEORGE! We decide to dispense for the future with the services of the professional "lullaby-singer."

"ONE MAN MAY STEAL A HORSE——"

[MRS. CASTLE, a wealthy American lady, sentenced last week to three months' imprisonment for stealing furs, was released after a very short detention. HENRIETTA STEWART, a poor English governess, was sentenced at the same time, and (in a far less degree) for the same offence, to six months' imprisonment, and was not released.]

Journalist interviews Specialist.

I BEG your pardon, but could you tell me the meaning of "kleptomania"?

It is a modern name for a very ancient complaint.

What is it called in plain English?

It used to be known as "picking and stealing."

Why is that term not now employed?

For fear of wounding the sufferers' susceptibilities.

Does the complaint prevail with various degrees of virulence? Certainly, it attacks persons very differently. It is chronic in the East End, where many of the patients belong to the deserv- ing class of housebreakers and pickpockets. In the West End the victims of the epidemic are less common, but in the City they are by no means rare.

What are the symptoms of the disease?

An irresistible desire to appropriate other people's belongings, whether they be watches or dividends.

What is the course of treatment for the patients?

It is generally found that a three months' cure at Wormwood Scrubs works wonders, though persons have been known to relapse.

Is the disorder catching?

There is a certain amount of catching about it, but a good many cases never come to light.

Was it known to the ancients?

Well, Mercury was a bit of a kleptomaniac, while *Autolykus* and ancient *Pistol* are good Shakspearian instances. In more recent times the patient was liable to be hanged, especially if his complaint took the form of hallucination with regard to property in sheep.

What is your theory with respect to the disease?

I think it is probably due to a bacillus, of a description acute enough to notice the leniency with which its host is treated. Give it the slightest encouragement, and it waxes fruitful and multiplies to an alarming extent.

Is there any check to its depredations?

They say that every bacillus has its phagocyte, and I believe that the resources of science are equal to cultivating the latter with sufficient effect. Meanwhile, we must be content with the drastic remedies at present in vogue, by which the rich may profit as well as the poor.

RE-NATURALISATION.

DURING last month fifty Certificates of Naturalisation were granted to "aliens" by the Home Secretary. Could not a few be spared for distribution amongst the "Little Englanders" of to-day?



KRÜGER'S LITTLE BILL.

IN MATTERS OF "MONEY," THE FAULT OF THE DUTCH
IS GIVING TOO LITTLE AND ASKING TOO MUCH.

[It was recently reported that President Krüger intends demanding a million as compensation for disturbance created by the "Chartered Company."]

IN THE "FRAM"; OR, NANSEN, IN THE NORTH.

BY A WOULD-BE HERO.

AIR—"In the Strand; or, I wish I were with Nancy."

Oh, these are the days for a Big, Big Boom,
And NANSEN got it amidst Northern gloom,
In the *Fram*.
He has bossed that Boom at one daring jump,
And it doesn't seem likely to be followed by a Slump,
In the *Fram*.
I wish I'd been with NANSEN,
I do, I do,
In the North Sea froze,
On the Arctic shore,
To live—and boom—with NANSEN!

So the *Fram* weighed anchor in June,
ninety-three,
And they soon were ploughing the dread Kara Sea

In the *Fram*.
They were baulked by ice-floes, they were baffled by fogs,
And they found cold welcome, and they lost their dogs,

In the *Fram*.
Those brave boys bound with NANSEN!
Oho! oho!

Each hero swore
On sea or shore,
To live or die with NANSEN!

But they did not fail, and they did not funk,

In a sleeping-bag, in a frozen bunk,
In the *Fram*.
Though going to sleep seems a difficult matter

For an hour-and-a-half with your teeth a-chatter,

In the *Fram*.
'Twas a chilly time with NANSEN, &c.

No danger, however, did they turn their backs on,
But weren't they glad when they met brave JACKSON?

Oh, the *Fram*!
For then they were getting in rather a poor way.

But now—what a time for NANSEN and for Norway,

And the *Fram*!
Oh! 'tis fine to be a NANSEN!

Hurroo! hurroo!
From the Arctic shore

To return once more,
And beam and boom like NANSEN!

Some heroes are taciturn, and some laconical;

But—read NANSEN's story in the *Daily Chronicle*,

Of the *Fram*.
'Tis a Broddingnagian Boom, though he didn't reach his goal.

What would it have been had he really found the Pole,

In the *Fram*?
I wish I'd been with NANSEN,

Just so! just so!
To go the hero's rounds,
And—sack Thirty Thousand Pounds,
Like the smart Norwegian NANSEN!

REFLECTION BY AN OXFORD GRADUATE.—
Little goes of whiskey make double thirsts in time.



Sportsman (to Snobson, who hasn't brought down a single bird all day). "DO YOU KNOW LORD PECKHAM?"

Snobson. "OH DEAR, YES; I'VE OFTEN SHOT AT HIS HOUSE."

Sportsman. "EVER HIT IT?"

Great Chance for the Collector.

OF all the pictures in various periodicals commemorative of the McKinley triumph, not one represents the interior or domestic view of that event so well or so forcibly as does the frontispiece of our excellent friend *The Penny Illustrated Paper*. "Here we see," as the Showman says, "Mr. McKINLEY a-receivin' of the telegram tellin' 'im as 'ee's helected by a vast majority. An' 'is wife rushes in at the very moment an' implores 'im not to believe only arf 'ee 'ears, an' nothin' as 'ee sees, 'cos it ain't true. Wich annoys Mister McKINLEY, an' he severely frowns, an' sez, 'Wot, this 'ere ain't true? 'Oo ar' you a-gettin' at? An' look 'ere, young 'ooman, anyway, true or not, I'm President o' the U-nited States, I am!' An' so 'ee were." But the full force of this can only be given by the picture itself, of which the intelligent reader will at once

procure a copy, and consider his money uncommonly well laid out. As a contribution to history it is well worth—but we will not anticipate.

Arctic Polo.

[MR. LABOUCHERE asserts that, in view of the money acquired by Dr. NANSEN for the descriptions of his journey towards the North Pole, he has "quite altered his mind."]

OUR "Labby" is a perfect bear
In Russian inclination,
But now he boldly doth declare
His Polish destination.
Whether he go or whether not,
He's sure to make earth's axis hot.

THE COMING COLOSSUS OF ROADS.—The autocar. Let's hope it will not be allowed, like the cad-ridden cycle, to "scorch," and so become the "Autocrat of all the Rushers"!



DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Cook. "WASTEFUL, MUM? WELL, MUM, THAT'S ONE THING I'M NOT! WHY, EVERYTHINK IN THE EATIN' AN' DRINKIN' WAY THAT COMES DOWN FROM HUPSTAIRS, I MAKE A POINT OF FINISHIN' UP MYSELF, MUM!"

HAPPY HARROGATE.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Harrogate, Monday.—Just before prorogation the Member for SARK and I arranged to go to Homburg. After infinitely stretched courses of long speeches, diversified by a few all-night sittings, must go somewhere to recruit. On reflection, asked each other Why Homburg? Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? If we must needs have most necessities of life "made in Germany," at least let us avoid the practice of getting ourselves re-made there.

"Consult ROOSTEM PACHA," said SARK. "His knowledge of watering-places, home and foreign, is extensive and peculiar."

Dropped in on ROOSTEM at his Pachalik, off Berkeley Square. Stated our case. The great Pacha unfolded his twined legs; re-folded them; hitched them a little on one side; sucked meditatively at his hubble-bubble, and said, "Try Harrogate. Water the same as Homburg, only more so. In addition to a well containing much the same properties as Elizabethan Brunnen there is one that equals Kissingen. Moreover, Harrogate has much the same bracing air that distinguishes Homburg beyond most continental watering-places."

That's how we came to Harrogate. Find the Pacha, as usual, spoke the words of truth and soberness. Quite apart from remedial effects of baths and waters, Harrogate is charming place of residence. SARK, who, like Ulysses and GEORGE CURZON, has travelled much, protests it is one of the pleasantest places he knows. The town is built on a tableland nearly five hundred feet above the sea level. It stands almost midway between the German Ocean and the Irish Sea. This morning the wind blowing from the East. SARK said he was sure he could

scent the German Ocean. As we happened at the moment to be passing a sausage shop this may have been a fancy born of association of ideas. Beyond salubrious height of situation, much is owing to happy accident of the Stray. This is a patch of grass-grown common plucked out of the heart of the ancient forest of Knaresborough, and secured for ever to the people of Harrogate. No builder, speculative or otherwise, may desecrate it with touch of pick or spade. Harrogate is built round it, secure in possession of this mighty lung.

Another accident that confirms to Harrogate the title of Happy is the contiguity of fine, clean, and presumably cheap building-stone. Consequently bricks, which are bearable, stucco which is unendurable, are rarely seen. Overlooking the Stray are here and there to be found peaked and gabled houses that give the place a restful, old-world look. The modern builder, inspired by these, has added broad streets of shapely, comfortable houses. To the casual passer-by they subtly convey impression of being more than houses. They are also homes. Churches, congregational and episcopalian, abound, without exception of admirable construction. As for hotels, their name is anything you like, from The Prospect to The Prince of Wales, from The Crown to The Marquis of Granby.

SAM WELLER's father, if he were still with us, and chanced to drive round the Stray till he passed The Marquis of Granby, would not recognise in it any kinship with an old familiar friend. The little hostelry at Dorking, kept by Mrs. SUSAN CLARKE, displaying as signpost the head of the Markis O'Granby, could comfortably be stowed away in the barn behind the hotel, which at the beginning of the century served Harrogate for a play-house.

Just ninety years ago Lord BYRON stopped at the Crown, and wrote there his poem, "To a Beautiful Quaker." There still lingers tradition of the terrible fights which took place between his two dogs, *Nelson* and *Bo'sun*. Quite a common thing, the oldest inhabitant of Harrogate tells SARK, to see the poet, broomstick in hand, endeavouring to part the combatants. In the end peace was brought about by the tragic withdrawal from the scene of *Nelson*. Tiring of the monotony of munching *Bos'un*, *Nelson* got into the stable, and leaping at the throat of a horse, hung on till a pistol shot through the brain loosened his hold.

"Harrogate stingo," SARK, for shortness, calls the "Old Sulphur" water upon whose ever-bubbling stream Harrogate prosperously floats. Regarded as a table water it is not exactly attractive. It has the faint savour of a beaten-up egg, the egg having been selected chiefly on account of age. The Kissingen water, aerated or still, is almost palatable. Both are in their way excellent, as the yearly accumulating table of those profiting by them testify.

"The Yorkshire Spaw," as the place is called in ancient literature, enjoyed wide fame as far back as CROMWELL's time. Within the last ten years it has experienced a new and more vigorous lease of life. The local authorities have begun to wake up to the wide possibilities that lie at their hands. They've got the wells, they've got the baths, they want the Kursaal too. There is no reason, beyond lack of well-directed enterprise, why Harrogate should not be as popular as Homburg. But the local authorities must do as the shrewd burghers of Homburg have done, and to the attractions of nature add the luxuries and conveniences of Art.

Happily there is a spur on their intent in the presence on the spot of a clear-sighted, long-headed doctor, who has made a study of continental watering-places, and perceives how they might be adapted to the needs and opportunities of the Yorkshire Spa. In his mind's eye he beholds Harrogate endowed with a pump-room common to the service of all the mineral waters; covered promenades where patients may foregather between their cups; a concert-hall; a news-room, even an Art gallery. Above all, a band that need not shrink from comparison with that which discourses sweet music at Homburg.

Towards the realisation of this dream there is already contributed a handsome block of new baths, worthy of the architectural perfectness of the town, enriched with all the latest luxuries. This is to be opened in time for next year's season, when, peradventure, SARK and I will come again.

With the Queen's

Leading Sportsman. Hold ha—rd! Here's some more of that confounded barbed wire! Dashed if I don't think this country is mainly inhabited by retired fishing-tackle makers!

[Makes for nearest gate, followed by sympathetic field.]

ROUNDAABOUT READINGS.

(Being some Letters from Mr. Roundabout to his Nephew at Cambridge, and to Others.)

NO. II.—OF SPELLING—OF MOTHERS—OF SCHOOLBOYS AND THEIR FATHERS—OF FRIENDSHIP AND THE MAKING OF FRIENDS.

MY DEAR JACK,—It was very pleasant to get your letter, and I am obliged to you for writing to me so fully. I may note, by the way, that the accepted spelling of the word "obliged" is as I have set it down. "Obligged," which you seem to prefer, is a pleasing variant, but there is no good authority for it.

I saw your mother three days ago. She was in London on what she called a professional visit, that is, she was taking the reluctant ALICE to be inspected by the dentist. ALICE appears to have behaved with the Spartan courage that might naturally be expected in one of her sex and name, and to have offered, voluntarily, to go again next day at the same price, namely, half-a-crown in cash, and an afternoon at "England's Home of Mystery," but the perfection of her teeth and her mother's arrangements both precluded such an arrangement. Your mother, of course, was full of you, and though I had written to her and described your start in a University career, I had to go through the whole story again—which I did, not unwillingly. I hope you'll write often to your mother, my dear boy. She thinks you the most beautiful, the cleverest, the strongest, and the most engaging of created beings. She's wrong, of course—even you will admit that—but the least you can do for her to repay her for this amiable delusion, and for all she has done and suffered for you, is to love her with all your heart, and to write to her now and then so that she may feel she has some share in your new life. Imagine the pleasure that it gives her when, for instance, the vicar calls and asks what news she has of JACK, and how he likes Cambridge, and what lectures he is attending, and if he has taken to boating—imagine, I say, her pleasure at being able to say that she has had more than one letter from you, that you have taken to the river, but you seem to think it unlikely that you will get a seat in the Cambridge Eight next term, there being so many of last year's crew left, and that you are attending lectures regularly with a view to honours as a classical wrangler, though, for her part, she hopes you will not overdo your reading, as young men are so thoughtless about their health, and she knows of one poor boy who broke down and became a hopeless idiot owing to overwork. The vicar will smile—vicars have been to Cambridge or Oxford themselves, and know a thing or two—but there will be nothing bitter in the smile, for he will probably remember the eager enthusiasm and devotion of his own mother in days long past, her innocent exaggeration of his merits and her blindness to his faults. There are at this moment in existence some five hundred mothers of Cambridge freshmen (not to speak of about the same number of Oxford mothers), each one of whom firmly believes that she has sent to the University a paragon of good looks, or intellect or amiability, or of all three in combination. When your mother pays you her promised visit at Cambridge, you will be proud of her and make much of her, and show her all the sights. It will be a great day for her—and for you.

At school, things were different, I think. Certainly there was pleasure in the prospect of parents' visits, but there was also a sense of anxiety. Would their appearance, we asked ourselves, be creditable to us, or would they put us to shame by wearing something or saying something or behaving in a way that the public feeling of our fellow-schoolboys might disapprove? Boys, English boys at least, are the merest slaves of the narrowest conventions with regard to fashion, and resent bitterly any transgression of their little code. Your grandfather, as you may remember, had a very large head, and the natural size of his hats was exaggerated by their straight, broad brims. When at an early stage of my school career the old gentleman came to see me, I hoped against hope that DUFF *secundus* might not see him, for I knew that DUFF *secundus* would disapprove of that hat, and would express his disapproval in his usual caustic way. Fate, however, willed it otherwise. My father came, and DUFF saw him full in the cricket-field, where no merciful shadows disguised a single inch of the height and circumference of that fatal hat. "What was that your governor was wearing?" said this hateful boy to me after the old man was gone.

"A coat," I replied, with a feeble effort to avert the inevitable.

"I don't mean that, fat-face. What had he got on his head?"

"Oh—a—well, a hat, I suppose."

"Just listen to him," said the little fiend; "he calls it a hat."



THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE.

Hostess. "GOOD NIGHT, GENERAL! SO KIND OF ME TO HAVE ASKED YOU."

Guest. "NOT AT ALL. SO KIND OF ME TO HAVE COME!"

I call it a jolly big portmanteau." The insult was a gross one, and I felt it, but DUFF *secundus* being an older and rather a bigger boy I bided my time and swallowed the affront. Two terms later, however, a collision at football convinced me that I could cope with him. On the following morning I chose my opportunity, approached him from behind and smashed his hat over his eyes. "Call that a hat," I said, "I call it—" I never finished the retaliatory sentence, for he turned like lightning and banged me in the mouth. We fought in the old hat-lobby. BLOBS was my second, CHOLLOR held an imaginary bottle for DUFF. The contest was short but decisive. At the start DUFF pinned me up against the hat-pegs, and thus did a double execution upon my body from in front and from behind. The position was unendurable; by a great effort I freed myself from it, and, closing with the prematurely exultant DUFF, drove my right fist full on his yielding nose, and then bore him crashing to the ground, where he lay, a gory spectacle. I asked him if he wanted any more; he said he didn't. I told him there was plenty more where that came from if I got any more of his cheek, and so departed triumphantly with the triumphant BLOBS. I saw DUFF only last week. He is bald, he wears spectacles; he is a busy city merchant. We hobnobbed together, and parted good friends. His eldest boy, he told me, is to go to Cambridge next October. You must call on him and be kind to him, if you can. By that time you will be in a position to show some kindness in your little world, though you may think, too, that your circle of friends will be complete, and that you will not require any more. If you do think that you will make a mistake.

But I must break off here, and resume the consideration of this important matter in another letter.

Your affectionate uncle, ROBERT ROUNDAABOUT.

MANY of the guests of the Motor Club went to Brighton on Saturday last by a horseless carriage—supplied by the L. B. and S. C. Railway.

CURIOUS FACT.—Those who make ducks and drakes of their property are always geese and ganders.



THE SUBSTITUTE.

The Rector's Wife. "OH, MRS. NOGGINS, I SHOULD REALLY TRY TO BREAK YOUR PARROT OF HIS HABIT OF SWEARING IN THAT AWFUL WAY!"

The Widow Noggins. "WELL, 'M, I FINDS IT SUCH A COMFORT TO 'EAR 'IM. MAKES IT SEEM MORE LIKE AS IF THERE WAS A MAN ABOUT THE 'OUSE AGAIN."

THE MUGGLETON MOTOR-CAR; OR, THE WELLERS ON WHEELS.

A Pickwickian Fragment Up-to-date.

As light as fairies, if not altogether as brisk as bees, did the four Pickwickian shades assemble on a winter morning in the year of grace, 1896. Christmas was nigh at hand, in all its *fin-de-siècle* inwardness; it was the season of pictorial too-previousness and artistic anticipation, of plethoric periodicals, all shocker-sensationalism sandwiched with startling advertisements; of cynical new-humour and flamboyantly sentimental chromo-lithography.

But we are so taken up by the genial delights of the New Christmas that we are keeping Mr. PICKWICK and his phantom friends waiting in the cold on the chilly outside of the Muggleton Motor-car, which they had just mounted, well wrapped up in antiquated great coats, shawls, and comforters.

Mr. WELLER, Senior, had, all unconsciously, brought his well-loved whip with him, and was greatly embarrassed thereby.

"Votever shall I do vith it, SAMMY?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Purtend it's a new, patent, jointless fishing-rod, guv'nor," rejoined SAM, in a Stygian aside. "Nobody 'ere'll 'ave the slightest notion vot it really is."

"When are they—eh—going to—ahem—put the horses to?" murmured Mr. PICKWICK, emerging from his coat collar, and looking about him with great perplexity.

"'Osses?" cried the coachman, turning round upon Mr. PICKWICK, with sharp suspicion in his eye. "'Osses? d'ye say. Oh, who are you a-gettin' at?"

Mr. PICKWICK withdrew promptly into his coat-collar.

The irrepressible SAM came immediately to the aid of his beloved master, whom he would never see snubbed if he knew it.

"There's wheels vithin wheels, as the bicyclist said when he vos pitched head foremost into the vatchmaker's vinder," re-

marked Mr. WELLER, Junior, with the air of a Solomon in smalls. "But vot sort of a wheel do you call that thing in front of you, and vot's its pertikler object? a-top of a coach instead o' under it?"

"This yer wheel means Revolution," said the driver.

"It do, SAMVEL, it do," interjected his father, dolorously. "And in my opinion it's a worse Revolution than that there French one itself. A coach vithout 'osses, wheels instead of vheelers, and a driver vithout a whip! Oh SAMMY, SAMMY, to think it should come to *this*!!!"

The driver—if it be not desecration to a noble old name so to designate him—gave a turn to his wheel and the autocar started. Mr. WINKLE, who sat at the extreme edge, waggled his shadowy legs forlornly in the air; Mr. SNODGRASS, who sat next to him, snorted lugubriously, Mr. TUPMAN turned paler than even a Stygian shade has a right to do. Mr. PICKWICK took off his glasses and wiped them furtively.

"SAM," he whispered hysterically in the ear of his faithful servitor, "SAM, this is dreadful! A—ahem!—vehicle with no visible means of propulsion pounding along like—eh—Saint Denis vithout his head, is more uncanny than Charon's boat."

"Let's get down, SAMMY, let's get down at once," groaned Mr. WELLER the elder. "I can't stand it, SAMVEL, I really can't. Think o' the poor 'osses, SAMMY, think o' the poor 'osses as ain't there, and vot they must feel to find theirselves sooperseeded by a hugly wheel and a pennorth o' peteroleum, &c.!"

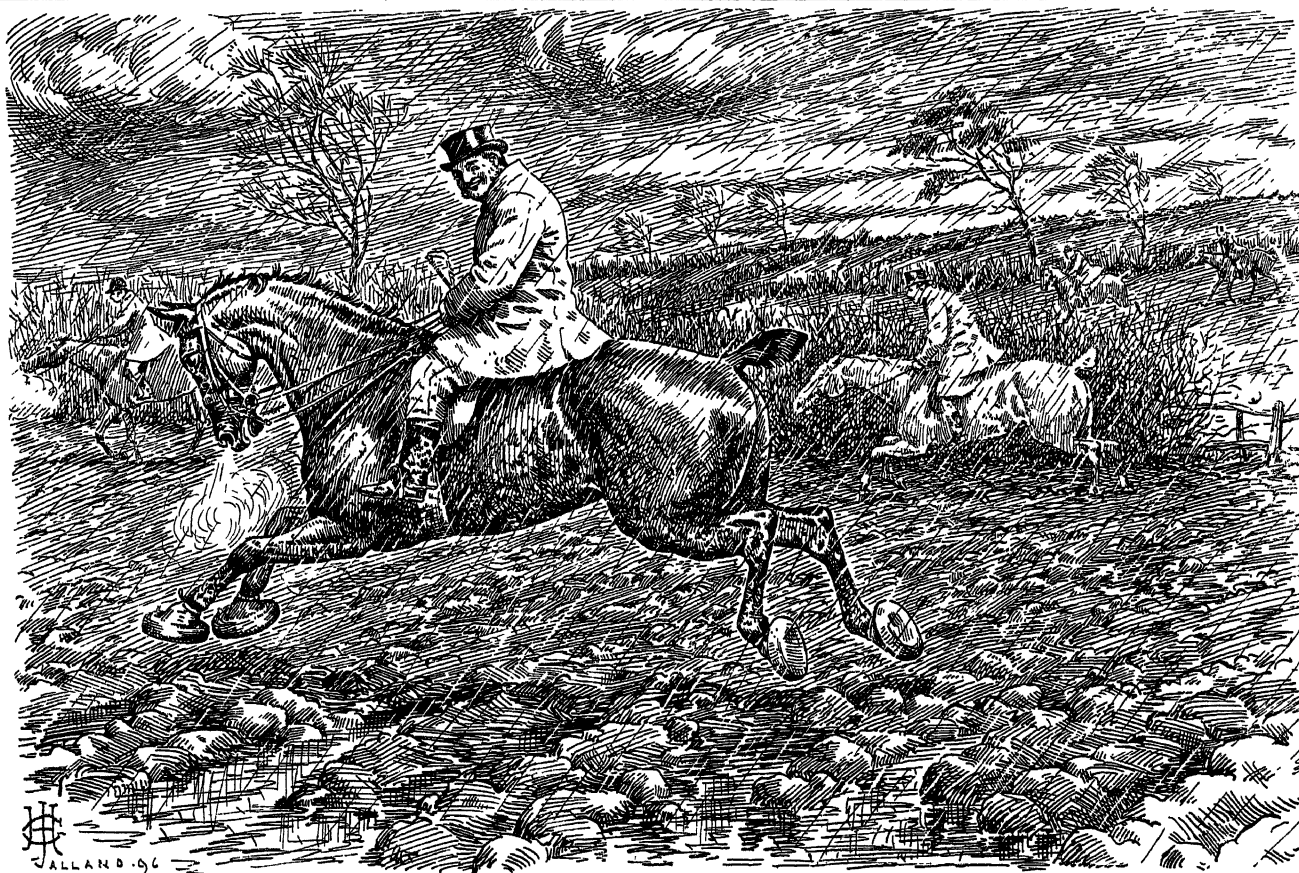
"Hold on, old Nobs!" cried the son, with frank filial sympathy. "Think of the guv'nor, father, and wait for the first stoppage. Never again vith the Muggleton Motor! Vhy, it vorse than a hortomatic wheelbarrow, ain't it, Mr. PICKWICK?"

"Ah, SAMMY," assented Mr. WELLER, Senior, hugging his whip, affectionately. "Vorse even than vidders, SAMMY, the red-nosed shepherd, or the Mulberry One hisself!"



PEACE PUDDING.

BROTHER JONATHAN. "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, JOHNNIE?"
BROTHER JOHN BULL. "WELL, IT'S BETTER THAN YOUR BEASTLY *HUMBLE PIE*, ANYHOW."



DEEP-GOING DEFIED. THE PATENT PNEUMATIC MUD-SKIMMERS.

SLIGHTLY HORSEY.

(A Chat concerning Steedless Carriages.)

WHEN I recognised that the establishment of locomotors (says one of our representatives) had become an accomplished fact, I considered it advisable to interview an omnibus horse of my acquaintance to learn his views on the subject. I found the object of my search quietly munching his supper in a stable. He received me with more apathy than enthusiasm.

"I suppose, Mr. GEEGEE," I began, "that you do not object to the use of these new carriages on principle?"

"Well," he replied, after a slight pause, which enabled him to consume a mouthful of corn, "I don't suppose I do. Of course, if we get more rest we shall not complain."

"But how about the shareholders?"

"I have nothing to do with them. My duty is to make so many journeys a day, for which services I receive food and lodging."

"But if you were driven off the road, will not that proceeding cost you some annoyance?"

"Why, yes," returned Mr. GEEGEE, with a horse laugh; "it is certainly not pleasant to be disturbed without compensation. But if we are not wanted in London we shall find plenty of occupation at Margate and other watering-places. I do not believe that the new method will interfere to any serious extent with the bathing-machines."

"Quite so; but then you have mentioned a trade which is confined to the summer months. What will you do in the winter?"

"I have considered that question carefully, and, taking into account the love of Englishmen for horsemanship, believe that there will always be room for us in the circus."

"But does not the arena require special training?"

"To some extent," was the cautious response; "but I am sufficiently conceited to believe that, with a very little practice, I could conquer my natural repugnance to wine to force myself to take a glass of sherry with the clown."

"Then, on the whole, you are not despondent of your future?"

"No, I am not, for even if the bathing-machine and the

amphitheatre fail us, we can enlist in the Army, and even (should the Navy be further augmented) in the Horse Marines."

"I see. And now what are your personal views on the motor-cars? Do you like them?"

Mr. GEEGEE became rather restive, and when he spoke again it was to express a decided negative.

"Pardon me for my curiosity," I said, as I was about to take my leave, "but should you meet one of the new carriages in the streets what would you do?"

"If I were near a church I should attempt to enter it," was the immediate answer.

"And were the doors of the church closed, what would be your next move?"

"Under such circumstances I should undoubtedly do my best to climb the steeple."

A REAL BAGMAN.

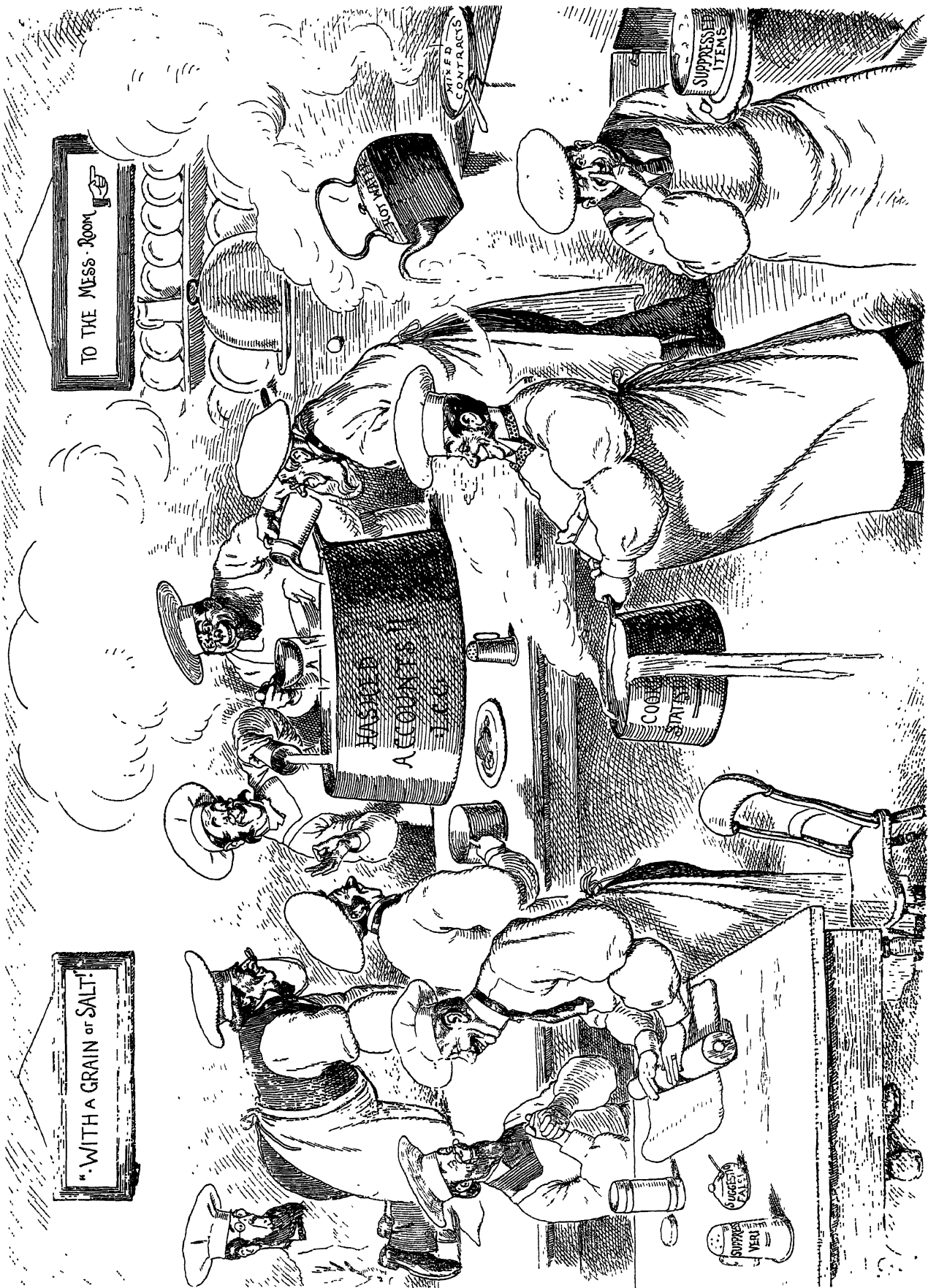
(Pleasant for M. F. H., who is belated and quartered pro tem. in the Commercial Room of the "Green Gooseberry," Shoddyford.)

Little Smiffkins (a Knight of the Road). 'IGGINS and me always 'ad a liking for 'unting, and one fine day last December, in 'Ertfordshire, not far from St. Halbans, has we was tootling halong the 'ighway, when 'oo should sneak through the 'edge by the roadside but bold Rainard, has pumped hout has a Heast-End reservoir. I 'ops horf then and there, and 'its 'im hover the 'ead with a sample-box, thereby laying 'im has dead has Haustrian mutton. 'IGGINS 'e cries "'alves," so I hout with my knife and cuts hoff 'is tail. That 'IGGINS 'ad, but the carcase is stuffed in my 'all at 'ome, and we calls hit the Manx Fox!

[Roars of laughter, during which disgusted M. F. H. beats an undignified retreat, mentally wishing for once that he could run a "bagman."]

A MATTER FOR THE HOME SECRETARY.

THE Earl of DERBY has lately opened a "Gamble Institute" at St. Helen's, Lancashire. As this is the chief centre of the glass trade, the object of the Institute is transparent.



COOKING THE ACCOUNTS.

(A Scene in the L. C. C. Kitchen.)

THE SOOTHSAYER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Are prophetic almanacks popular with the public?

Answer. So it would appear from their prevalence.

Q. And has not this success been secured by the veracity of the predictions.

A. That is the contention of their proprietors.

Q. What is the chief aim of a publishing soothsayer?

A. To narrow a prophecy as much as possible, while extending its limits to the utmost.

Q. Explain your meaning by an example.

A. Say that you narrow your prophecy to the bare statement that in "January a Royal House will be afflicted," you can declare it applicable to the death of the mighty sovereign of a great power, or a ninth-rate princelet unearthed from an obscure page in the *Almanach de Gotha*.

Q. And would not a Royal House be afflicted by anything less than a death of one of its members?

A. Certainly, the loss of a favourite cat or cherished walking-stick would be equally applicable.

Q. Supposing that you foretell that a State will lose a valued public servant, how will the prophecy be satisfied?

A. By the death of almost anyone. A great statesman who had made history in Europe for half a century or a lamplighter to a South American Republic who had been appointed a fortnight since to his office would each do equally well.

Q. How would you discover that "a terrible calamity gravely injurious to the human race" had come off?

A. By noticing that some such occurrence as the earthquake of Lisbon, or an accident to an excursion train in Canada, attended by the decease of a baby in arms, had taken place.

Q. Then you believe that, whatever might happen, you would so hedge round your predictions that you would be ultimately able to surmount your difficulties?

A. Certainly; for a soothsayer who knows his business will always leave himself a loophole for escape, and prove for the thousandth time that prophecy rightly handled naturally and appropriately leads to profit.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Ban of the Gubbe (BLACKWOOD) is probably a first essay in novel writing. If so, Mr. CEDRIC WALDO is to be congratulated upon having made a distinct mark. There are those who say, in their haste, that all the stories have been written, all the plots appropriated. Mr. WALDO triumphantly demonstrates the unsoundness of this assertion. He has invented for his hero a father-in-law round whom broods a dark mystery. That is not uncommon in fiction. Where Mr. WALDO scores is in the peculiar nature of the secret which Mr. Janson ineffectually attempts to hide. *He is web-footed.* My Baronite is not dealing disloyally with the author in prematurely disclosing this secret. On the threshold of the story Mr. Janson puts his foot in it—or rather a pair of feet. The potential son-in-law, though perturbed, was not to be denied. He married the daughter, and they all lived happy afterwards. Why the father-in-law should have had not only web-feet but



Sexton (to a Divine, who was spending his holidays in the country, and who, on the sudden illness of the Village Parson, volunteered to take the duties). "A WORSE PREACHER WOULD HAVE DONE FOR US, SIR, BUT WE COULDN'T GET ONE!"

"hands like fins," is the secret of the book, and the reader must delve for it himself.

Mr. LATEY, hitting folly as it flies on wheels, has given us a sparkling Christmas Number of *The Penny Illustrated London News*, which he who runs a "bike" may read and enjoy. The Shakspearian quotations adapted to biking incidents are happy, and happily illustrated. SHAKSPEARE was "not for an age" but for "cycles" evidently. But what connection there is between the subject of the last picture—a boatman bidding farewell to a young woman, his wife (presumably) and child, or to somebody else's wife and child—and bicycling, except that "there is a 'B' in both," it is difficult to see.

THE BARON.

OF COURSE.—Mr. WELLDON, Head Master of Harrow, objects to the Sublime Porte. Naturally a Well-don goes in for cold water.

At the Dairy Show.

Who readeth what these sickening pamphlets say,
Must have a stomach strong and palate plucky.
They seem to prove our modern Milky Way,
Like country lanes on a wet winter day,
Is very watery and monstrous mucky.

Consternation in Printing House Square.

Mr. Walter. Help! Salts! Anything!
Mr. Buckle (rushing to help). Why, what's the matter?

Mr. Walter (faintly). LABOUCHERE has talked of the *Times* as a "penny daily"!
[Vide "Truth," November 12.]

SHAKSPEARE ADAPTED.

THAT in a Castle's "kleptomania"
Which in a Cottage is rank larceny.

DARBY JONES IN THE MIDLANDS AND NORTH.

HONOURED SIR,—The signs of the decadence of flat racing, not flat catching, for the winter greet the astute punter (I do not refer, however, to the conductor of a flat-bottomed boat) on every side. The trainers now talk like so many Charons of the possibility of getting some of their sorriest crocks "over the sticks." Well, indeed, is this called the "illegitimate season," for who would father such a miserable meeting (I refer to the stakes, not the fields) as that just perpetrated in cold blood at Birmingham? Prizes of £72, £38, £46, £45, and £33 were the noble recompenses offered for the most part by the promoters of the gathering! I agree with that Eminent Peer of the Realm, Ex-vice-roy, Coal-owner, and Chairman of the London School Board, the Marquis of LONDONDERRY, that if racing is to be maintained as the leading sport of Englishmen (under this designation I include Scots, Irish, Welsh, Manxmen, and Channel Islanders), handsome rewards should be offered for competition, not miserable purses with which a leading pickpocket would be disappointed after an afternoon's ramble down Regent Street. On the last day at Birmingham forty-six quadrupeds contended for a gross sum of £383, or rather over eight golden sovereigns apiece! And to carry off such Breeding-nagian Stakes railway fares, jockeys, entries and keep had to be supplied by the adventurous owners! Withal the fields were large. I have read, Sir, of the exploits of Elizabethan mariners, headed by Sir WALTER RALEIGH of tobacco and potato fame, who went forth to discover the Golden City of Manoa, but I'll wager my bull's-hide Gladstone bag to an American-leather grip-sack that Sir WALTER and his comrades would never have ventured the risk entailed by these paltry gatherings on *terra firma*.

Bromford Bridge is not, I allow, the centre of the civilised world, as, indeed the quagmire by which it is approached duly testifies, but when B. B. is taken by the ignorant Southerner to mean Big Birmingham, even a few samples of electrolite would strengthen the value of the *honorariums*. But I suppose that one of these days we shall come to the Golden Age of the Anti-Gambling League—no stakes, no betting, and free and open courses, all done for the love of the sport. Then such capitalists as the Duke of WESTMINSTER, the Duke of PORTLAND, Sir JOHN BLUNDELL MAPLE, the Earl of CREWE, the Earl of ROSEBURY, and Mr. BARNEY BARNATO, will be imploring the LORD MAYOR to start a Mansion House Fund for the benefit of Indigent Jockeys ruined by the prevalence of Motor-cars.

But still, Sir, there are, as even the destitute Pelican or the much-abused Scapegoat will allow, Oases in the Wilderness. I trust that I am correct in my Latin grammar. Among these Sanctuaries of Sport let me reckon Liverpool. The Liver is, I believe, a fabulous bird ranking with the Phoenix, the Roc, and the Whistle-Wistle. He exists no longer, having, so the legend runs, been totally destroyed by long-continued fusillades of blue pill. But still the memory of this weird fowl is honoured. She must, I imagine, have been the fore-mother of the coy and diffident Oof-bird of modern times, so eagerly pursued by everyone, from the gentle Chancellor of the Exchequer down to the exasperating or-

gan-grinder. In any case, her deserted nest has produced and is producing many broods of well-plumed livers up-to-date, who do not hesitate to plunge fearlessly into the Stream of Life. When a Liverpudlian—shudder not, honoured Sir, the epithet is theirs, not mine—resolves on doing a thing, he does it well, inspired, no doubt, to obtain as much enjoyment as riches can command by the ever-horrible sight of the slimy and distressing Mersey, an estuary which yields not to the mouth of the Garonne in the bitter melancholy of its surroundings. The unhappy voyagers from the land of the Stars and Stripes, who first see Liverpool, must indeed imagine that they have come to a country from which the Pilgrim Fathers did well to fly.

But, as a town, Liverpool, like an oyster with an unprepossessing shell, conceals



most succulent relief. At the Adelphi Hotel you may, as I suggested last week, make merry with the Turtle that sings to you in the rhythm of "clear" or "thick." At the theatres you are entranced by the London-like appearance of the stage; at the music halls you can delight the eye and ear while solacing the gullet with its necessary *quantum* of refreshment. And on classic Aintree you have a race-course second to none within the humble ken of your obedient servant. It has had many patrons, but none more consistent than the Lord of KNOWSLEY, the present Earl of DARBY (would that I could add, "and JONES"), a sportsman, who had so great a love for a horse that he himself became a mayor. For four days in the most distressful month of the year the Liverpoolians (again forgive the expression) kept, as they used to say at the Gaiety Theatre, when it was a theatre, "the ball a-rolling." I would like to be rolling that ball now, for did not *Sardis*, in the great Lancashire Handicap, richly compensate me for previous disappointments? Shall I tell you why—in the strictest confidence? Because before going to the course a Lovely Lady told me that Mr. VYNER's colt was sure to win, inasmuch as she had lunched on sardines *à la Soyier* and champagne. There was a tip! I chalked it up, and consequently returned to mine hostelry possessing a pouch replete with those documents which the Grand Old Lady of Threadneedle Street has never been known to dishonour within the recollection of

Your satisfied serf,
DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I trust that you, honoured Sir, and my clients in general did not fail to profit by the victory of M. LEBAUDY's titled representative in the Liverpool Cup. If you remember, my prophecy in the burning

words of poesy foretold "The Count may come again," and I also held out warning with regard to the "Irish pair," referring, of course, to *St. Jarlath* and his queerly-named compatriot. I vehemently warned off every one from touching such an inflated animal as *Birchrod*, though she finished first favourite with my colleague "Mr. Hotspur," and the public in general. I do not conceal from you that I fully expected *Stowmarket* to recoup Mr. B. BARNATO for the expense to which he has been put with regard to OOM PAUL's lions, but I cannot rebuke Fortune on this occasion, my motto always being that of a Parliamentary carpet-bagger, "Win and a place."

[DARBY JONES seems to be, as usual when he has succeeded in what he calls "capturing the cake," enjoying himself. We cannot and will not be bail for him at Liverpool or elsewhere. Who is the "Lovely Lady"?—Ed.]

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Gunner waiting for early wild-fowl rests on a Bathing-machine in a well-remembered spot.

I REST beside the moonlit sea,
Its plash the only sound!
The sands long maindecks seem to be
That have no bulwarks round;
The coastguard's signal on the hill
Stands black against the sky,
The air is very raw and chill!
I think of you, and why?

Last August, in this very cove,
Your presence graced the scene;
Here in these waves to swim you strove,
And this was your machine!
I know the number twenty-three.
Hence in the water blue
You leapt, a mermaid fair and free—
I never looked at you!

But now I seem to hear you trip
Upon this tar-stained board,
And fancy I can see you dip
While "bobbing" with the cord.
Your red-gold locks in oilskin cap,
Your garb of crimson hue—
I always was a modest chap,
And never looked at you!

'Tis like a dream! For then I thought
You swam with grace and ease,
Just like the bathing wench, who taught
Her skill for well-earned fees.
But now I know you always put
Your plump white arms in view,
But on the shingle kept a foot.
I never looked at you!

Like Aphrodité shaking pearls
You rose from out the main,
And coyly hid some errant curls,
And then you "bobbed" again!
Then with a laugh and sinuous leap
You bade the waves adieu.
I dream, and yet I'm not asleep—
I never looked at you!

In toilette trim with floating locks,
No cap their wealth restrained,
You joined me by those sullen rocks—
And welcome haven gained.
You prattled of the joys of Love,
The Beautiful, the True,
And from your side I could not move—
For then I looked at you!

'Twas just three months ago and yet
Your troth was like this sand
On which is written large "Forget!
Mistake me not for land!"
Now do I not—the past is done,
Though day must follow night—
A whirr o'erhead! Here! quick! my gun!
The ducks are on the flight!



OVERHEARD NEAR BERGEN.

Norwegian Host (whose English is not perfect—to British Tourist).
"WHAT THAT I TELL YOU, SARR, IT IS QUITE TRUE. NANSEN
KILLED HIS LAST DOG TO SAVE THE OTHERS!"

LETTERS OF MARJORIE AND GLADYS.

I.—THE DECLINE OF FLIRTATION.

MY DEAR GLADYS,—I had not heard from you for so long—not, indeed, since the sad termination of your last engagement—that I was quite struck by the casual, inconsequent tone of your letter, and still more by the calm flippancy with which you express the surprising opinion that "*flirtation is gradually dying out.*"

I know there is much to be said for this view, and without going as far as a young friend of mine, who recently declared the only lady-killer of modern times was the unpopular character known to contemporary history as "Jack the Ripper," I admit I do perceive a slight falling-off in the number of those young men who were formerly classed as "mashers"; a decline in the quality and quantity of the tame cat. The Don Juan is rather shy than wild, and the *jeune premier* in general is extremely rare (and dreadfully spoilt in consequence). It is quite unusual, nowadays, to find a young man who lives for ladies' favour. Where is the rush at dances to secure the envied hand of the belle of the ball? Is there such a thing, now, as the belle of a ball? I think not. In France, they attribute this decline to the increasing charms of the bicycle. But what do the French know about flirtation? Flirtation is an essentially English product (in America, it is too frequently liable to degenerate into mere friendship); and, though the French imitate us now, there seems to me always something a little depressing, even a little sinister, in a Parisian's mode of carrying on what he calls "*un flirt*" with an English girl. I doubt if an English girl ever quite realises his point of view.

But to speak of it as a quaint old custom, surviving merely on Margate Pier and in the Kensington Town Hall, is to ex-

aggerate dreadfully. Especially it is not for *you* to make such an assertion, you, who spend your spare time in collecting all the most frivolous living exponents of the art. You forget that I watched, through the opera-glasses of friendly interest, your somewhat breathless gallop through your last season. You left me gasping at the immense strides you have made since you came out, at your caprices, your fickleness. There was a time when you liked one young man better than the others for a month, or even more; now, one musical afternoon is the average duration, and a couple of dinner-parties the limit. And then, your reasons for your preferences. They are as futile as your excuses for giving them up. You liked DE VERNEY "*because you heard he took cocaine,*" and threw him over because he was "*too thin and too fond of jewellery.*" You became inseparable friends with young MONTFORD for nearly a whole evening, because you had been told "*he had naturally curly hair that was artificially straightened out.*" When you found out that the iron had never entered into his hair you dropped him at once, on the trivial pretext that he sent you some roses, and that you are "*tired of roses.*" Tired of roses! at twenty! Sometimes the reason for your sympathy is the same one as the reason for your coldness. You took a fancy to CARINGTON "*because he wore a black ribbon watch-chain,*" and you gave up CARINGTON "*because he wore a black ribbon watch-chain.*" Indeed, ever since your engagement with that serious young man, ORIEL, who left England under a cloud, for which his father had to provide the silver lining, I observe that your admirers become more and more of a trivial type. Two points in common are to be found in them all, whatever their variety—either they are called REGGIE, or they are Secretaries. In extreme cases, they are both. They all do nothing, and think they know everything; they are constantly being photographed, frequently in some sentimental difficulty, and complain a good deal to one another of the "wearingness" of being faithful to five people at once. Marriage never even occurs to them, and since, I suppose, you have not given up the idea—not thinking a Humber a sufficient substitute for a husband—I should strongly advise you to turn your thoughts, soon, in a different direction. But when you write again, please don't complain of the decline of flirtation; the lament, from you, has so hollow a sound. Rather, give me instead some instances of the new methods, your own and your friends'. I have not kept up with the movement of late, and I have been told that you have reached a high level of artistic merit. But do be more serious!

Your affectionate friend,

MARJORIE.

CANINE SAGACITY.

NOBLE CONDUCT OF A PUPPY!

DEAR SIR,—My little son (AUGUSTUS, aged four-and-a-half) was left in a room by himself, about three days ago. He found two or three stray lucifer matches, and proceeded to strike them for his own amusement. I happened to reach one of the doorways leading into the apartment just as he had succeeded in burning his first match. Imagine my dismay—and thankfulness! Before, however, I could say a word, or step forward, another actor appeared upon the scene—a young St. Bernard (named *Squelch*) which had not hitherto shown marked intelligence. He saw the danger, and decided upon action as promptly as any human being could have done under the circumstances. With a blow of his paw he knocked the remaining matches from the hands of my little son. The latter has a spirit of his own, and not understanding the wisdom and kindness which dictated the dog's action, endeavoured pettishly to recover his playthings. Now comes the supreme interest of the story! Seeing that he was likely to be foiled in his benevolent purpose, the devoted animal *deliberately chucked up and swallowed the remaining matches!* thereby preventing all further risk to the child at considerable inconvenience to himself!

I read with much interest a letter which appeared exactly a year ago in your columns about a dog who unselfishly presented his mistress with his best bone; but I think you will agree with me that *Squelch* has broken the record. He has shown decided signs of seediness for the last day or two, undoubtedly due to the harmful nature of the chemicals absorbed into his system. Yet the noble dog must have been aware at the time that such unnatural diet was bound to disagree with him—yet he never faltered. Believe me, Sir,

Yours ever,

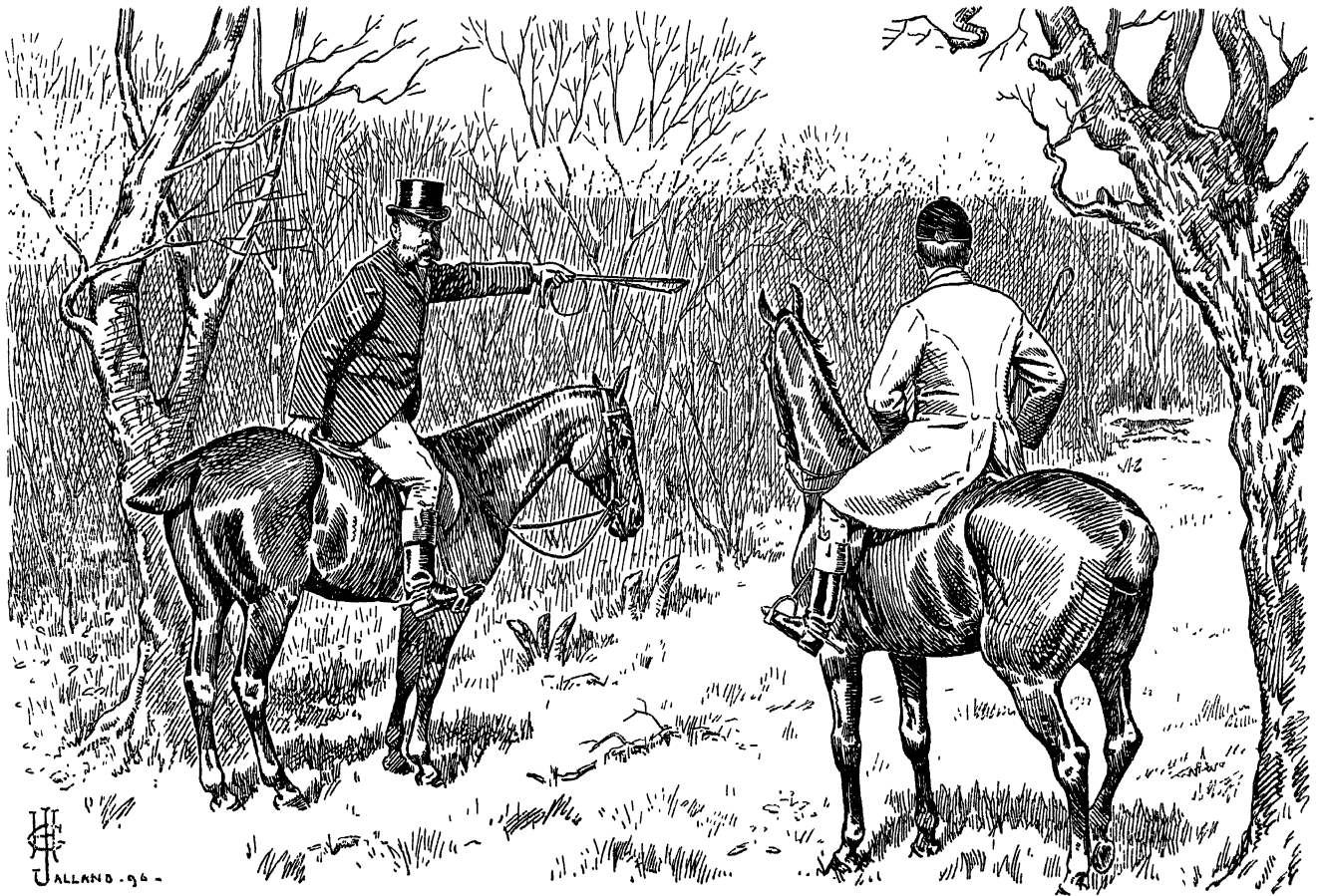
A THANKFUL PARENT.

DESCRIPTIVE DEFINITION OF CAMBRIDGE IN THE SUMMER TERM.
—"*Backs, et præterea nil.*"



"CREDE EXPERTO."

Mr. Gladstone (to Prince Bismarck). "TAKE MY ADVICE, PRINCE. DO AS I DO, AND STICK TO POST-CARDS!"



(LEADEN) HALL MARKED.

Notorious Covert Owner. "THERE HE GOES, MY LORD! ISN'T HE A BEAUTY?"

Noble Master. "H'M—YES. A FINE FOX. BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL YOUR KEEPER TO PICK THE SPRAW OUT OF HIS BRUSH?"

THE OLD ROCKET-CASE.

[BISMARCK, who calls himself "the old rocket-case in the Sachsenwald," is reported to have said that old age, in the country, when the physical powers no longer permit the saddle and the chase, is a depressing fate, and he is sorry he had not taken a house in Berlin and received his friends daily in genial converse.]

The Teuton Titan ruminates:—

CAPTAIN MORRIS was right! I feel chock-full of spleen.
"A cow on a common, a goose on a green,"
Mean boredom incarnate, to one of my mood.
There's rust in my iron, there's ice in my blood!

Blood and iron? *Ach, Himmel!* I might be a lath
Painted iron—like CECIL, and impotent wrath
Stirs my blood—into biliousness. Who cares to stop
Effervescence, when harmless as cheap ginger-pop?

A regular old rocket-case, void, fizzled out,
Like a woman grown old, or a man with the gout.
Who says "up like a rocket, and down like its stick"?
He'll see—if he comes within reach of my kick!

Pyrotechnics! *Ach!* mighty poor substitutes, those,
For gunpowder,—in guns, or the sword's slashing blows.
Ah, MOLKE, old Silence, you're happiest, far,
Not tempted, like me, to mere tongue-wagger's war!

A firework Sedan! Why, that is but a show
For JOHN BULL's Crystal Palace; a fiz-gig *tableau*,
To make boys blare and bellow, and old ladies gasp.
Oh, memory, "You're dowered with a sting like an asp!"

Yet fireworks, well handled, *may* frighten. At least,
Upset old women diplomats, scared at their feast
Like BELSHAZZAR the fool. That last cracker was fine!
A squib, for a moment, may seem like a mine!

But Sachsenwald solitudes tempt one to—sin.
"Oh! give me the sweet, shady side of"—Berlin.

Mad MORRIS again! Yet he was *not* so mad.
There is Tophet for strength on the shelf. Which is sad.

Old age in the country, *sans* saddle, or chase,
Is like—Ithaca's rest to Ulysses—*my* case!
The Dr. WATTS twaddlers, no doubt, in far lands,
Hint that Satan finds mischief for *my* idle hands.

The dolts! Could I trip them, like ARNIM.—Ah well!
If Count HARRY were here, he might hint that a cell
Was his foeman's desert full as much as his own.
Ach! Minnows make mouths at a triton o'erthrown.

O'erthrown! As though Etna could e'er be destroyed
Save by its own fires! True, if those were employed
In volcanic self-wreck!—Faugh! My care is so slight
For the babblers who hint this. Yet—*how if they're right?*
[Left brooding.]

Our Christmas Game Bag.

"WHAT'S in a name?" Yet the gentle Italian "*Attratto*" hardly suggests a new and exciting method of fishing on the table. For explanation, C. W. FAULKNER & Co., who publish them, have added a stock English translation of "catch 'em." Another enticing amusement known as "Nurky," is somewhat mystifying to the uninitiated; it is an easy method of making ducks and drakes of your money. So simple!

IN THE NORTH EXPRESS.—Astonishment of an affable Lincolnshire squire on inquiring "Do you know what Grantham is celebrated for?" expecting the answer "Gingerbread," to receive the retort from his fellow-passenger, a soured advocate, "Yes; sitting on the Bar!"

A DUCAL LINE.—The Duchess of PORTLAND has, in the Floors Water, captured no less than three salmon. Henceforth she ought to be known as Her Grace of Fishland.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXVIII.

*Mankletow v. Jabberjee. Notes taken by Mr. Jabberjee in Court during the proceedings.**Queen's Bench Court, No. —. 10.20 A.M.*

THE eventful morn of my trial for Breach of Promise has at length arrived, and I am resolved to jot down on the exterior of my brief such tittles as take place. I have taken my seat in Court on one of the benches reserved for long-robed juniors, in my immediate rear being my solicitor, SIDNEY SMARTLE, Esq., who will officiate as my Remembrancer and Friend in Need.

In the Great Hall below I had the pleasure to encounter Miss JESSIMINA and that worthy Madam her Mamma, being prepared



"Fresh as a daisy, and fine as a carrot fresh scraped."

to greet them with effusive kindness, and assure them I was only a hostile in my professional capacity. Whether they were struck with awe by the unaccustomed majesty of my appearance in brand-new wig, bands, &c., in which I am fresh as a daisy, and fine as a carrot fresh scraped, or whether they simply did not recognise me in the disguise of such toggeries, I am not to decide—but they passed by without responding visibly to my salutations.

10.25.—A stout, large Q.C., with luxuriant cheek-whiskers has just entered the row in front. Mister SMARTLE whispers me that this is WITHERINGTON, whom I refused to engage, and who is now in opposition.

I have taken the undue liberty to pluck him by the sleeve and introduce myself in straightforward English style to his honourable notice, acquainting him that his unfortunate client had a very flimsy case, and was not deserving of success, while myself was a meritorious Native Neophyte, whose entire fortune was impaled on a stake, and urging him not to show too windy a temper to such a shorn lamb as his petitioner.

However, he has declined rather peremptorily to lend me his

ears, nor can I induce his learned junior, who is my next neighbour, to show me any fraternal kindness. My said solicitor is highly indignant at my treatment, and warns me in an undertone that I am not to make any further overtures to such stuck-up individuals.

10.30.—Hon'ble Mister Justice HONEYGALL enters in highly dignified fashion. He is of a bland, benignant, and intensely clean aspect, which uplifts my downfallen heart, for it is obvious, from his benevolent and smiling bow to myself that he already feels a paternal interest in my achieving the conquest of my spurs.

The jury are taking the oath. Whether any of my co-contributors to *Punch* are among them I cannot discover, since they do not vouchsafe to encourage me by the freemasonry of even a surreptitious simper. But this is perhaps occasioned by over prudence.

The learned junior on my right has risen, and in shockingly bald and barren verbiage has stated the issues which are to be tried, and, being evidently no Heaven-born orator, sits abruptly down, completely gravelled for lack of a more copious vocabulary. A poor tongue-tied devil of a chap whom I regard with pity!

WITHERINGTON, Q.C., is addressing the jury. He is not a tongue-tied, but he speaks in a colloquial, commonplace sort of fashion which does not shed a very brilliant lustre upon boasted British advocacy.

Though of an unromantic obesity, it appears from the excessive eulogies he lavishes upon JESSIMINA that he is already the tangled fly in the web of her feminine enchantments. What a pity that such a prominent barrister should be so unskilled in seeing through the female heart!

He is persisting in making most incorrect and uncomplimentary allusions to my underserving self, which it is impossible that I am to suffer without rising to repudiate with voluble indignation! However, though he makes bitter complaints of my interruptions, he does me the honour to refer to me as his friend, for which I thank him with a gratified fervour, assuring him that I reciprocate his esteem.

Hon'ble Judge has just tendered me the kindly and golden advice that, unless I sit down and remain hermetically sealed, the case will infallibly continue for ever and anon, and that I am not to advance my interests by disregarding the customary etiquettes of the Bar.

11.5.—JESSIMINA is giving her testimony. Indubitably she has greatly improved in her physical appearance since I was a resident of Porticobello House, and her habiliments are as fashionably ladylike (if not more so) than Miss WEE-WEE's own! Alack! that she should relate her story with so many departures from ordinary veracity. Her pulchritude and well-assumed timidity have captivated even the senile Judge, for, after I have risen and vehemently contradicted her in various unimportant details, he has actually barked at me that, unless I wait until it is my turn to cross-examine he will take some very severe measure with me at the rising of the Court! A pretty specimen of judicial impartiality!

1.30 P.M.—The Court has risen for lunch at the conclusion of a rather severe cross-examination by myself of the fair plaintiff, and, not being oppressed by pangs of hunger, I have leisure to record the result—which, owing to the partisanship of Hon'ble Bench, the disgracefully complicated state of the laws of Evidence, and Miss JESSIMINA's ingenuity in returning entirely wrong answers to my searching interrogatories, did not attain to the sanguine level of my expectations.

For instance, when I asked her whether it was not the fact that I was notoriously deficient in physical courageousness, she made the unexpected reply that she had not observed it, and that I had frequently described to her my daring achievements in sticking wild pigs and shooting man-eating tigers.

Also she entirely refused to admit that the turquoise and gold ring I had given her was not in token of our betrothal, but merely to compensate her for not being invited as well as myself to a certain fashionable dinner-party; and the Judge (interrupting in the most unwarrantable manner) said that, as he did not understand that I seriously denied the existence of an engagement to marry, he was unable to perceive the bearings of my query.

Again, I reminded her of her mention of the gift of a china model of Poet SHAKESPEARE's birthplace, and required her—on her oath—to answer whether it had not been originally intended for another lady, and whether, having accidentally seated myself upon it, I had not decided to bestow the *dissecta membra* upon herself instead.

To which she replied, with artfully simulated emotion, that all she knew was that I had assured her at the time that the said piece of china had been expressly purchased for herself as a souvenir of my ardent affection, and she had accepted it as such, and carefully restored it with some patent cement.

Before this the Judge had asked me how I could expect the plaintiff to know what was passing in the tortuous recesses of my own mind, and informed her that she need not answer such a ridiculous question unless she pleased. But she did please, and her answer was received with applause, which, however, the Bench perceiving, though tardily, that I was entitled to some protection, did declare in angry tones that it was on no account to be permitted.

Next I inquired whether it was not true that she was of a flirtatious disposition, and addicted to laugh and talk vivaciously with the gentlemen boarders, and whether I had not earnestly remonstrated with her upon such conduct. Here WITHERINGTON, Q.C., bounded on to his feet, and protested that I was not entitled to put this question now, since I had not dared to allege in my letters or pleadings that I had breached my promise owing to any misconduct of plaintiff. But, instead of submitting to such objection, JESSIMINA answered in mellifluous accents that she had never manifested more than ordinary civility towards any gentleman-boarder, but that I had displayed passionate jealousy of them all prior to my engagement—though never since, because she had never afforded the slightest excuse for remonstrances.

Whereupon she was again flooded with tears, which stirred my heart with tender commiseration; for her maidenly distress did only increase her charms to infinity. And the Judge, feeling fatherly sympathy for myself, observed very kindly that I had got my answer, which he hoped might do me much good. For which good wish I thanked him gratefully; and the Court was again dissolved in senseless cachinnations!

Next I cross-questioned her as to her refusal of my offer to marry on the ground that I was already the husband of one infant wife, and whether it was not the fact. She responded that I had referred her to Mr. CHUCKERBUTTY RAM for corroboration of my story, and that he had informed her that my said wife was a deceased.

Here I cleverly took the legal objection that what Mr. RAM said was not evidence, and warned her to be careful, while the Hon'ble Judge partly upheld my contention, remarking that it was evidence that a conversation was held, but not of the truth of the facts stated in such conversation, thereby showing clearly that he did not credit her story.

Upon the whole, I am confident that I have at least silenced the guns of WITHERINGTON, Q.C., for upon the conclusion of my cross-examination, he admitted that he had no further questions to ask the plaintiff!

My solicitor says I shall have to buck myself up if I am to reduce the damages to any reasonable amount, and that he had been desirous from the first to brief WITHERINGTON. But this is to croak like a raven, for the cross-examining is, after all, of very minor importance compared to the Gift of the Gab—in which I am notoriously *nulli secundus*.

2.15 P.M.—The Court has returned. WITHERINGTON's Junior has called JESSIMINA's mother, whom I shall presently have the bounden but rather painful duty to cross-examine sharply.

Already I experience serious sinkings in stomach department. *Sursum corda!* I must buck it up.

A BISHOP'S IDEAS ON LADIES' IDEALS.

THE Bishop of HEREFORD, in distributing the prizes at the Redland Girls' High School at Bristol, as reported in the *Daily Telegraph*, said:—

"There was one ideal against which he ventured to warn young women, especially of the upper and middle classes, viz., the ideal of aping men's fashions and manners. He sometimes saw very smart young ladies in waistcoats and so on, which suggested imitation of men, and he always felt it was a mistake."

Miss MIDDLECRUST is of opinion that this attack comes with a very bad grace from a smart, middle-aged man who attires himself in "lawn sleeves," an "apron," and "so on," and she would like to know his feelings on that subject.

"THE only Patti Concert" was announced for last Saturday. Would it not have been even more correct to have styled it, "The Concert of 'the Only PATTI'?"

SUGGESTED.—New up-to-date novel by the author of *Carissima*, to be called *Motor-Car-issima*, with pedal notes by M.C.C.



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. I.

EXAMINATION PAPER

For Candidates for Teachership at our Educational Institutions.

1. Give a short history of cricket during the last two centuries, marking the changes in the game, with special regard to "no-balls."
2. Has any foreigner made a "not out" century? Briefly summarise the exploits of any three Australian batsmen and a prince of Indian extraction.
3. Who were "the three Graces"? Describe the favourite attitude of "the Doctor."
4. What are the rules of football? In what respect does Rugby differ from Association regulations?
5. Write a short essay upon either golf, lawn-tennis, or quoits.
6. What do you know about University sports? Give records of high jump, the one hundred yards, and putting the stone.
7. How would you coach an eight? When should a crew go into training? What should be the diet of a coxswain six weeks before starting on the Thames at Putney?
8. Show by diagram what you should do if the white ball were three inches to the left of the right upper pocket, the red on spot, and you yourself in baulk. Should you play for a cannon or a hazard?
9. What should be the outfit of a public schoolboy? Should he have two pairs of cricketing boots? Give reasons for your answers.
10. Show that athletics are more important than book learning. Why has croquet been described as "the game of girls"?
11. What is your weight? How much do you measure round the chest? How many inches are you above six feet?
12. Finally, if you have time, for the question is optional, and carries no marks, state briefly what you know about Latin and Greek.



HERE COMES SIR CHARLES THISTLEDOWN AND HIS NEWLY-MARRIED WIFE. AND YET PEOPLE SAY HE MARRIED BENEATH HIM!

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

AUTOMOBILISTIC BRIGHTON.

DEAR MISTER,—The great event of this month here is the inauguration of english automobilism. At Brighton above all one is in the movement, *dans le mouvement*. Naturally the fourteen I desire to see to arrive the fifty-four carriages of which one has spoken, the before-runners of the great changement, the inaugurators of automobilism in England.

Therefore, towards the four hours, I regard by the window of the hotel, and I perceive much of persons who walk themselves by a time of the most frightfuls. He rains, as at the ordinary in your country at the occasion of any assembly in full air. *Quel climat!* Not only that, but, the sky being covered, he makes himself already obscure, even before the hour of the going to bed of the sun, and also he makes a wind truly frightening, in effect one half-gale. What time for the unhappy automobilists! At cause of the obscurity, and of the crowd, I see not anything from the windows of the hotel, and I am obliged of to endorse my "mackintosh" and of to go out.

Quel temps! Impossible of to hold an umbrella! And in England one carries not a *capuchon* for to cover the head, as in France. However see there much of charming misses, who walk themselves by a time as that, without to trouble themselves, the least of the world, of the rain, of the wind, or of the mud. And what mud—all as at London! Not only young misses, but also old ladies, old ones—*vieillards*—little child, all are there. Also enormously of bicyclettes and of carriages—"horse-carriages," for he must to distinguish at present. All, excepted the automobiles!

He makes black, but all the world continues of to walk himself at the electric light. And see there, after to have attended during three quarters of an hour, without anything to see excepted the crowd, all to blow, *tout à coup*, I smell an odour of oil—ah but, an odour of the most disheartenings, *écœurantes!*—and I perceive a little carriage, conducted by a man, in costume of "yachtsman," with a droll of bonnet, *galonné* of gold. The little carriage is followed of two other carriages and of two other odours of oil, still more disheartening, and, after some time, of an electric carriage, absolutely without odour. *Voilà tout!* All the world has passed one hour or more by a frightful time, for to

see to arrive four carriages, absolutely covered of mud, and one distinguishes them at pain in the obscurity, excepted by the odour of the oil and by the *vacarme* of the mechanism. Truly it is an historic occasion, the inauguration of the carriage of the future, but extremely disagreeable by a so villain time.

Me I am myself horribly enrheumed. Since that I have had the grip, the influenza, there in some years, a rheum of brain is a veritable malady for me. *Je me mouche*, I pocket-handkerchief myself, absolutely without cease, *j'éternue éternellement*, I sneeze eternally, I have bad at the head, bad at the throat, bad at the eyes. Ordinarily of a natural enough gay, I become a miserable pessimist, incapable of anything to do. I say all this for to explain for what I write this so longtime after.

But in verity one sees some automobiles at Brighton, and by a superb time, all the days since the fourteen, above all the sixteen—all sorts of carriages, the most part as those that I have already seen at Paris. And all the world speaks but of that. It is that which the English call "a new craziness." Even the respectable and ancient "Chainprier" becomes an automobile, and goes gently towards the east. In fine perhaps the "Pavillon," that droll of palace of GEORGE FOUR, will part also, *en route* to Pekin.

Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

At a Metropolitan Police Court.

(A Forecast.)

Magistrate (to prisoner). You are accused of stealing two loaves of bread. Have you any defence?

Prisoner. Yes, your worship. I'm a confirmed kleptomaniac—when my wife and children are starving.

Magistrate. Have you any reference as to your statement?

Prisoner. Yes, your worship, all the best London doctors and the Home Secretary.

Magistrate. Discharged! Without a stain upon your character! The quality of mercy can never be strained nowadays. It is only diluted.

GONE UP ONE.—The *Daily Telegraph* states that Viscount WOLSELEY is to be the guest of the Marquis of ROSEBERY. Is this the outcome of the Primrose League proclivities?



“TURKEY LIMITED.”

SULTAN. “BISMILLIA! MAKE ME INTO A LIMITED COMPANY? M’M—AH—S’POSE THEY’LL ALLOW ME TO JOIN THE BOARD AFTER ALLOTMENT!”

[It is reported that “among the proposals” which the Powers have “under serious consideration,” is a scheme for raising a “new Turkish Loan of five millions sterling,” to be applied to the cost of the judiciary, revenue, and police service “under European control.”]



SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LIFE among savages is apparently mild compared to the ordinary existence of a schoolboy, especially in *His First Year at School*, by ALFRED WEST (FISHER UNWIN). His time was anything but a peaceful one. "Ragging" and "rotting," with many other modern terms for torture, are suggestive of capital fun, except for the unhappy victim. But the result is effective, the process of evolution admirable through which the namby-pamby individual develops into an every-day youth.

In writing *The Life of Archbishop Magee* (ISBISTER), Dr. MACDONNELL has enjoyed the advantage of finding a sequence of letters from the pen of Dr. MAGEE, which, with here and there a deft touch, suffice to tell the story. This is the best way a biography may be written. It is, however, doubtful whether, had Dr. MAGEE been in a position to be consulted, he would have consented to the publication of all the letters which appear in these volumes. There is, for example, one addressed from Spain to his friend Dr. MacDONNELL, then a curate in County Carlow. "If I were in your place," he writes, "I should borrow without scruple for my sermons. It is the only debt a man is not obliged to repay." For an unsophisticated layman like my Baronite this is a little startling. Suppose the analogous case of a journalist preaching his weekly sermon in, say, the *Spectator*. Suppose, in order to fill up his appointed space and earn his apportioned fee, he were to delve out of back numbers articles by other hands, furbish them up to suit time and occasion, and pass them off upon an unsuspecting editor as his own. What would be said of such a sinner in quiet country parishes? Another section of the correspondence which grates upon the sensitive lay mind, unsuspicious of such things in Rectories and Deaneries, is evidence of hankering after professional promotion. Once MAGEE permitted himself to utter the frankest complaint of a bishop who had been an unconscionably long time dying. "The Bishopric of Meath," he writes, on August 1, 1886, "would, I believe, have been mine had Dr. SINGER's death taken place just three weeks sooner than it did. Three weeks of an exiring and seemingly useless life lay between me and all that a bishopric im-

plies." Whilst this inconsiderate man lingered on, clinging to life with reprehensible selfishness, EARL RUSSELL, who would have promoted the Dean of Cork, was turned out of office, and LORD DERBY, who had other clerical friends to serve, took his place. Hence these angered tears over the bier of the dallying bishop. From a historical point of view, MAGEE's letters penned during the progress of the fight over the Irish Church Bill are the most interesting and valuable portion of the book. On every page he discloses his inner self, supplying rare opportunity for the study of a man. Occasionally he sums himself up in a phrase. "You will think me," he writes, in April, 1873, "a strangely pugnacious bishop." Three years later he declares, "I ought to have been the editor of a Radical newspaper instead of being a Conservative bishop." If for "ought" we read "might" this is very true. As his career was shaped it was infinitely better. The editor of a Radical paper is a commonplace of humanity as compared with a MAGEE on the Episcopal Bench. The letters will rank among the best in the English language. The sentences follow each other like hammer strokes, each one hitting the nail.

Let us praise heroes. *The Life of Nelson*, by SOUTHEY, brought out by Messrs. DENT, of the Aldine House. To the neatness and daintiness of the binding of this DENT's production, this indenture witnesseth.

Powerfully told is the sad story of *A Child of the Jago*, by ARTHUR MORRISON, published by METHUEN. It seems to the Baron as though the author had been inspired to write a modern version of that hideous and squalid part of DICKENS'S *Oliver Twist*, in which old Fagin, Bill Sikes, Nancy, Charley Bates, and the Dodger are the principal actors. In the action of the hypocritical "fence" there is also a touch of our old friend "Melter Moss" in TOM TAYLOR'S *Ticket-of-Leave Man* who, in the drama, went to the merchant's office to "split" on Bob Brierly, just as Weech, in this tale, ruins the prospects of the unfortunate Dicky Perrott. The fight of the criminal after the murder recalls both that of Bill Sikes and Jonas Chuzzlewit, under similar circumstances. The description of the great fight between Josh Perrott and Billy Leahy is a master-piece. A glossary of thieves' slang—or the slang of The Jago—ought to appear as appendix. It is horribly, detestably fascinating.

Except that Amyas is true to his Geraldine, the story of *Sir Amyas, Cavalier*, up to a certain point is that of the ballad of *Billy Taylor*, whom his "true love followed after under the name of *Richard Carr*," disguised as a sailor. So Geraldine, disguised as a youthful soldier, follows her lover, Amyas, and becomes his wedded wife while yet "masking as a cornet of the king's horse." The interest of the story ends with the discovery and the marriage, in the middle of the book. After that, all about King CHARLES and OLIVER is *vieux jeu*. Mr. M. H. HERVEY'S *Sir Amyas* is to be heard of, in a single readable volume, at the house of one Master ARROWSMITH, of Bristol.

CONSTANCE COTTERELL'S *Impossible Person*, to be found in FISHER UNWIN'S Autonym Library, began as a kind of composite being, something between *Dora Spenlow* and little *Paul Dombey*. Then "Little" ELIZABETH grew up and became another version of Mrs. David Copperfield of Blunderstone Rookery, who was wearied out of life by Mr. Murdstone and his amiable sister Jane, here, in this story, represented by Lucas and Elaine. Yet, those who take up this little book, will thank Miss COTTERELL for a delightful story, and will finish their expression of genuine approbation with the child's usual request, "Now tell us another! do tell us another!" Yes, "tell us another," quoth THE BARON.

To Princess Charles of Denmark.

(Born November 26, 1869.)

PRINCESS! a birthday-greeting, not
The stereotyped congratulation
That is the wonted fulsome lot
Of those who represent high station.
This from our hearts, good, bright Princess,
Long may you, Danish wed, possess
The love of all your father's nation!

THE NATURAL CREST OF EVERY GOLF CLUB.—The lynx.

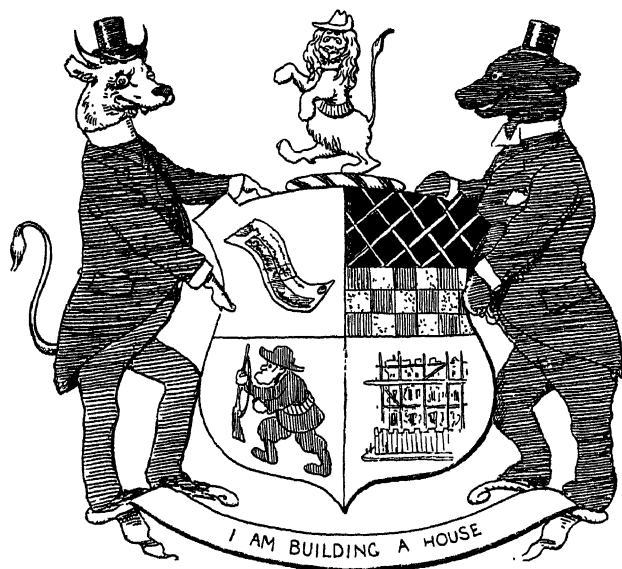
LETTS calls them "desk or rough diaries." Why "rough," when they are intended for "Gentles all"? Ladies who like to keep strict account of their dressmakers' bills will find these diaries eminently adapted to suit their figures.

THE FAVOURITE OF THE MOTOR-CARS.—Petroleum.

"TO ARMS!"

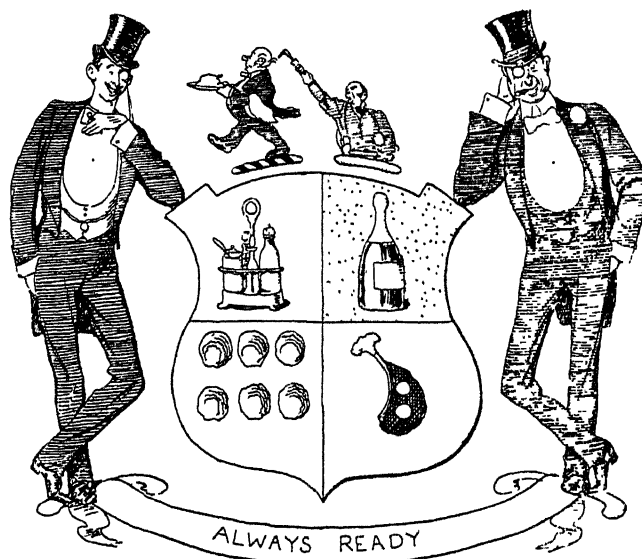
In the *Saturday Review* a writer, signing himself "X," an unknown quantity, has recently started a series of articles headed the "Snobbery of it," in which he shows how certain new men, and some old ones too, ambitiously eager to possess heraldic devices associated with ancient houses and noble lineage, have rushed in where Dukes feared to tread. The title of "X"'s articles might have been more appropriately "Robbery and Snob-

bery Under Arms." But, we ask, why hark back to ancient and well-worn devices? Why not commence a new era? Why not let our Millionaires of the Moment and Newly-Titled Ones send to Mr. Punch's own Heraldic Artist for their arms, which will always be ready to hand on the shortest notice, and for their quarterings, which will be provided "while you wait?" We give a few specimens to start with, and "you will do the rest."



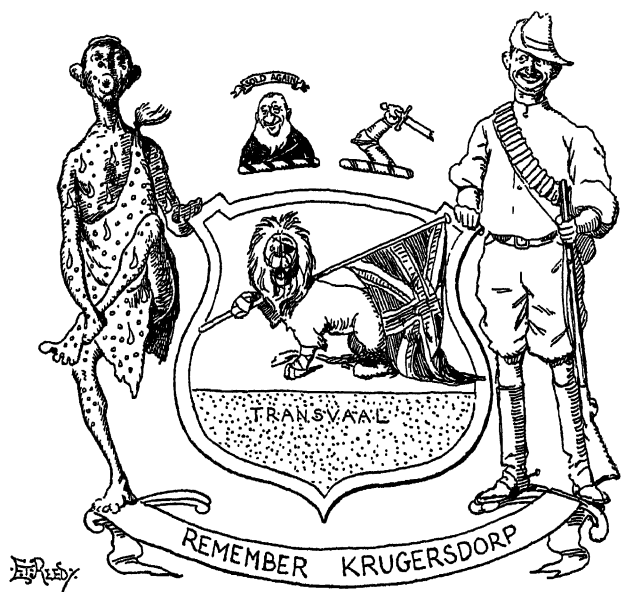
THE EARL OF B-RN-TO.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st (of the month), a regal cheque in advance proper; 2nd, fretty but checky; 3rd, a Boer rampant and bristled; 4th, grand quarters (in Park Lane), behind heraldic scaffolding a castle garnished all proper. *Crest:* South African Lion rampant ducally gorged or. *Supporters:* Dexter, a bull; sinister, a bear, both proper, plain collared (celluloid) and chained or.



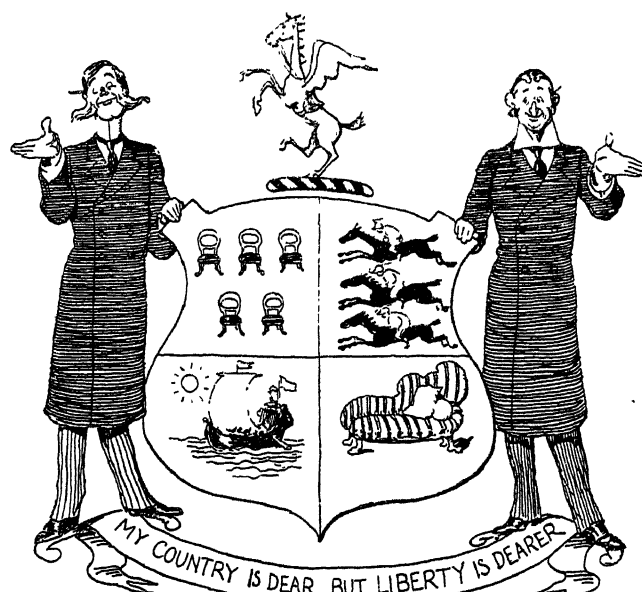
VISCOUNT G-TTI OF THE STRAND.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, argent a cruet charged extra; 2nd, a magnum or très sec; 3rd, six native oyster-shells all passable; 4th, a côtelette de mouton charged twice over. *Crest:* 1st, a waiter passant charged with a salver argent, sinister arm a serviette; 2nd, a demi-customer rampant holding in the sinister hand a parapluie vert. *Supporters:* Two jeunesses dorées flippant regally gorged or.



THE DUKE OF RH-D-S.

Arms: Sable, a British lion trippant, collared, chained, and muzzled; charged with a raid over a bordure all improper bearing the British flag depressed. *Crests:* 1st, a Boer's head couped at the neck; 2nd, a hand grasping a sword sinister. *Supporters:* Dexter, a blackamoor semée of pellets and guttées de sang (Loben)gules; sinister, a Chartered Company trooper gorged with laurels.



BARON M-PLE OF TOTTENHAM COURT.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, five dining-room chairs (a bargain); 2nd, three race-horses sable just rounding Tottenham Cour—no, Tattenham Corner; 3rd, a winter sale (at greatly reduced prices) proper; 4th, an art sofa of the very latest, vert, azure, or gules. *Crest:* A pegasus rampant, new wings furnished throughout by M-ple & Co. *Supporters:* Two shop-walkers monstrant frock-coated sable.



OVERHEARD AT HYDE PARK CORNER.

NO CLASS, THESE 'ERE BICYCLERS, IS THEY, CAPTAIN?"

THE ONE TOPIC.

Old Lady. Yes my dear, it is very interesting. I remember, when I was a girl, going to see the first train pass through Bath, just as you went to see these motor-cars, &c., &c.

Small Boy. Hullo, TOMMY! My guv'nor's given me ten bob, and SMITH minor and me are going to make a motor-car, &c., &c.

Old Gentleman. I think I'll take some shares. The papers are full of it. My belief is the motor cars, &c., &c.

Young Lady. It would have been rippin' if the weather hadn't been so awful. I biked as far as Croydon. I'm awfully keen now on ridin' in a motor-car, &c., &c.

Infant (in a legal sense). I say, you fellows, private hansoms ain't in it. I've just ordered a motor. Take TOTTIE DE VERE down to Brighton. Rippin' lark! Never told the beastly counter-jumper how old I was. And he can't get anything out of the guv'nor. Some bally old judge said fizz is a "necessary," but motor-cars, &c., &c.

Infant (in every sense). Boo-hoo! Don't like dolly. Don't like Nana. Naughty Nana. Me want dada give me a moo-car &c., &c.

Cabman. Wot I arsts is, wot am I a-goin' ter do with my bloomin' oss? If these 'ere motor-cars, &c., &c.

Doctor. How about JONES and his pair now? Awful sell for him! Wonder how soon I can leave off jobbing some old screw, and start a motor-car, &c., &c.

Undertaker. A henterprisin' firm must move with the times. Must see about had-vertisin' my "Gothic Glass-panelled Necropolitan Motor-car, Registered." That'll fetch 'em, "Gothic" halways does, and now these motor-cars, &c., &c.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An unhappy Swain compares himself to a Candle of ordinary fabrication, and draws a comparison.

Said the candle to the match,
"I am waiting.
If you flash, I cannot catch,
Still I'm waiting.
When you lightly look on me,
I reply with sympathy.
But I'm waiting, waiting, waiting!"

Said the candle to the match,
"I am weary.
You once promised me despatch;
But I'm weary.
I am longing for the flame
That shall change your other name.
But I'm weary, weary, weary!"

Said the candle to the match,
"I am hoping;
Though no glimmer do I catch,
Still I'm hoping.
In the darkness of the night,
Tho' there comes no sign of light,
I am hoping, hoping, hoping!"

Said the candle to the match,
"It is morning.
Lo! the swallow quits the thatch
In the morning.
You have never been to me
As you promised you would be
'Fore the morning, morning, morn-
ing."

"I'm the candle in the vale,
Oh, my darling!
And my love can never pale,
Oh, my darling!
But I'd dearly love to know
Why that lamp had such a glow
When you touched it, darling, dar-
ling!"

L. C. C. AS PLAIN AS A B C.

First Citizen meets Second Citizen. They exchange greetings.

First Citizen. I say, aren't you on the London County Council?

Second Citizen. I have that distinguished honour.

First C. Then what's all this to-do in the Works Department?

Second C. There has been grave irregularity, which is being promptly remedied.

First C. Yes, I read that in the newspapers. But what does it all mean?

Second C. That the jobs undertaken by the Council were more expensive than they would have been had they been entrusted to outside contractors.

First C. How did that happen?

Second C. By ignoring the current prices of the labour market.

First C. And where did "the grave irregularity" enter?

Second C. In the preparation of the accounts. The books were undoubtedly cooked and served up with sauce.

First C. Indeed; and was it any particular sauce?

Second C. No, general sauce; or, to be more explicit, "Progressive Sauce."

First C. And yet there was some talk of "profits."

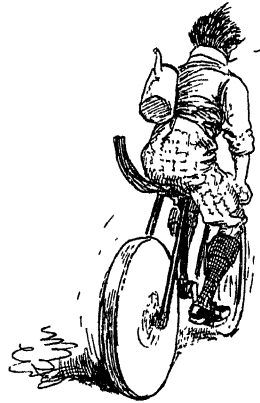
Second C. A misnomer. The "profit" was the difference between the actual cost and an exaggerated over-estimate.

First C. Then the "profit" was merely a disguised loss?

Second C. Quite so, but the first name is prettier than the second.

First C. And when will the ratepayer fully realize this disguised loss?

Second C. When he receives his next note of assessment.



HINTS FROM OUR INVENTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

PATENT CONVERTIBLE KNIFE-GRINDING SAFETY.

DARBY JONES AT DERBY.

HONOURED SIR,—It has often puzzled me why the Midland Railway Company should have its headquarters at the town which for so many years was associated with the political fame of Mr. SAMUEL PLIMSOLL, Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT and Sir THOMAS ROE—the latter an eminent authority on soft sawdust. We Londoners, who gaze with awe on the wide-spreading span of St. Pancras Station, frequently forget that the directors, who see no medium between First and Third-class passengers, issue all their edicts from a place whence both the Lord of KNOWSLEY and the Blue Ribbon of the Turf derive their appellations. I confess that I like Derby, quite apart from racing or railway reminiscences. There is a certain air of "Tread on my toes and I'll walk on yours" about the inhabitants. They don't hesitate in their method, they *do* it, as I know to my cost, after inadvertently coming in contact with a citizen whose feet were considerably larger in space than that accorded to most of the Queen's subjects. His language corresponded with his weight carriers. It was very heavy and broad, and I am still dependent on a couple of walking-sticks. Nevertheless, I like Derby, and it was in honour of Sir WALTER SCOTT and the late Lord TENNYSON that I placed my humble "fiver" on *Northern Farmer* for the Chesterfield Nursery Stakes, not a bad solution where no less than a score of two-year-olds were engaged. Albeit, I am strongly averse from this kind of race at the close of the season. Young quadrupeds ought in November to be housed for the winter. Many a promising four-footed performer have I known ruined for life by appearing in public at a time when sensible bipeds are preparing to wing their customary flight to Monte Carlo or Algiers. And surely babies, be they colt or filly, require a little nursing? I notice, honoured Sir, that you (in addition to other superfluous and crude remarks) inquire "Who is the Lovely Lady?" I regret that, consistently with Honour and High Principles, such as have always, I trust, been my Goals in Life, I cannot satisfy your extravagant curiosity as to the Divinity, and was truly inspired by the Blessing of Prophecy at Liverpool. Suffice it to

say that she is fair as an Oleander in the south of France, wise as a rattlesnake of far-distant Florida, and as sagacious as the pig, which, I understand, discovers the luscious truffle for the wanderer interested in the manufacture of Strasburg pies. I must therefore ask you, with all deference to your high status, not to seek to reveal the identity of the Lovely Lady. Your indiscretion in alluding to her has, despite my crippled state, compelled the acquaintance of a Supple Ash plant with the shoulders of an Imprudent Baronet. As they say in the classics, "a little knowledge often makes a dangerous sting." Therefore, as Mr. JOHN HAWKE, the industrious secretary of the Anti-Gambling League, knows to his cost, it is dangerous to be *over curious*. "Herewith I drop the subject," as the Barbary Ape said when he handled the over-roasted potato. Like NANSSEN to the Pole, I now turn to those items in which I know you, Sir, despite your feigned callousness, have an interest second to none. How it has gladdened my heart to watch you surreptitiously hovering about TATTERSALL'S Ring, endeavouring to get a better price about your pet fancy than the market justified! I believe that you even *shaved* on one occasion in order to accomplish your object. With the Manchester Handicap in view I chortle about a small field.

The *Epi-cure* may odds upset,
The *Dale* make *Chat* look small;
A *Belgian river* don't forget,
While *Anne* may beat them all.

I indite the above with the winner of the Derby Cup before my visionary organs. I doubt not that you were delighted with the special wire which I sent you announcing beforehand the victory of *La Sagesse*. It was a Christmas present in advance from Your delighted adviser,
DARBY JONES.

[DARBY JONES'S absurd remarks with regard to "the Lovely Lady" and our presence at race meetings are beneath contempt, and, from a letter just received, we understand that his encounter with the baronet was far from satisfactory to him. We had no special wire.—ED.]

WESTMINSTER wants to be a corporation. Of course the first mayor will be Westminster "Labby."

IN THE MIDLANDS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Will you, like the dear old darling that you are, please tell some of the gentlemen who hunt with us that we are not all New Women. It is very well for Lady HENRY SOMERSET to talk about the equality of the sexes, but I frankly confess that I like a *lead* from one of the *others*. Also, when I get a "spill," as I did the other day, I don't appreciate being left for dead. I really think that the "Manners of Modern Men" would make just as good a subject for discussion in the newspapers as the ways of children. I know that certain of my sisters, who never took anything higher than the platform at St. James's Hall, are responsible for the inattention which we now receive; but, believe me, we, who are (what shall I say?) "Liberal Unionists?" like to be shown that courteous attention which has been our prerogative ever since the world began with the deception of Woman. We don't mind being hurt, but we do hate being *crushed* by neglect. I also know that a great many selfish men dislike our hunting at all. Why, we are born huntresses as our mothers were before us! And when we have run our prey to a satisfactory finish, we treat him with tenderness and often with affection. Only let the young cavaliers not neglect their opportunities. Personally I don't care much about a gate being opened, but several of my friends do. They likewise want to be fished out of a brook. Therefore, dear Mr. Punch, ask these sportsmen to remember that the *old* (I mean metaphorically) Woman still exists, and oblige

Your constant admirer,
DIANA BULLFINCH.
Melton Mowbray, November 23.

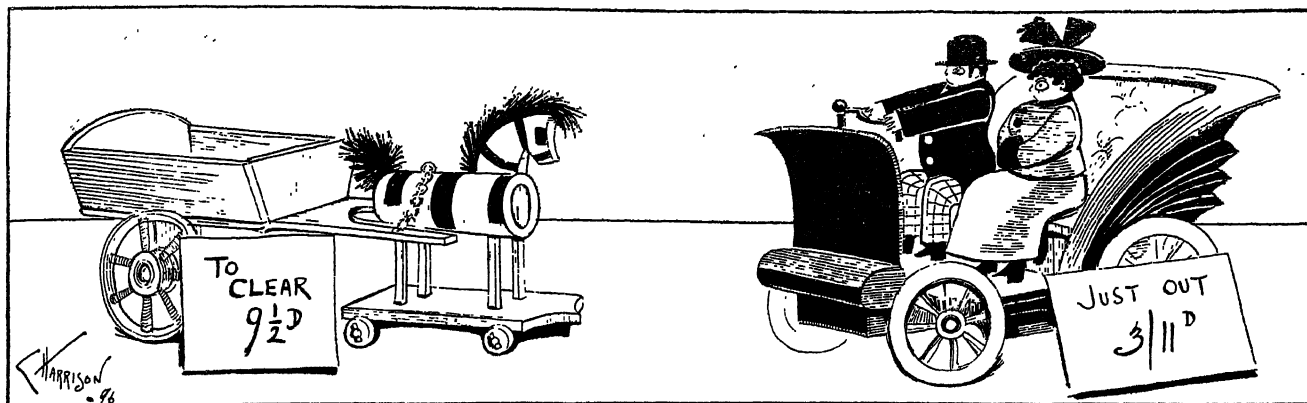
English as She is Wrote.

NOTICE.
This road is private.
Persons trespassing will be Prosecuted
in consequence of wilful, damage having
been done with dogs and otherways.
BY ORDER.

THE above is not a specimen of Chinese punctuation, but the exact copy of a notice-board in Sussex.



THE DELIGHT OF MASSA BONES ON HEARING THAT KING MENELEK GUARANTEES "THE ABSOLUTE INDEPENDENCE OF ETHIOPIA"!



SIGNS OF THE TIMES IN THE LOWTHER ARCADE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

READING *Sentimental Tommy*, Mr. BARRIE's last book, published by CASSELL, there have been recurrent moments when my Baronite has doubted whether the story might not be more aptly entitled. Tiresome Tommy more precisely describes the prodigy through a quite unreasonable number of pages. The Jacobite rising, the siege of Thrums, and one or two other chapters of ponderously precise fantasy, is, to tell the unvarnished truth, almost enough to make one of the most appreciative and faithful of Mr. BARRIE's admirers lay down the unfinished book. But here and there, shining through this doggerel of narrative, like threads of gold in a mass of sacking, are episodes of humour and pathos which testify that the Window in Thrums is not yet built up. Of such are Hogmanay kept in a London slum, and the home-taking of *Grizel* by the old doctor. The strongest writing is at the beginning, setting forth the life and death of *Tommy's* mother, wherein appears the beautiful and pathetic Hogmanay incident. Mr. BARRIE is ludicrously in love with *Sentimental Tommy*, whereas far away the best character in the book is *Grizel*.

A delightful quality about *Rodney Stone* (SMITH, ELDER) is its lilting "go." There is not a dull page in it from first to last. All is light, colour, movement, blended and inspired by a master hand. When my Baronite read the fight in the coach-house he thought it one of the most breathless exercises he had ever taken, book in hand. So it was till some chapters later he came upon the narrative of the smith's last battle. Like the first, it was, alack! a prize fight. Told by CONAN DOYLE, the subject is ennobled till it becomes quite as respectable and far more stirring than a set-to between SALADIN and RICHARD CŒUR DE LION. Embroidered on the story are picturesque scenes of life in the time of GEORGE THE FOURTH, reproduced with amazing vividness. It seems so easily done. But as Dr. CONAN DOYLE indicates in a preface, a considerable amount of study preceded the undertaking. Amongst the authorities to whom he avows his indebtedness for information upon the subject of the ring is Mr. J. C. PARKINSON. My Baronite knew that "J. C. P." was, amongst other things, a bard, accustomed to inaugurate Eisteddfodau arrayed in becoming Druidical costume. But he never knew he was an accepted authority on ring matters. Which shows how little the world knows of its greatest men.

HENRY JAMES is indifferent Anthony Trollopeian and second-class Meredithian. The Judicious Skipper will find plenty of exercise for his literary athletics in both volumes. "Oh, my dear man!" "Oh, my dear woman!" all these conversationalists say to one another for pages and pages, and we "don't get no furrader." *Paul Vidal* is a kind of flabby reincarnation of *Mr. Toots*, with the latter's "it's of no consequence." In this story nobody is of any particular consequence, and dolls, and cake, and tea, and small talk, go on hum-

* By the way, before the Baron took supreme charge of this office in *Mr. Punch's* establishment, it was held for years by a certain "Skipper and his boy," neither of whom was ever dismissed, as *Mr. P.* never gives the *congé* to any tried and valued servant. So the Skipper and his boy are still retained on the staff. Judge, then, of the Baron's surprise on seeing that this ever-green veteran's style and title had been appropriated by an illustrated paper, which regularly produces a column of review purporting to be from "the Skipper." Well, every vessel has its own "skipper," but *Mr. Punch's* skipper was the first in this line, and any other skipper may be "a Skipper," but he is not "the Skipper" who first appropriated and secured the right to the title with the definite article prefixed.

drummingly; and young ladies ask young gentlemen to sit down beside them and talk, and they *do* talk and talk; and only once is there a dramatic situation. *Tony*, the drowned child's father, howls and breaks into a storm of sobs; *Rose*, "with a passionate wail," throws herself on the grass; the doctor "looks from one prostrate figure to the other," as well he may, and curtain descends on end of Book Second. Then Book Third: more dreary dialogue. And when the secret is revealed the question must occur, Was it worth going through so much to learn so little? Yet, HENRY JAMES is a favourite with reviewers and readers of the very superior sort.

From the Aldine Press Messrs. DENT & Co. have already sent forth the first of *The Temple Classics*, edited by ISRAEL GOLLANZ, M.A., consisting of a neat, handy-shaped book, containing WILLIAM WORDSWORTH'S *Prelude*. The poet became a Johnian Undergraduate at Cambridge in 1787, being then just seventeen years of age. Young men went up a year or so earlier in those days than they do now; yet do his notes show that, in spite of many alterations, there is really very little change in the ancient University within the last hundred years since WORDSWORTH caught his first "glimpse of Cam,"

"And at the 'Hoop' alighted, famous inn."

Then the youthful poet's account of the "motley spectacle":--

"Gowns grave, or gaudy, doctors, students, streets,
Courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gateways, towers."

And how pleased he was

"With invitations, suppers, wine and fruit,
Smooth housekeeping within, and all without
Liberal and suiting gentleman's array."

A light on academical ways in the past, on the banks of the Cam, and a link with the present, this handy volume, with useful silken marker sewn in, is a pleasure and a treasure.

The Missing Prince, by G. E. FARROW (HUTCHINSON & Co.). An extra special sort of fairy nightmare, likely to visit any youthful dreamer of dreams when retiring to bed with their ideas somewhat mixed. It ought to fascinate the æsthetic taste of cultured nursery folk. Mr. HARRY FURNESS and his daughter DOROTHY comically and daintily illustrate the book.

For quite little people SHEILA E. BRAINE has worked up a new theory of how that cackling hen of old travelled *To tell the King the Sky was Falling*. *Molly* and *Max*, who follow in her claw prints, come across many ancient acquaintances only to be met with in the happy hunting-ground of Fairyland. Delightful illustrations by ALICE WOODWARD complete the story, which is on the catalogue of BLACKIE & SONS.

(Signed) THE BARON AND HIS BOYS.

At a West-end Club.

Hospitable Southerner (to Scottish guest). Have another go of whiskey?

Scottish Guest (with a sigh). I thank ye. No.

Hospitable Southerner (astonished). What! Why surely it's not a case of "the wee drappie i' the ee"?

Scottish Guest. Nae, mon, it's no that; it's the wee drappee i' the glass. [H. S. takes hint and orders a tumbler of whiskey.]

ONLY A LITTLE LONGER TITLE.—The *Gil Blas* says that all Europe will shortly demand the Evacuation of Egypt by the English. The name of the paper should be changed to the *Gil Blagueur*.



DR. PUNCH'S PRESCRIPTION FOR DR. JIM.

Dr. Punch. "PLENTY OF FRESH AIR AND AS MUCH EXERCISE AS POSSIBLE TO BE TAKEN FREELY!"

[“Dr. JAMESON’S painful indisposition we feel sure will be lamented in the Transvaal as much as in this country . . . nor will the most exacting of his enemies complain if he is released, for reasons of health, before the expiration of his sentence.”—*Standard*, November 28. “I am in a position to state that President KRUGER personally is not opposed to the release of Dr. JAMESON.”—*From Pretoria. Daily Telegraph*, November 28. (Dr. JAMESON was President KRUGER’S doctor, and saved his life.)]



A CONVINCING TEST.

Youth (on Pony). "COME ON, GRAN'PA! IT'S SAFE ENOUGH. BORE US EASILY!"

CURIOUS SIMILARITY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The plot of *Under the Red Robe*, at the Haymarket, is as follows:—A spendthrift commits a crime which brings him into the power of a great French statesman. His life is offered to him on the condition that he goes to the frontier to bring back to Paris a man hateful to the powers that be. If he does not do this his fate is the scaffold. The spendthrift accepts the hateful mission. He goes to the frontier, and falls in love with the sister of the man he is bound to betray. In the nick of time he repents, and returns to Paris ready to forfeit his life in satisfaction of his mission unperformed. He is followed by the woman he loves. But thanks to a shuffle of the cards of fate, the man who can crush him ceases to be powerful, and all ends happily.

A capital idea, but I have come across it before. How about this. Figure to yourself a lady instead of a man. This lady is also a spendthrift. She has fallen into the power of Fouché while devoted to the gaming table. At the right moment she is told that she must lure back to Paris a man hateful to the powers that be. If she does not—exposure. She accepts the hateful task. She follows the man to the frontier and falls in love with him. In the nick of time she repents and returns to Paris, ready to pay the sacrifice of her mission unperformed. She is followed by the man she loves. But thanks to a shuffle of the cards of fate, the man who can crush her ceases to be powerful, and all ends happily.

Are not these plots very similar? One is the story of *Under the Red Robe*, the other the story of *Plot and Passion*. They both concern France, but one is a century or so earlier than the other. Richelieu, in *Under the Red Robe*, finds a counterpart in the Fouché of *Plot and Passion*. Then Marie de Fontanges—spendthrift and gambler—has her double in Gil de Berault, spendthrift and duellist. Both are reckless; with their sense of honour once so keen now so blunted. Both are turned from their purpose of betrayal to accept their doom by the power of love. Another coincidence: both *Under the Red Robe* and *Plot and Passion* before realisation on the boards put in an appearance in serial form. The latter was published in a paper called *The*

Welcome Guest. But where were the learned literary or dramatic critics when book or play came out? Where was Moses when the candle went out?

Yours,
HAWKSHAW THE DETECTIVE OF A PLOT.

LINES

Contributed by the Member for Sark to the Visitors' Book of a Welsh Inn.

IN some hotels that I've been at,
I've seen a busy fuss-creator,
Who, running here and running there,
Quick answered to the call of "Waiter!"

A better system here prevails,
A pretty plan of birth much later.
In this hotel
You ring the bell,
And then yourself become the waiter.

Crieyllcdwlmycbrwmtyl, November.

At a County Ball.

Young Slapperton (who has just been presented to Fräulein VON KINCKSTEIN, newly imported from the Fatherland). May I have the honour of the next Lancers?

Fräulein (who does not understand). I not comprehend.
Young S. (struck with a brilliant inspiration). I mean, shall we do the Uhlans together? Comprennay?

[Leaves the Fräulein more amazed than ever.]

"HERE'S (DE LA) RUE (& Co.) for you," with a new game called "Homo." Poor Homo! This is not the first time he's been considered as fair game. And this game is, of course, quite fair, and not unlike the fascinating "Halma." Well, something new must be invented for the game season.

VERY LIKE A WEYLER.—"Great defeat of the rebels in Cuba."

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXIX.

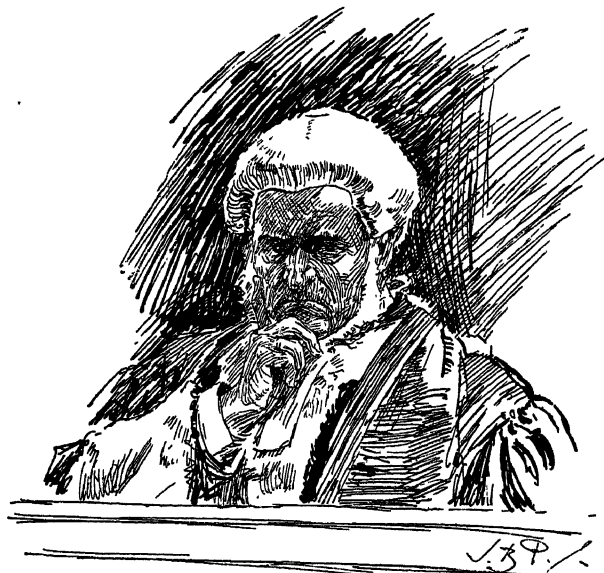
*Further proceedings in the Case of Mankletow v. Jabberjee.
Mr. Jabberjee's Opening for the Defence.*

Queen's Bench Court, No. —. 2.40 P.M.

I HAVE just resumed my seat after a rather searching examination of Madam MANKLETOW, as will appear from the notes of her evidence kindly taken by my solicitor:—

MY SOLICITOR'S SAID NOTES.

Mrs. MARTHA MANKLETOW (*formidable old party—all bugles and bombazine*). Would certainly describe her establishment as fashionable and select. All her male boarders perfect gentlemen—except defendant. Was never anxious to secure him for her daughter—on the contrary, would have much preferred her son-in-law white. Gave her consent because of the passionate attachment he professed for plaintiff. Nothing to her whether he was of princely rank or not. He appeared to be very well able to support her daughter, which was the chief thing. Had never threatened defendant with personal chastisement from other boarders if he denied any engagement. Did say that if he meant nothing serious after all the marked attentions he had paid the



Mr. Justice Honeygall.

plaintiff, he deserved to be cut dead by all the gentlemen in the house. Insisted on the engagement being made public at once; thought it her bounden duty to do so. Did not know whether defendant was married already, or how many wives he was entitled to in his own country—he had taken good care not to say anything about all that when he proposed. Did not consider him a desirable match, and never had done, but thought he ought to be made to pay heavily for his heartless behaviour to her poor unprotected child, who would never get over the slight of being jilted by a black man.

Here I sat down, amidst suppressed murmurs from the Court of indignation and sympathy at such gross unmannerly insults to a highly-educated Indian University man and qualified native barrister.

3.15.—More witnesses for plaintiff, *viz.*, Miss SPINK and sundry select boarders, who have testified to my courtship and the notoriety of my engagement. Seeing that they were predetermined not to answer favourably to myself, I tore a leaf out of Mister WITHERINGTON's book, and said that I had no questions to ask. . . . The plaintiff's junior has just sat down, with the announcement that that is his case. I am now to turn the tables by dint of rhetorical loquacity. . . .

The annexed report, though sadly meagre, and doing very scanty justice to the occasion, is furnished by my friend young HOWARD, who was present in Court at the time.

Jab. (in a kind of sing-song). May it please your venerable Lordship and respectable gentlemen of the jury, I am in the very similar predicament of another celebrated native gentleman and well-known character in the dramatic works of your immortal *littérateur* Poet SHAKSPEARE. I allude to OTHELLO on the occa-

sion of his pleading before the Duke and other potent, grave, and reverent signiors of Venice, in a speech which I shall commence by quoting in full—

Mr. Justice Honeygall. One moment, Mr. JABBERJEE, I am always reluctant to interfere with Counsel, but it may save my time and that of the jury if I remind you that the illustration you propose to give us is hardly as happy as it might be. The head and front of OTHELLO's offending, unless I am mistaken, was that he had married the lady of his affections, whereas in your case—

Jab. (plaintively). Your lordship, it is not humanly possible that I can exhibit even ordinary eloquence if I am to be interrupted by far-fetched and frivolous objections. The story of OTHELLO—

Mr. Justice H. What the jury want to hear is not OTHELLO's story, but yours, Sir, and your proper course is to go into the witness-box at once, and give your version of the facts as simply and straightforwardly as you can. When you have given your own evidence and called any witnesses you may wish to call, you will have an opportunity of addressing the jury, and exhibiting the eloquence on which you apparently place so much reliance.

[*Here poor old JAB bundles off to the witness-box, and takes some outlandish oath or other with immense gusto, after which he starts telling the Jury a long rambling rigmarole, and is awfully riled when the old Judge pulls him up, which he does about every other minute. This is the sort of thing that goes on:—*

Jab. At this, Masters of the Jury, I, being but a pusillanimous and no Leviathan of valour—

The Judge. Not so fast, Sir, not so fast. Follow my pen. I've not got down half what you said before that. (*Reads laboriously from his notes.*) "In panicstricken apprehension of being severely assaulted *a posteriori*." Who do you say threatened to assault you in that manner—the plaintiff's mother?

Jab. I have already had the honour to inform your lordship that I was utterly intimidated by the savage threats of the plaintiff's mother that, unless I consented to become the betrothed, she would summon certain able-bodied athletic boarders to batter and kick my unprotected person, and consequently, not being a Leviathan—

The Judge. No one has ever suggested that you are an animal of that description, Sir. Have the goodness to keep to the point. (*Reads as he writes.*) "I was so intimidated by threats of plaintiff's mother that she would have me severely kicked by third parties if I refused, that I consented to become engaged to plaintiff." Is that what you say?

Jab. (beaming). Your lordship's acute intellect has comprehended my *pons asinorum* with great intelligence.

The Judge (looking at him under his spectacles). Umph! Well, go on. What next?

[*So old JAB goes on gassing away, at such a device of a rate that the Judge gives up all idea of taking notes, and sits staring at JAB in resigned disgust. (It was spell-bound attentiveness.—H. B. J.) JAB WILL spout and WON'T keep to the point; but, all the same, I fancy, somehow, he's getting round the Jury. He's such a jolly, innocent kind of old ass, and they like him because he's no end of sport. The plaintiff's a devilish fine girl, and gave her evidence uncommonly well; but, unless WITHERINGTON turns up again, I believe old JAB will romp in a winner, after all! I haven't taken down anything else, except his wind-up, when of course he managed to get in a speech.*

Jab. Believe me, gentlemen of the jury, this is simply the barefaced attempt to bleed and mulct a poor impecunious Indian. For it is incredible that any English female, of genteel upbringing and the lovely and beauteous appearance which you have all beheld in this box, it is incredible, I say, that she should seriously desire to become a mere unconsidered unit in a bevy of Indian brides! How is she possibly to endure a domestic existence exposed to the slings and arrows of perpetual snip-snaps from various native aunts and sisters-in-law, or how is she to reconcile her dainty and fastidious stomach, after the luscious and appetising fare of a Bayswater boarding-house, to simple, unostentatious, and frequently repulsive Indian eatables? No, Masters of the jury, as warm-hearted noble-minded English gentlemen, you will never condemn an unfortunate and industrious native graduate and barrister to make a cripple of his career, and burden his friends and his families with such a bone of contention as a European better half, who will infallibly plunge him into the pretty pickle of innumerable family jars! I shall now vacate the witness-box in favour of my intimate friend and fatherly benefactor, Hon'ble Sir CHETWYND CUMMERBUND, who will tell you—

The Judge (rising). Before we have the pleasure of seeing Sir CHETWYND here, Mr. JABBERJEE, there is a little formality you appear to have overlooked. The plaintiff's counsel will probably wish before you leave the box to put a few questions

to you in cross-examination, and that must stand over till to-morrow. (*At this, old Tab's jaw falls several holes.*)

NOTE BY MR. JABBERJEE.—*Hereford Road, Bayswater.*—I am excessively gratified by the result of my first day's trial, being already the established favourite and chartered libertine of the whole Court, who split their sides at my slightest utterances. So I am no longer immeasurably alarmed by the prospect of being crossly examined—especially since WITHERINGTON, Q.C., has abandoned his brief in despair to a tongue-tied junior, who is incompetent to exclaim *Bo!* at a goose. Indeed, I have some thoughts of declining haughtily to be interrogated by a mere underling.

The only fly in the ointment of my success is the utter indifference of JESSIMINA to my aforesaid triumphs. At the termination of the hearing to-day, I beheld her so deeply engrossed in smiling and cordial converse with the smartly-attired curly-headed young solicitor who is acting on her behalf that she was totally unconscious of my vicinity!

Alackaday! *varium et mutabile semper fœmina!*

DARBY JONES ON TURF TOPICS—ESPECIALLY BELGIAN.

HONOURABLE SIR,—It may perhaps have escaped even your Argus-like eyes that the Belgian Government, with a fatherly care, which would not disgrace Mr. JOHN MORLEY or Sir WILFRID LAWSON, is about to bring in a Measure for the Regulation of Betting, and, I may add, of Touts and Turf Prophets. Should this Bill become law, speculation on all Foreign Races will be prohibited, and wagering only permitted on Home Events. Thus the British Exile in Brussels will no longer be enabled to back his fancy for the Derby or Leger at the *Taverne Anglaise* or some other home of the Alien, but must invest his francs *personally* at Grœnendal or Spa. It is a magnificent scheme for keeping all the ready money in the country, and it comes well from a country whose king is largely interested in a plan for converting Ostend into a Northern Monte Carlo, conveniently adjacent to the oof-laden shores of England, whence it is trusted many pigeons may be imported in exchange for the rabbits of the locality. The sale of Racing Information will also be prohibited. The Belgian DARBY JONES are to have their eyes put out like the wretched singing-birds which, sightless, warble for wagers from the Scheldt to the Meuse, and from the German Ocean to the Prussian frontier, without interference from the authorities. Equally the journals devoted to "*le sport*" will be forbidden to insert the advertisements of tipsters, so I suppose that our own Eminent Organs of the Turf will be denied sale at the *kiosques*, or have spaces "*blacked out*," after the custom of the Russian Censors of the Press.

But this is not all. Racecourses are to be licensed by Government for betting purposes, the gambling to be carried on only in certain enclosures, one inside and another outside, admission to which will be given on payment of a *Premium of fifty per cent. on the entrance money!* This will be the only profit which racecourses are to derive from turf speculation. I confess that I do not understand the last article of the New Code. Does it mean that gate-money is to be abolished, or what? Like a Member of Parliament at question-time—I pause for a reply.

In *The Dodd Family Abroad*, honoured Sir, the inimitable wit of CHARLES LEVER finds abundant scope for flourishing like a mango-tree in Western Africa over the description of a Belgian racecourse. Racing among *les braves Belges* was then in its First Childhood. It is now apparently in its Second, so soon does an infant not indigenous to the soil perish when transplanted from the home of its birth. You are aware that I am personally in favour of Licensed Bookmakers authorised by the Jockey Club, but my most Utopian ideas never soared to the spectacle of Government interference. I would suggest to the Belgian authorities that only Government Meetings should be allowed, under the supervision of a *Ministre du Sport Hippique*, that at these gatherings there should be a number of Knights of the Pencil (*Chevaliers du Crayon*) in Uniform, and decorated according to their grades, that the Race-cards should be Government Gazettes, that the Jockeys should be chosen from the Belgian Cavalry and ride in Uniform, that the Judge should be selected from the Bench of the Palais de Justice, and that the Horses engaged, all bearing a Government Stamp, should only be those hard-working, but not over speedy quadrupeds for which the fair land of Flanders has been celebrated from time immemorial, and which frequently do a little racing between the shafts of a London Omnibus.

There is a rock, Sir, off the east coast of the Land of Cakes known as the Bass. It is celebrated as the breeding-place of that handsome fowl called the Solan Goose. It appears to me that Brussels must be the chosen nesting ground of a less well-favoured bird, the Solon Gander to wit. And now, as Sir



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. II.

MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY might put it, to home affairs. I trust that you did well at Warwick. It is useless for you to deny that you care nothing for race-meetings. I could not be deceived in the appearance of a Distinguished Personage, who, although disguised in blue spectacles and a sealskin overcoat of peerless fit, *cut me as dead as Exmoor mutton* at the entrance to TATTERSALL'S. I bear no malice that you remembered my advice that of all dangerous folk at the end of the season none are comparable to the Hibernian Cohorts. *St. Jarlath* was bound to annex, bar accidents, the Midland Counties Handicap, and swell the receipts of the whiskey distillers in Dublin and Belfast. There were other ripe plums for those who are about to make Christmas puddings. The Lovely Lady wishes me to say that she has a *great admiration* for you. As a Man of Honour I give her message, but warn you that your future conduct will be closely watched by

Your devoted, but suspicious adherent, DARBY JONES.

P.S.—At Manchester my first constellations were fairly telescoped; but I trust everyone backed my Belgian river, like a relation of the Lord Chancellor, for a place. One, two, three, is ever the motto of

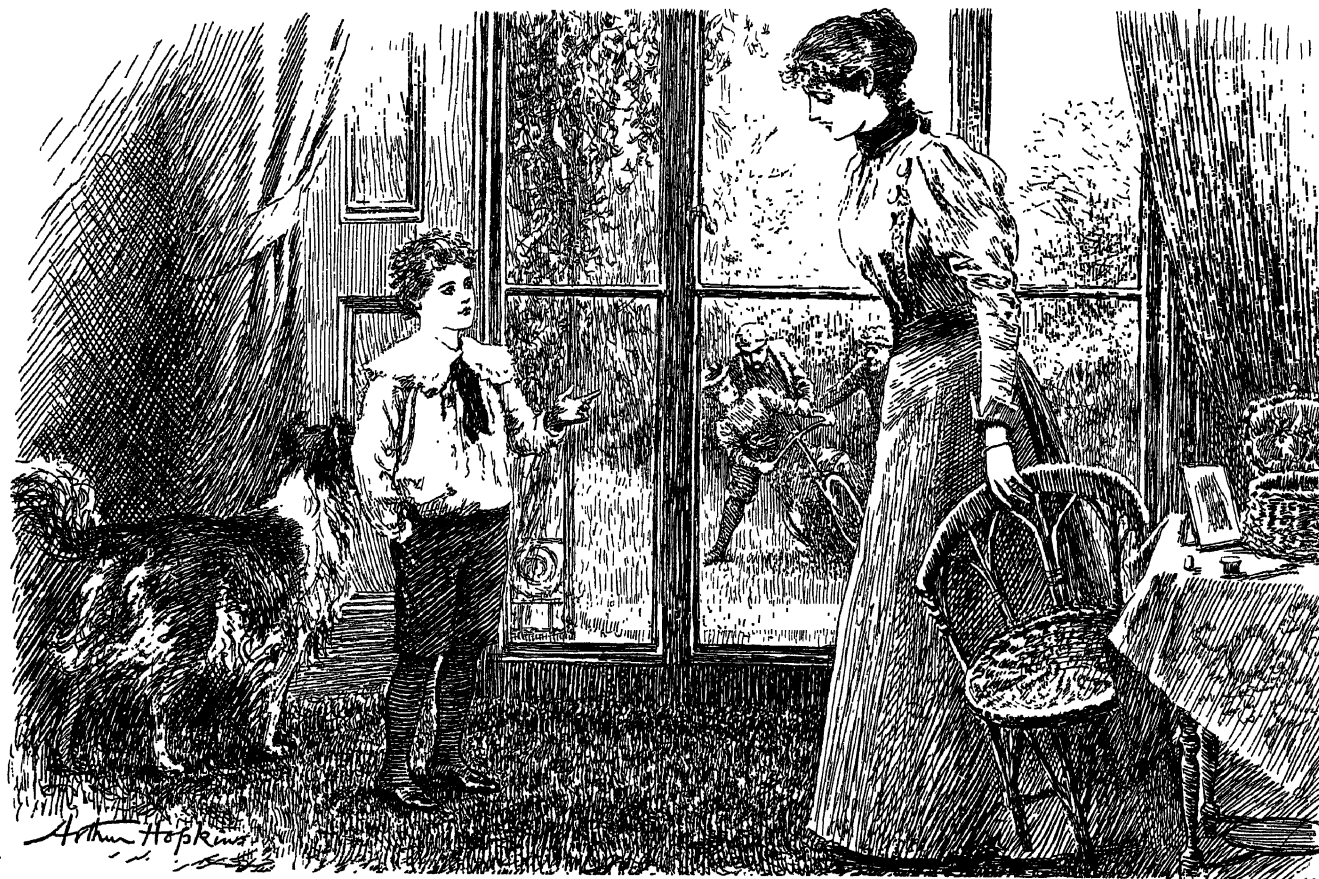
Yours, sure of his winter provender, D. J.

[DARBY JONES'S absurd reference to blue spectacles and a sealskin overcoat is on a par with his statement about the Lovely Lady. We learn that, inflated with winning a few pounds, he presumed to make advances to the sister of an Irish gentleman, and received the just reward of his impertinence from her indignant relative. This is probably what he tried to gloss over last week.—Ed.]

RATHER AN UNSEASONABLE PLACE OF HOSPITALITY.—"The Grand Duke NICHOLAS of Russia is visiting at Eis-grub."

ETONIAN.—The best sequel to Mr. ARTHUR COLERIDGE'S *Eton* in the Forties will be *Largely consumed in the Nineties.*

SEASONABLE BOOKSTALL WEIGHTS.—Christmas Numbers.



"LOOK, GERALD! YOUR FATHER AND CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG ARE GIVING ELLA A LESSON ON THE BICYCLE."
YES, MUMMIE; BUT WHY DOES ELLA ALWAYS FALL OFF ON CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG'S SIDE?"

A VOICE FROM THE BOX.

An Old Whip on the new Motor Movement.

'Bus-driver loquitor:—

Kim urp! Yus, a dirtyish day, Sir, and orkurd for 'osses, it are.
But, lor bless yer, they'll soon alter *that*; all along o' this yere Horter-car!
Ho! ho! I must larf, if I die for it. Horter-car! 'Old urp, old gal!
Mare's a-sniggling, too, 'anged if she isn't, my old wheeler, flea-bitten *Sal*.
No wonder! *She* saw the percession of ile-cans and tea-kettles. Yus;
And she, who's the best bit o' stuff ever druv in a tuppenny 'bus,
'Itched her whip of a tail that expressive, it meant 'arf a column, at least!
Oh! 'osses can talk with their tails, Sir, pertikler my *Sal*, pore old beast!
Hay! Wot do I think o' them motors?
Ah! now, Sir, you've nailed me, you ave.
Think? Well, I'm an aged old crock as must soon be tucked up in my grave, And maybe my opinion's no matter, but lor! Sir, if *you* 'ad been born, In a manner o' speakin', like me, in a stable; if fodder and corn, And the whiff of the freshly-forked litter came sweet on yer nateral nose As the smell from a storberry bed, or the sniff of a fresh cabbage-rose, You'd know wot I *feel* when those ile-cans come snortin' and fumin' along. Talk o' paraffine lamps? Wy, the coster's red naphtha-flames don't smell more strong

Than did one of those wobbly old wotsits a-womiting fumes as it went.
Like a baked-tater can with the staggers.
"That's all narsty sour discontent Of an old 'un fair knocked out o' time."
That's jest wot I'll be told, I've no doubt,
And that HARRY J. LAWSON will chuckle and chortle. All right! It's *his* shout!
Going to hire Epsom track for a Motor race! Moses! Wot next, and *wot* next?
Just imagine a Motor-car Derby!!! *Kim urp, Sal!* The old mare is vext;
I know by that twitch of her off-ear. She's fly! Now a 'oss is a thing—
Or I should say a crittur, perhaps, seeing t'other word carries a sting—
Mark *me*, mister, wot's made for a man's mate, or servant, but likewise a chum, In a manner o' speaking. A 'oss, though pheelosophers label it "dumb," Can talk more sound sense than some spouters in Hyde Park, and Parlyment, too.
I'd rayther hear *Sal* than KEIR HARDIE, TOM MANN, or a pooty good few
Who are certny not 'osses, but hasses. With 'osses I've lived all my life, And I'm hanged if I don't understand 'em far better than chum, kid, or wife.
Wy, flea-bitten *Sal* 'as got ways as is better nor patter to me.
We intertwig fust rate, we do; and the feel of the ribbons, d'yer see, And the swing o' the whip—well, they're *human*, fair *human*, Sir, that's wot they are.

But a tin o' petroleum ile, and a wheel, on a wobbly old car,
No reins, and no chink, and no hoof-clack, but only a ghostlyish look,
As though the old 'oss was still there, but had somehow got turned to a spook,
Seeing as how there's its place, and it's *wanted!*—Oh lor! it's uncanny, it is! Come to stay? Well, it may be they are, Sir, but—I *shall not take to the biz!*
I'm a leetle too old and too set to take on with this motor fal-lal.
And perhaps they *may* find, arter all, that the 'oss *has* its use. *Kim urp, Sal!*

COVENTRY PATMORE.

BORN JULY 23, 1823. DIED NOV. 26, 1896.

POET of Home, and of High Faith,
In thy serene, yet fervent, page,
For youth is pleasure without scathe,
And fireside cheer for mellowing age
The sensuous taint, the tawdry trope,
Uranian Venus may not move;
Thine are the higher joys of Hope,
The unvenal *Victories of Love*.
The Unknown Eros was thy theme,
The raptures of the spirit spouse
To him were no elusive dream
Who wrote *The Angel in the House!*

At Monte Carlo.

First Briton. One never sees any young girls here.

Second Briton (brutally inclined). No! the ladies are obliged to be *trente et quarante* to match the tables.



ON THE PROWL.



G. S. G. G. G.

NEW SPORTING DICTIONARY OF FAMILIAR LATIN PHRASES.

ARS EST CELARE ARTEM. "APRÈS VOUS, MADemoiselle!"

BEWARE!

(A Warning to the Unwise or Unwary Wooer of the Modern Witch, Speculation.)

After Longfellow.

[It is said that the system of "Trusts," which has wrought so much wrong and corruption in America, is likely to be energetically pushed in this country.]

I KNOW a System fair to see,
Take care!

It can both false and specious be,
Beware! beware!
"Trusts" bring "rot,"
They mean fooling thee!

When there's a "rise," thou'lt be done
brown,

Take care!
And thou'lt pay up when things go down,
Beware! beware!
"Trusts" trust not!
They may ruin thee!

She—Speculation—is a "do,"
Take care!

Syndicates say what is not true,
Beware! beware!
Or "bull" or "bear,"
Trust them not,
They will diddle thee!

She makes—in coal or cars—a Co.,
Take care!

She knows how shams may make a show,
Beware! beware!
Trust her not,
She is gulling thee!

She offers thee a fortune fair;
Take care!

She makes fool's-caps—for thee to wear!
Beware! beware!
The Yankee "rot"
She will bring on thee!

SUITABLE TOAST FOR MOTOR-CAR COMPANIES.—"So mote it be!"

CAUSING AN EYE-LIFT.

(A Fragment à l'Ibsen.)

He (with bitterness). It was your fault that we lost the child.

She (staring at him after taking a glass of champagne). How was it my fault?

He. You would not attend to him on the boat.

She (pleadingly). But he seemed so comfortable on the paddle-box.

He (after a pause). But you would eat and drink. You remember you took six stale sponge cakes, and four ham sandwiches, and some Bath buns.

She (with a curious smile). And a large plate of pork pie. You will not forget the pork pie!

He (with a shudder). Yes, you certainly took a great deal of pork pie. And then you drank—

She (eagerly). Yes, what did I drink?

He (slowly). You drank two bottles of stout and some sherbet, and a glass of ginger-beer and a tumbler of sherry.

She (with exultation). And plenty of champagne! Don't forget the champagne! I had plenty of champagne.

He (thoughtfully). Yes; you said it was a remedy for sea-sickness, and certainly it was very rough. And then, when you had eaten all this and drunk all that, you lost the child!

She. Yes; he fell overboard!

He. And you, too, went to the side of the vessel. You put your head facing the water.

She (with a shudder). But not to look for the child! (After a pause.) But speak no more about it. It's enough to make one sick!

[Last observation carried nem. con.
Curtain.]

THE CARETAKER OF ALL MEN'S HOUSES.—Time.

OYSTERS.

(A Fragment.)

THE Doctor and the Analyst

Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested by a bar
Conveniently low;
And all the little oysters stood
And waited, in a row.

"The time has come," the Doctor said,
"To ask how there can be
At Grimsby, or at Cleethorpes,
Or Southend on the Sea,
Bold, bad bacilli branded by
Bacteriology."

"Our characters," the oysters cried,
"Depend upon our chat;
We'd like to prove how good we are,
So luscious and so fat."

"No hurry!" said the Analyst.
They thanked him much for that.

"A microscope," the Doctor said,
"Is what we chiefly need;
Carbolic antiseptic, too,
Is very good indeed;
Now if you're ready, oysters dear,
We'll look before we feed."

"But not at us," the oysters cried,
Turning a little green,
A tint investigators not
Infrequently have seen.

"A microscope," the Doctor said,
"Is such a nice machine."

"It was so kind of you to come
This matter to decide."

The Analyst said nothing but
"I've put some on the slide,
Just ascertain from what disease
We might so soon have died."

"Why, bless my soul," the Doctor said,
"It would have done the trick!
Just look at all those germs, they're
quite

Enough to make one sick."
The Analyst said nothing but
"They are uncommon thick."

"I weep for you," the Doctor said,
"But I would rather not
Partake of you in any form,
Not even boiling hot;
No doubt you are not all as bad,
But you're a doubtful lot."

"Oh, Doctors," said the oysters then,
"If thus you cut and run,
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
The learned men had fled, they dared
Not eat a single one.

THE RESULT OF THE BOARD SCHOOL SYSTEM.

Teacher. Why do we rejoice on Christmas Day?

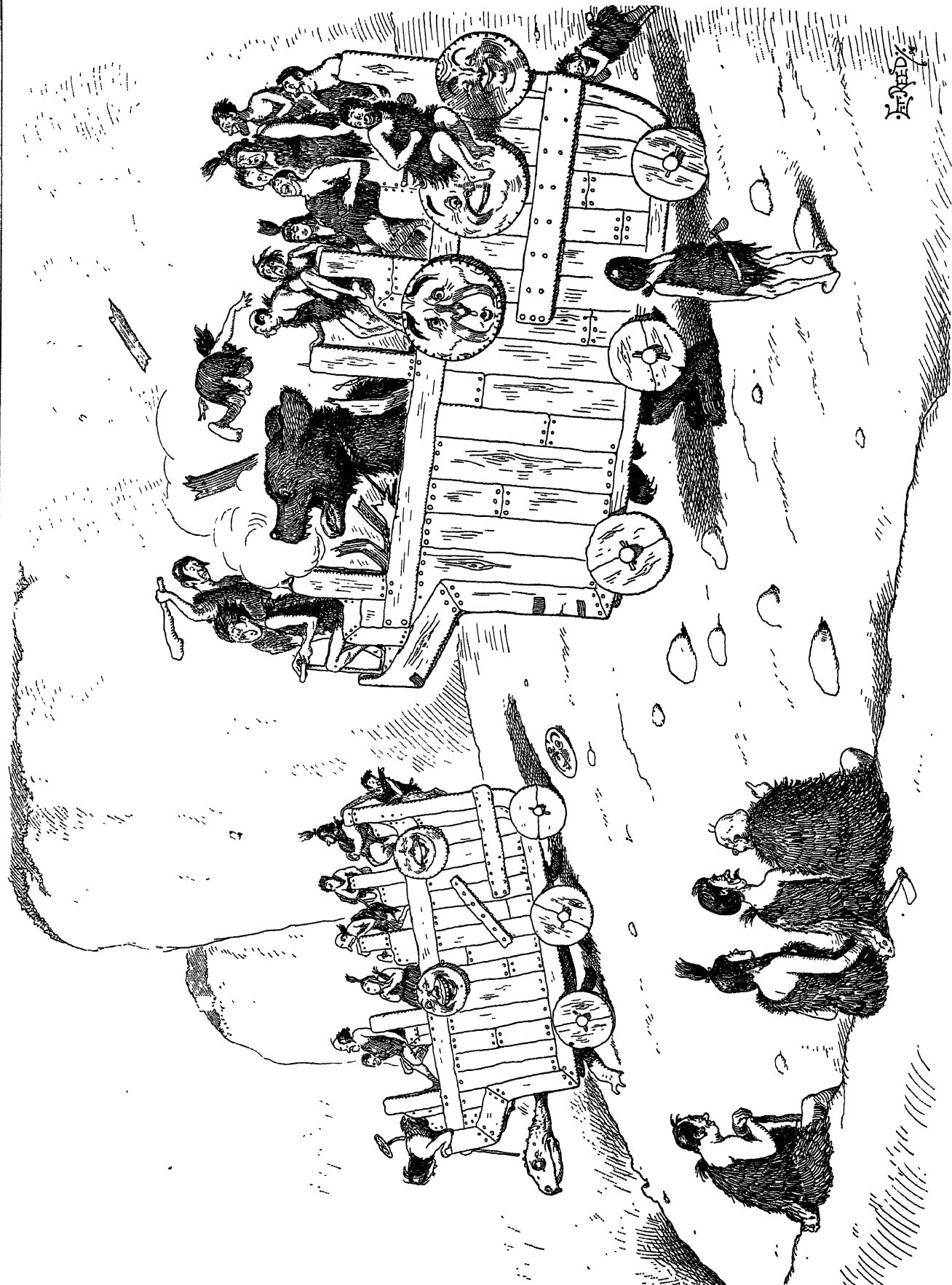
Advanced Pupil (shrilly). 'Cos WILLIAM THE FIRST, surnamed the Conk'ror, was crowned Mo-narch of England on this anniversary. [Goes up to top of class.]

At the Palette Club.

First Artist (after the election of the P. R. A.). Well, I am surprised! A little bird whispered to me that—

Second Artist (interrupting). Can't you see that an old POYNTER proves where the little bird lies?

NOTE BY OUR IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (once more at large).—Could not a broker on 'Change be correctly described as a "Variety Agent"?



PREHISTORIC AUTO-MOTORS!

THE GREAT DIFFICULTY WAS THE UNRELIABILITY OF THE MOTIVE POWER, AND ITS UNCERTAINTY PREVENTED ANY VERY GENERAL ADOPTION OF THE SYSTEM!



Doctor (to Patient, who complains of a touch of gout). "WELL, MY DEAR SIR, I AM NOT ASTONISHED. YOUR BUTLER TELLS ME YOU DRANK THE BEST PART OF A BOTTLE OF PORT LAST NIGHT!"

Jovial Patient. "QUITE THE BEST PART, DOCTOR. YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU EXPECTED ME TO SWALLOW THE CRUST AND THE CORK AS WELL?"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Godfather bids good-speed to his Goddaughter coming out at a County Ball.

To-night you leave behind old joy,
The school-room task, the nursery toy,
The romp with merry girl and boy,
To plunge into Society—
A county ball the trysting place.
Through many measures you will race
And for a while—a little space—
Will deem you've found satiety!

The local swains will claim your hand,
To foot it to an awful band,
And yet you'll think the meeting grand,
One full of animation!
Your lady-mother's watchful eye
Will see no "detrimental" shy
Shall ask a dance. The reason why,
Your future destination!

Your lady-mother, too, will view
With radiant smile some snobkin new
Who takes an interest in you,
A fresh and fair distraction!
The Lord Lieutenant's son may claim
A valse or polka—while your flame
May p'r'aps attract young What's-his-Name,
A Moth that loves attraction!

But still, if I know you aright,
Dear little girl! so true! so bright!
You'll somehow please yourself to-night,
And make your own diversion!
You'll find a Someone who will catch
Your style, your very tripping match,
And so, despite Mamma, you'll snatch
Yourself from her coercion!

Dance on! while yet the blood is young,
Before life's cares their shade have flung.
'Tis good the song of old is sung
For you and all creation!
This is the dawning of your day.
This is the promise of your May.
Know it, while hearts are leal alway
To their own beats' pulsation!

Time for the weariness of years!
Time for the shedding of the tears!
Time for the sorrows and the fears!
But leave them to the gloaming!
Now, when the ship is sent to sea,
When sun is kind and wind is free,
Give sail with happy shout of glee,
Give sail until the homing!

CANINE SAGACITY.

EXTRAORDINARY MEMORY IN A DOG.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing that you have opened your columns to letters on the subject of "canine sagacity," I thought that your readers might be interested in the following true story of canine memory.

I possess a retriever named *Eucalyptus*, of remarkable intelligence, although now getting on in years. The animal is very affectionate so far as my family is concerned, and his only failing is a disposition to snap at every stranger who appears in sight. I must confess that his attitude towards the postman and milkman leaves much to be desired, but probably these people have given him good cause for irritation, by their propensity for teasing.

A sailor cousin of mine was home from the sea about seven years ago. He paid me a visit, and (I think) took a dislike to

Eucalyptus. At any rate, on leaving, he deliberately tantalised the dog (who was at a window) by offering him a large bone, and then throwing it over the wall, before his eyes. I told my cousin at the time that the dog would never forgive him, but he only laughed. Now for the sequel. A fortnight ago, I received a second visit from my cousin (his first had lasted two days, the only time that *Eucalyptus* had ever seen him), and within two minutes of his arrival I heard a snarl and a snap.

Eucalyptus had bitten him in the leg! For seven years that dog had cherished his feelings of resentment over the bone incident, and instantaneously recognising the author of the wrong, he had wreaked his vengeance accordingly!

Yours faithfully, "COLONIAL."

A SONG OF THE ROAD.

TINKLE, twinkle, motor-car,
Just to tell us where you are,
While about the streets you fly
Like a comet in the sky.

When the blazing sun is "off,"
When the fog breeds wheeze and cough,
Round the corners as you scour
With your dozen miles an hour—
Then the traveller in the dark,
Growing some profane remark,
Would not know which way to go
While you're rushing to and fro.

On our fears, then, as you gloat
(Ours who neither "bike" nor "mote"),
Just to tell us where you are—
Tinkle, twinkle, motor-car.



THE COURSE OF JUSTICE.

May (threatened with punishment). "NOW, DADDY, IT'S NO USE. YOU MAYN'T MAKE ME CRY, 'CAUSE I'VE GOT ON A CLEAN PINAFORE!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

(Letters from Mr. R. to his Nephew at Cambridge, and to Others.)

NO. III.—OF FOGEYDOM—OF YOUNG MEN AND OLD—OF THE MAKING OF FRIENDS.

MY DEAR JACK,—We were speaking of friends and friendship when I broke off my last letter. Before I say any more about this subject I wish to enter a protest. In your letter to me you speak of one of your respected dons as "a regular old fogey." Now, JACK, is this fair or kind. The gentleman whom you so contemptuously describe was a freshman when I took my degree! If he is ancient, what am I? If he is to have a mansion in the dull realms of foggery, I, your uncle, must have a habitation there. I tell you honestly I don't like to be relegated, even by implication, to dust and obscurity. No doubt you will answer that the Reverend Mr. BIRONS is as bald as a coot, while your uncle still uses a hard brush for the arrangement of his hyacinthine locks, but I cannot allow you to escape so easily. I know DICKY BIRONS well, but when I think of him he appears to me as a lad with a head of tousled hair, a particularly pink complexion, and not the slightest indication of a beard. I trust he holds as pleasant a memory of me. Youth and age are mere terms; they represent no absolute and invariable realities. The oldest man I ever knew was TOM SKINNER, a freshman of my year. At eighteen he was a dried-up man of the world, a withered compendium of depravity, for whom life had no savour left. He posed as a terrible killer of ladies, and hinted darkly that the domestic happiness of a certain married Professor depended upon his reticence. None of us took him seriously; his antics and affectations were food for endless chaff. Once when, in pulling out his handkerchief, he dropped a photograph on the floor, and made a great show of picking it up hurriedly and hiding it away lest prying eyes should discover the secret of his latest intrigue, we sprang upon him, wrenched his treasure from him, and discovered a likeness of SKINNER himself, taken in cap and gown, for the delectation of his family circle. Somewhere in the provinces, I believe, he still lives on, a battered exemplar of immorality, a fountain of stale and tainted stories

for the young bloods of his district. If you asked me, on the other hand, to name my youngest friend, I should point to dear old LUCAS. Three years divide him from eighty; and in what other man can you find so keen a zest in life, so hearty and fresh an appreciation of all that is good and honourable and humorous and friendly, so ardent a delight in

Youth and bloom and this delightful world.

His life has been passed in a constant and eager activity, yet he is not wearied, and his laugh rings as full and true as that of the youngest man amongst you.

And now as to your friends and the making of them. You need not, of course, be over-genial or gushing as I have known some men to be. But, on the other hand, I would not have you to choose this man or to reject another as a friend in a cold spirit of calculation, because, after observing him carefully, you judge him to be suitable or otherwise for the high privilege of your friendship. I call this the commercial principle applied to friendship, and for myself I never could endure it. Some men, only a few, I am thankful to believe, adopt it and act on it, but most of us would abhor the notion of treating our hearts as though they were ledgers, entering a man's qualities on a sort of debtor and creditor account, and striking a balance for him, as thus:—

Mr. HENRY BROWN in account with J. ROUNABOUT.

Dr.	Cr.
A loud laugh.	Perfect amiability.
Untidy clothes.	Willingness to oblige.
Great devotion to books.	Unselfishness.
A provincial accent.	A full blue for hammer-throwing.

Leaving a small balance of friendship for poor BROWN to draw upon. You can't choose your friends as you do your tailor, your gyp, the pattern of your clothes, or the style of your neckties. If a man has the true qualities, and you are fortunate enough to meet him, you cannot but choose to make him your friend, and that without conscious effort on your part or his. I am assuming that you, too, have the true qualities, but the assumption is not a dangerous one, for, if I know you at all, I know you are what a lad should be—manly, candid, honourable, unselfish, not personally vain, and a hater of meanness. You meet another youngster in a tub on the river, you exchange a few words, he makes you laugh, you walk up together, something in his manner and his looks attracts you, the sympathetic glow begins and you exchange confidences. He comes from Winterhouse, you were a Charchester boy, you were both in your respective football and cricket teams, you both think tubbing dull—will he come to your rooms after hall and smoke a pipe? Probably at the end of the day each of you will have acquired a life-long friend. But neither of you thought about the process. A man may be on the surface all that hoary moralists approve—steady, sober, thrifty, and all that, but at heart he may be a prig, a humbug, and a mean rascal. Your instinct will keep you from him, however much elderly ignoramus may urge you to choose so steady a model for your friend. When a man is urgently recommended to my affection, I care not by whom, on the ground of his goodness, his sobriety, and so forth, I feel towards him something of the feeling that comes over me when in a book of essays I read as the head-note to one of them, "Lecture delivered at the three hundredth meeting of the — Mutual Improvement Association." The essay may be excellent, but, such is human nature, I regard it with suspicion, and it's ten to one I don't read it. So with the recommended man. I shun him. Trust to your instinct in these matters, and being what you are you won't go far wrong.

I go to Bracewells on Thursday to shoot at some of the pheasants. There will be a few birds left for you to have a pop at about Christmas time.

Ever your affectionate uncle, ROBERT ROUNABOUT.

In a County Court.

Judge (to Mr. PETTIPHOG, plaintiff's solicitor). I really cannot see that you have proved the defendant's means.

Mr. P. (excitedly, to defendant). No means! How did you get here, Sir?

Defendant. I walked.

Mr. P. Where did you get the boots to walk in?

Defendant. I borrowed them.

Mr. P. (triumphantly). On what security, Sir, on what security?

Defendant. On the fact that you had taken up the case against me. [General merriment. No order.]



DEJECTION.

IN REVIEWING THE CHRISTMAS GIFTS RECEIVED FROM HIS RELATIONS, OUR BACHELOR FRIEND GOLDING FEELS THAT WITH AN EFFORT HE CAN STAND THE WOOLLEN COMFORTER AND SOCKS, THE GOOSE, THE IRON POT GILDED, THE FLOWER-STAND OF FIR-CONES, THE PALETTE LOOKING-GLASS (CRACKED IN TRANSIT), THE BIRD-CAGE, AND EVEN THE IMITATION BRONZE, BUT HE THINKS HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN SPARED THE PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF IN OILS, PAINTED AS A PLEASANT SURPRISE BY COUSIN EMMA FROM A "SNAP-SHOT."

LETTERS OF MARJORIE AND GLADYS.

II.—ABOUT ASTROLOGY AND THINGS OF THAT SORT.

DEAREST MARJORIE,—I wonder how you can be surprised at my liking for "trivial people," as you call them, after my unfortunate experience of serious young men. Of ORIEL, the less said the better; and I do not look back with much pleasure on my engagement to ARTHUR, whose high principles, vile temper, and determination to play Halma with me every evening drove me to desperation and those practical jokes that led to our disunion. However, you will own I am less frivolous, when I tell you I have taken to believing in palmistry, combined with physiognomy, table-turning, and even a touch of astrology. Mrs. VANDELEUR has a friend, a real Professor, who goes into a trance and reveals the past for one guinea! Isn't it cheap? He also delineates one's character in the most wonderful way by a photograph. You send it under a false name, in a disguised hand. I believe one might even send someone else's photograph, and he is so clever that it makes no difference whatever. He told me that the ear being placed on the side of the head is a sign of quick temper, avarice, and a dislike to arithmetic. He never flatters.

Mrs. VANDELEUR says he *must* be genuine, because he lives in the Edgeware Road. He also does crystal-gazing, and he told Mrs. VANDELEUR when she went to see him, that he saw her in the crystal in a dark-blue dress with a yellow front—the very dress she was wearing at that moment! You may be sceptical, but you must own that *was* a rather extraordinary coincidence!

You asked me for specimens of modern methods of flirting. A

rather good instance would be CECIL CARINGTON and Mrs. VANDELEUR. CECIL is the black-ribbon-watch-chain boy whom I used to like, and she is a dear little woman who adores Mr. VANDELEUR. (I think, myself, Mr. VANDELEUR knows far too much about stained-glass windows, and lets you know it.) She is much amused at CECIL's evident wish that she should have a hopeless admiration for *him*. He is quite a child, and longs to have it whispered—as loudly as possible, and on the housetops—that he goes about compromising people, and breaking up happy homes, &c. The joke of it is that if Mrs. VANDELEUR could take the slightest interest in anyone except Mr. VANDELEUR (which she couldn't), it would be someone who has lived and suffered, with hair growing a little grey on the temples. A weary smile would be essential.

CECIL is nineteen, and looks much younger. Here's a conversation they had in the Park:—

Cecil (in his earlier manner, not knowing what he means, but intending to dazzle by a strong statement). I should like to burn you, like spice, on the altar of a devoted friendship!

Mrs. Vandeleur (literal, fervent, and demure). It's very kind of you, Mr. CARINGTON, especially as I know you only say so out of politeness.

Cecil. Wouldn't that be carrying good manners rather far?

Mrs. V. (smiles, and changes the subject. Pointing to me with her parasol). There's GLADYS LESLIE, in quite tight sleeves.

Cecil (as if apologetic). Yes. I suppose she doesn't know they're coming in again.

Mrs. V. How horrid of you! How nice and fresh she looks!

Cecil (seeking to ingratiate by disparagement of her friend). As fresh as paint.

Mrs. V. Oh, Mr. CARINGTON! you don't really mean—

Cecil. Well, I should almost fancy she did make up the least little bit in the world, if—

Mrs. V. If what?

Cecil (speaking for effect and not from malice). If I didn't know it for a fact.

Mrs. V. (slightly gratified). You know too much. You mustn't talk of my friends like that.

Cecil. May I talk about you instead? I want to ask you a great favour.

Mrs. V. Isn't that talking about yourself?

Cecil. It's to ask if I may come and see you.

Mrs. V. I am at home on Thursdays.

Cecil. Then may I come all the other days?

Mrs. V. What, when I'm out? Is that quite polite?

Cecil (reproachfully). Is that quite kind?

Mrs. V. You may come on Sunday.

Cecil. Every Sunday?

Mrs. V. Every Sunday for a fortnight.

Cecil. And may the fortnight begin to-day?

Mrs. V. Certainly.

Cecil (in a low voice). And will you be surrounded by crowds of people?

Mrs. V. Well, you haven't given me much time, but I'll do my best by this afternoon. I'll try to get up a juvenile party for you.

Can you tell me what I ought to wear at a spiritualistic *séance*? A low dress seems *too much*, and yet a hat seems somehow wrong. Would green be a nice colour to wear to have your horoscope cast in? I think a chiffon blouse—and perhaps tan gloves—not white. Do advise me. It's at eight o'clock. With best love,

Ever your affectionate friend, GLADYS.

A FIRST-CLASS RAILWAY PASSENGER.—"General Sir ROBERT BIDDULPH, K.C.B., G.C.M.G.," says the *Daily News*, "Governor of Gibraltar, arrived at Plymouth, yesterday, on board the P. and O. steamer *Caledonia*, which arrived from Bombay, and came on to London by train." What with motor-cars that stick in the mud whilst the promoters empty the pockets of confiding spectators; what with water-wheels that stop out all night; what with the new Brighton railway that is neither boat nor railway carriage, we are coming to great things in locomotion. But this performance of the *Caledonia* beats all. Fancy a vessel of 8,000 tons, just arrived from Bombay, quietly taking the train, going on to London, probably dining at its club, and looking in at the theatre afterwards! Sir THOMAS SUTHERLAND has worked marvels since he took direction of P. and O. affairs, and this is his latest.

History (as she is written).

First Lady. Now what do you think started this Matabele war?

Second Lady. Well, I think it was the rinderpest.

First Lady. Oh! is that the name of the Dutch Government?

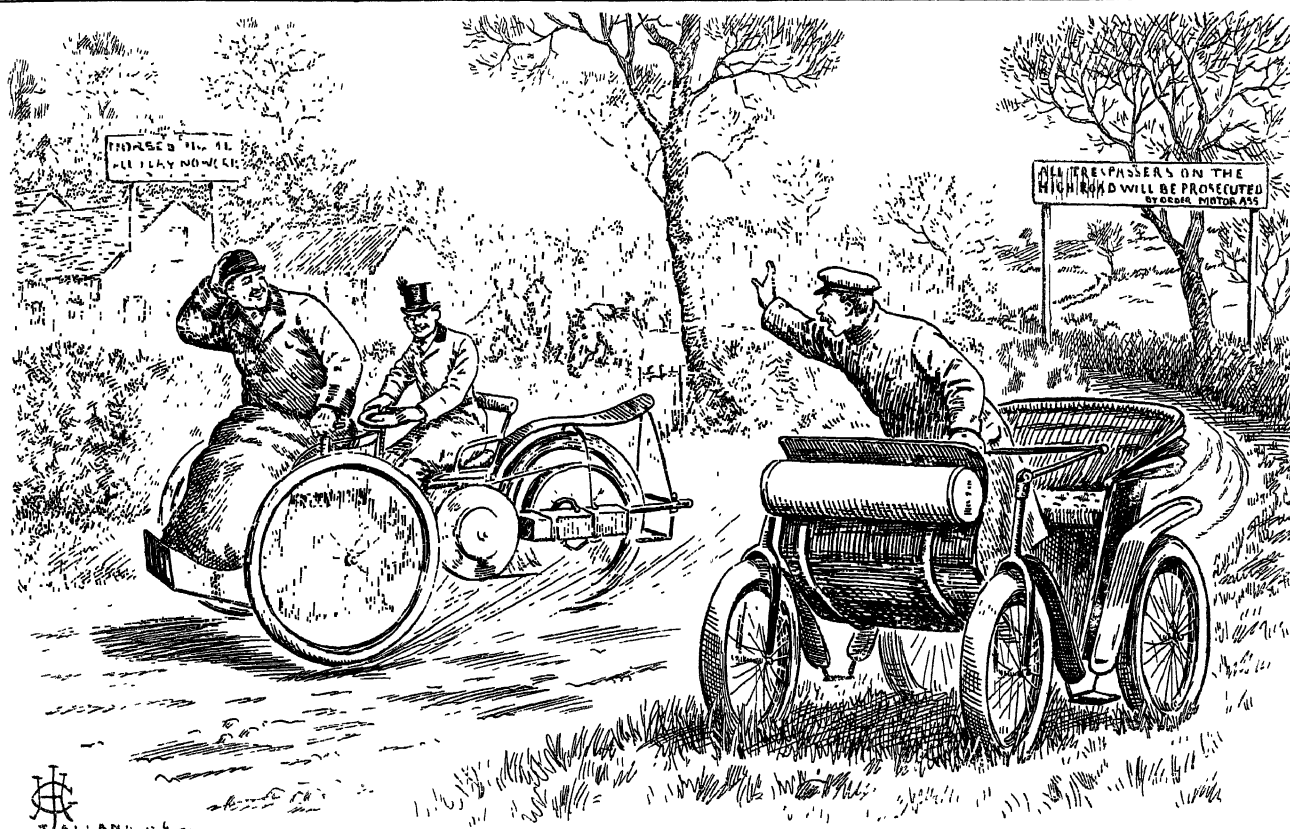


THE SKIPPER AND HIS BOY.

The Boy (George Curzon). "LOOK HE-YAH! YOU MUST NOT SPEAK TO THE MAN AT THE WHEEL!"

[“All he complained of was the facility given under the existing system for raising questions of the utmost delicacy and importance without any notice at all, involving a reply from the Minister responsible for the Department, which he might have to deliver on the spur of the moment”

Mr. Curzon at Manchester, Tuesday, December 1, 1896.]



HARDLY LIKELY.

(An Incident in a Motor Race.)

First Motist (stranded). "Hi, STOP! LEND ME A PINT OF OIL, PLEASE. I'M QUITE OUT!"*Second Motist (flying past).* "AWFULLY SORRY, SIR. HAVEN'T A DROP TO SPARE! YOU'LL GET PLENTY AT THE NEXT VILLAGE!"

THE NEW ARS POETICA.

Would you make sweet music sweeter?
Would you stir men's hearts when you sing?

'Tis a question of matter and metre—
Audacity, lilt and swing.
Chop and change your dactyl and spondee
With the trip of the smooth anapest,
Adding dialect glib and slang *ad lib.*
To impossible names from the East.

You can sing of the Mother who bore you,
You can sing of the Pavement Belle,
You have all the world before you—
To say nothing of Heaven and Hell.
No matter too great or little,
No words too plain or bold,
If Life but avail your pen for a tale
Which you tell as a tale should be told.

You must blend the Intensely Human
With a touch of Essential Beast,
Never babble of "fallen woman"—
Let a spade be a spade at least!
Don't forget your Capital Letters,
They alone will carry you far,
And remember in sooth that Art is Truth,
And write of "Thing" as They Are!"

THE TRUTH AS TO "CRACKERS."—G. SPARAGNAPANE & Co. are veritable dealers in the magic poetry of what the Christmas cracker should be. Inventive imagination runs riot, and every possible idea has, by these Christmas wizards, been rolled up in mystery and covered with the glorious gaudiness so dear to the youthful heart.

HOW WE PRINT NOW;

Or, Taking the Seasons in Quick Time.

SCENE—An Editorial Sanctum. TIME—The second week in December. Editor of popular publication discovered. To him enter distinguished Author.

Author. Glad to find you disengaged. I have got an idea that I hope will be just in time.

Editor. Always ready for you, my dear friend. Sure to be acceptable.

Author. Well, I have a story dealing with two old people—variety of Darby and Joan.

Editor. Better make them young—say Paul and Virginia with a difference.

Author. They are on the eve of bidding one another farewell.

Editor. You mean they have just met one another for the first time.

Author. And are arranging a deed of separation.

Editor. No, organising an elopement.

Author. In January.

Editor. Not at all! August.

Author. But will all this be seasonable? How can it be on all fours with Christmas?

Editor. But we don't want it to be on all fours with Christmas.

Author. Surely for a Yule-tide number—

Editor. But it won't do for that. Published that an age ago. If you are sharp, and send in copy by the 20th, we can get it safely in by the 30th; we commence machining our summer number on New Year's Day, so as to be ready by July!

[Modifications adopted.]

MOTE ME BY GASLIGHT!

The Light of other Days brought up to date.

MOTE me by gaslight, mine own!
No tram-car or 'bus need we hail.
We can mote on by oil, love—alone,
With no cabby to list to our tale.
I have promised to come, for you said
You would show me the Auto-car Queen.
Yours can beat all the rest by a head,
'Tis the speediest ever yet seen.
Oh! mote me by gaslight, my own!

A hansom may do for the grey
Who trust to the jolting old gee;
But an oil-driven motor, I say,
Is the carriage for you, love, and me.
Oh! remember the thirty mile spin
(In an hour) which we had t'other night!
In the next race to Brighton we'll win,
For our motor is speedy and light.
So mote me by gaslight mine own!

LATEST FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—We are not aware if Mr. HOOLEY's gift of gold plate to Westminster Abbey has been accepted by the Dean and Chapter, but we believe the condition attached to the special "Service of Plate" is that, in commemoration of the present, an annual sermon should be preached by the Dean on "The Beauty of Hooleyness."

BAD OMEN FOR THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—The Chain Pier of Brighton, one of the oldest Piers of the Realm, has been destroyed.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXX.

Mankletow v. Jabberjee (part heard). Mr. Jabberjee finds cross-examination much less formidable than he had anticipated.

It is now the second day of my celebrated case, which is such a transcendental success that already the Court is tight as a drum, while a vast disappointed crowd is barricading imploringly at the doors!

I was about to harangue these unfortunates, assuring them I was not responsible for their exclusion, and promising to exert



Witherington, Q.C.

my utmost influence with the Hon'ble Judge that they were all to be admitted.

But my solicitor, seizing me by the forearm, hurried me through the entrance with the friendly recommendation that I was not to be the ballyfool.

In the trough I perceive JESSIMINA seated, in a hat even more resplendently becoming than her yesterday head-dress, and I am not a little puffed with pride to be proceeded against by a plaintiff of such a stylish and elegant appearance.

10.25 A.M.—After all, WITHERINGTON, Q.C., has paid me the marked compliment of turning up to personally conduct my cross-examination. At which SMARTLE, Esq., becomes lugubrious, averring that he is capable of turning my inside out in no time unless I am preciously careful. But, knowing that such inhuman barbarities are not feasible in civilized regions, I enter the box with a serene and smiling countenance.

Later.—I am unspeakably delighted with the urbanity (on the whole) with which I have been cross-examined. For, to my wonderment, WITHERINGTON, Q.C., commenced with displaying a respectful and sympathetic interest in my career, &c., which rendered me completely at my ease, and though on occasions he did suddenly manifest inquisitorial severity, I soon discovered that his anger was merely histrionic, and that he was in secret highly gratified by the nature of my replies. And for the most part he had the great condescension to treat me with a kind and facetious familiarity.

I had privately commissioned a shorthanded acquaintance of mine with instructions to take down nothing but my answers, but with inconceivable doltishness he has done the exact converse, and transcribed merely the utterances of Mister WITHERINGTON! However, as I do not accurately recall my responses, I am to insert the report here *pro tanto*, trusting to the ingenuity of the public to report between the lines.

HERE FOLLOWS THE REPORT.

Mr. Witherington, Q.C. Well, Mr. JABBERJEE, so it seems that it is all a mistake about your being a Prince, eh? . . . And, however such an idea may have originated, you never represented yourself as a Rajah, or anything of the kind? . . . I was sure you would say so. You have such a high regard for truth, and such a deep sense of the obligation of an oath, that you are incapable of a deliberate falsehood at any time—may I take that for granted? . . . Very glad to hear it. And of course, Mr. JABBERJEE, it was no fault of yours if people chose to assume, from a certain magnificence in your appearance and way of living and so on, that you must be of high rank in your own country? . . . But, though you don't set up to be a Prince, you are, I believe, a recent acquisition to the honourable profession of which we are both members? . . . And also a journalist of some distinction, are you not? . . . Indeed? I congratulate you—a highly respectable periodical. And no doubt the proprietors have shown a proper appreciation of the value of your services, in a pecuniary sense? . . . Really? You are indeed to be envied, Mr. JABBERJEE! Not many young barristers can rely upon making such an income by their pen while they are waiting for the briefs to come in. May I ask if you intend to practice in this country? . . . The Calcutta Bar, eh? Then I suppose you can count upon influence out there? . . . Your father a Mooktear, is he? I'm afraid I don't know what that is exactly. . . . A solicitor? Now I understand. So he will give you cases—in which I am sure you will distinguish yourself. But you'll have to work hard, won't you? . . . I thought so. No more pig-sticking or tiger-shooting, eh? . . . That's a drawback, isn't it? You're passionately devoted to tiger-shooting, aren't you? Unless I'm mistaken, you first won the plaintiff's admiration by the vivid manner in which you described your "moving accidents by flood and field"—another parallel between you and OTHELLO, eh? Well, tell me, I'm no sportsman myself—but it's rather a thrilling moment, isn't it, when a tiger is trying to climb up your elephant, and get inside the—what do you call it—howlah?—oh, howdah, to be sure; thank you, very much. . . . So I should have imagined. Still, I suppose, when you're used to it, even that wouldn't shake your nerve to any appreciable extent. You would bowl over your tiger at close quarters without turning a hair, would you not? . . . Just so. A great gift, presence of mind. And pig-sticking, now—isn't a boar rather an awkward customer to tackle? . . . "You never found him so"? But suppose you miss him with your spear, and he charges your horse? . . . Ah, you're a mighty hunter, Mr. JABBERJEE, I perceive! Ever shoot any elephants? . . . No elephants? That's a pleasure to come, then. Now, about your relations with the plaintiff prior to your engagement—you were a good deal in her company, weren't you? . . . Well, you constantly escorted her to various places of amusement, come? . . . Yes, yes; I am quite aware a *chaperon* was always present. We are both agreed that my client has acted throughout with the most scrupulous propriety—but you liked being in her society, didn't you? . . . Exactly so, and, at that time at all events, you admired her extremely? . . . "Merely as a friend," eh? no idea of proposing? Well, just tell us once more how it was you came to engage yourself. . . . You were afraid your landlady would summon a boarder and ask him to give you a kicking? . . . And the prospect of being kicked terrified you to such an extent that you were willing to promise anything—is *that* your story? . . . But you are a man of iron nerve, you know, you've just been giving us a description of your performances in the jungle. How did you come to be so alarmed by a boarder, when the attack of the fiercest tiger or wild boar never made you turn a hair? . . . But that is what you gave us to understand just now, wasn't it? . . . Then do you tell his lordship and the jury now that, as a matter of fact, you never shot a solitary tiger or speared a single boar in your life? Why didn't you say so at once, Sir? . . . Do you consider a misrepresentation of that kind a mere trifle? . . . In spite of the fact that you have solemnly sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth? . . . Very well, Sir, I will take your answer. Now, just look at this letter of yours, dated June the 15th, 1896. (Your lordship has a copy of the correspondence. . . . Yes, it is all admitted, my lord.) I'll read it to you. (Reads it.) Now, Sir, is it the fact that you ever actually consulted the gentleman who enjoys the distinction of being astrologer to your family upon your marriage with the plain-

tiff? Be careful what you say. . . . And did he ever forbid you to contract such an alliance? . . . Then was there a word of truth in all that? . . . I thought as much. Let me read you another letter. (*He reads.*) Here, you see, you make quite another excuse. You are already married, and can only offer the plaintiff the position of a rival wife, or "*sateen*," as you call it. Have you ever contracted an infant marriage in India? . . . Oh, that is true, is it? But why, when you were paying these attentions to the plaintiff, did it never occur to you to mention the fact that you were a married man? . . . "You don't know"? May it not have been because you were a widower? Was your infant wife alive or dead when you wrote this letter? . . . Then why did you write of her as if she were alive? . . . I quite believe that—but why were you so anxious to break it off just then? . . . Well, when you were cross-examining the plaintiff you asked her about a certain china ornament you had given her, which seems to have been originally intended for another young lady. We needn't mention her name here—but you made her acquaintance some time after your engagement, didn't you? . . . And since you left Porticoello House, you have seen a good deal of her, eh? . . . You were a great admirer of hers, weren't you? . . . I'm not asking you whether she is engaged to a Scotch gentleman at the present moment—I'm putting it to you that, at the time you were writing these letters to the plaintiff, you had already formed the conclusion that this other young lady was more deserving of the honour of being the second Mrs JABBERJEE. . . . I am not suggesting that you could help it—but wasn't it so? . . . Very well—that is all I have to ask you, Mr. JABBERJEE. You can go.

I must not omit to record that my replies and the reading of my letters did excite frequent and vociferous merriment, and in other respects I have testified so exhaustively that my solicitor informs me it is not worth a candle to call any further witnesses—especially as Hon'ble CUMMERBUND has intimated that he prefers to blow unseen, and as for Baboo CHUCKERBUTTY RAM, he, it seems, has of course been seized by such violent indisposition that he was compelled to leave the Court.

So I am now to deliver one more brief oration, which will infallibly secure me the plerophory of the jury and exalt my head to the skies as Cock of the Roost.

Only I regret that JESSIMINA's visage is now completely invisible to me, being obscured by the dimensions of her hat, also that she should carry on such protracted confabulations with her curly-headed professional adviser—which is surely lacking in most ordinary respect for myself and Hon'ble Justice HONEYGALL!

"THE FINAL WAR."

(*A Last Chapter, about as probable as its forerunners.*)

So England, with the assistance of the United States, had crushed the Triple Alliance. She had taken Paris, occupied Moscow, and obtained the Treaty of Peace before Berlin. As already described, the negotiations had been brought to a successful conclusion, thanks to the efforts of H.R.H. the Prince of W-L-S. All was quiet in London—seemingly. But peace was only on the surface. Amongst the millions there was a growing feeling of unrest. "We are too powerful," said the foremost man of Shoreditch. "Our prosperity is demoralising," added the most influential inhabitant of Herne Bay. It was at this crisis that Mr. ROBESPIERRE WASHINGTON WROTE came to the front in a leader published in his organ, *Britannia's Adviser*. Mr. ROBESPIERRE WASHINGTON WROTE counselled disarmament. A Cabinet Council was called, and the standing army (which had been considerably augmented during the past war) was reduced from a million and a half to five thousand.

Then Mr. ROBESPIERRE WASHINGTON WROTE suggested that the Colonies should receive their independence. Again a Cabinet Council was called, with the same result. Then Mr. ROBESPIERRE WASHINGTON WROTE advised the independence of India. Russia was too impoverished by her recent defeat to take advantage of the scheme, so the title of Empress was dropped, and things became as they were a triple of centuries before. And now Mr. ROBESPIERRE WASHINGTON WROTE made a final suggestion: England was to divest herself of everything to show her *bona fides*. No sooner said than done.

But at this point there came a reaction. Someone pointed out that matters had been carried too far, and that WROTE was a traitor. Jingoism spread over the country like wild-fire. The wonderful victories of "The Final War" became again realities, and all was well.

So Britannia ruled the waves, as she ever can do when she is assisted in the operation by a writer—on paper.

THE BEAUNE OF CONTENTION.—Cheap Burgundy.



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. III.

CANINE SAGACITY.

DEAR SIR,—You will be interested to hear of the curious action of a little dog belonging to a friend on the same staircase as myself at Brazenface College, Oxford.

This animal regularly every morning, at the same hour, brings a young kitten in its mouth, and drowns it in a tub of water which always stands in one place. He is invariably accompanied by an old hen, who personally superintends the work of destruction, cackling the whole time as if possessed, as she probably is. The hen gravely stalks away when the drowning is completed. To my certain knowledge, no less than *thirty-three* kittens have thus been destroyed on consecutive days.

Now, where does the dog obtain the kittens? Why does he drown them? Is it the result of a solemn anti-feline vow? Is it a vendetta? What is the connecting link with the old hen? Does the hen employ the dog to kill the kittens because cats have injured her eggs or her feelings? I confess myself completely baffled! Yours ever, A. SOLOMON (*Undergrad.*).

Sotto Voce.

A WRITER in the *Daily Telegraph* has complained that loud talkers at railway stations are too prone to discuss private affairs in public, but surely the following style of conversation is more aggravating to bystanders on the same platform:—

First Passenger. Yes! JIGGINS met STIGGINS and said—

[*Sinks his voice to a whisper.*

Second Passenger (deeply interested). No; really?

First Passenger. Yes; but STIGGINS answered—

[*Whispers again. At close of communication both roar with laughter. Intense mortification of those around.*

NOTE FROM OXFORD.—Water "Isis" seem very popular at the "House" just now.



ON BOARD A LINER.

Belle Américaine. "POPPA SAYS YOU BRITISHERS ARE AKIN TO US. POPPA TELLS ME OUR ANCESTORS CAME OVER IN THE MAYFLOWER."
Matter-of-fact Britisher. "AH!—WHICH TRIP?"

A NEW AND SORROWFUL LYTELL GESTE OF ROBIN HOOD.

[It is proposed to run a railway through Sherwood Forest.]

LITTLE and listen, gentlemen,
 That be of Brytyshe blood,
 I'll tell you of a good yeoman,
 His name was ROBIN HOOD.
 ROBIN stood in Sherwoode Forest,
 And leaned him to a tree;
 And by him stood stout LITTLE JOHN,
 Both glum as glum could be.
 "What booteth it?" cried LITTLE JOHN,
 "The railway company
 Is going to shriek and squeale and smoke
 Under the greenwood tree."
 "Oh waly, waly!" cried ROBIN HOOD,
 "Under the leavés green
 Their sleepers and their rails they'll lay,
 Whereof will be great teen!
 Merrie England will be no more,
 There'll be no men of grystle,
 When Sherwood hearsthe the railway roare,
 And eke ye railway whystle!"
 Forth then stert LITTLE JOHN,
 Half in tray and teen;
 "Let us hang ye Managers," he cried,
 "Upon this oke-tree green!"
 "Alas and waly!" cried ROBIN HOOD,
 "That were a merrye plan,
 But that, I doubt, would scarce seem good
 To our Maid MARIAN.
 She hath so many tronkes y-naw
 For farthingale and bonnet,
 She will not fayle to greet ye rail
 With glee, depend upon it!
 I trowe when arches roof ye brake,
 And tunnels pierce ye thicket,

She will not weep, but uppe and take
 A firste-classe season tycket!
 She hath already a cycle got,
 She rideth it near and far;
 And next she'll get, or I'll be shot,
 A moderne motor-car!"
 Then uppe and blubbered poor LITTLE JOHN

(For he, though brave, was human),
 "'Tis never merry in the green wood,
 Since MARIAN turned Newe Woman!"
 Forth then went brave ROBIN HOOD,
 With a most mournful cheere;
 The tears out of his eyen ran,
 And fell down by his lere.
 "Gramercy!" cried he, "neath the green-
 wood tree,
 This hour is sure the sorest!
 I ne'er did thinke to live to see
 Railways in Sherwoode Forest!"

A SEASONABLE SUGGESTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—About this time of the year, it is customary for tea-dealers and licensed victuallers to start "Goose Clubs," with the aid of the weekly subscriptions of their customers. As a rule, the Christmas bonus includes, besides the succulent bird, several bottles of ardent spirits, a pound of tea, and a quart of champagne. Will you permit me to make a suggestion. I would propose that a company should be formed to supply the public with a number of yule-tide hampers, at the cost, say, of a guinea a-piece. For that sum purchasers should obtain (1) a pass to the continent enabling the voyager to travel (1st class) through France, Aus-

tria, Germany, and Russia. (2) Coupons for hotel accommodation (premier quality) sufficient to last a month. (3) A tourist outfit, with fur-lined overcoat. (4) Half a dozen best whiskey. (5) Half a dozen best brandy. (6) A travelling library, including the works of DICKENS, THACKERAY, RUDYARD KIPLING, and WALTER BESANT. (7) An insurance ticket for £1,000. (8) A concertina or a musical box (playing twelve tunes) at choice. (9) A bicycle. (10) A portable tent. (11) A conversation book in four languages. And (12) lastly, a warrant of naturalisation available for every country in the world outside the United Kingdom.

There, Sir, is the idea. The effect would be that 'Arry and 'Arriet would be lured away from their native land during the festive season, and possibly be induced, later on, to take up their residence permanently away from home. Surely this would be a direct gain to the entire community?

Yours genially,
 A CONFIRMED GRUMBLER.

P.S.—I might add that to make "the new Goose Clubs" appropriate, not only in purpose, but in name, the geese might be supplied by the shareholders.

At the Close of the Racing Season.

Owner (to friend, pointing to disappointed colt). There he is, as well bred as any horse in the world, but can't win a race. Now what's to be done with him?
 Friend (suddenly inspired). Harness the beast in front of a motor-car. He'll have to travel, then.



“GOOD BUSINESS!”

KHEDIVE. “PLEASE, SIR, THEY SAY YOU’LL HAVE TO PAY THIS YOURSELF!”
JOHN BULL (*calling out after FRANCE and RUSSIA*). “ALL RIGHT, GENTLEMEN! ONLY REMEMBER—WHO PAYS THE PIPER, CALLS THE TUNE!”



NEW SPORTING DICTIONARY OF FAMILIAR LATIN PHRASES.

LABOR OMNIA VINCIT. (LABOUR OVERCOMES EVERYTHING.)

DARBY JONES ON WINTER KEEP.

HONOURED SIR,—The curtain has rung down upon that fine drama the Flat Racing Season, and the Royal Turf Theatre has been let by the Clerk of the Weather to the Variety Company which can do such wonderful feats with Hurdles, Banks, Ditches, Brooks, and Fences. And even the Clerk is a bit of a Clown himself. Look how he killed sport at Newmarket last week. Opening with a prospect of skating, and then drenching the Earth like a consistent London water-cart does the streets when the rain and vehicles are turning the thoroughfares into ploughed fields. Paddling about a sloshy course with great Blobs of Damp hitting you heavily in the optics is not my idea of Sporting Pastime; but then, you see, honoured Sir, without this stick-hopping diversion during the months when Rude Bo-reas and Co. exercise their right to draw draughts at sight, where would many of our Fellow-creatures be?

Winter Keep is a very serious matter, more weighty, I assure you, with a good many Britons, than is either the Evil Conduct of the SULTAN or the Presentation of Ancient Poetry to the American Ambassador. Of course a Turfite, who has worked hard all the season, and brought off a Good Thing at the backend, concerns himself but little about the Hopping, Skipping and Jumping. He feels like a man who has espoused an Heiress, and departs to celebrate his honeymoon in the Sunny South, where he knows that he will run no chance of being made ill by the hospitable gluttony and indiscreet wine-bibbing of an English Christmas. But the unhappy wight who has been rolled over like a cocoa-nut from a stick by the cruel blows of pitiless Fortune, is constrained to try and mend his position. He puts his nose to the grindstone of Steeple-chasing and Hurdle-racing, with a fixed determination to become as sharp as those who lay up

"leppers" for the winter like the dormouse does his store of purloined cereals. *He has a Hard Task before him.* There are no people so astute as these Hoppers, Skippers, and Jumpers, especially when they hail from the Island of Potatoes and Dublin Prawns. You will see some rough-coated brute that you never heard of before come shambling on to a course with the action of a rhinoceros, and then, heigh presto! before you ejaculate "John Robinson!" or "Richard Crusoe!" this same anti-diluvian quadruped has landed a pretty little stake and a much larger collection of bets. The meeting and the country have been picked for him, of course. "It's the difference in obstacles as does it," said the descendant of the Kings of Tipperary to me last week. And he is right, Sir, without dispute. I've seen a tip-top flyer, a crack Bullfincher from the Shires come down into West Hampshire, and be pounded into cat's meat by an ugly New Forest pony with a head on him like a coal-hammer. But he knew how to jump *on to banks*, not try to fly them.

But this is, as XENOPHON remarked, a digression. Even the never-say-die "Boys" often get "left" at the illegitimate sport, and should ice and snow set in, be seen, like so many sparrows, pecking about Piccadilly Circus for the means wherewithal to satisfy their occasional hunger and ever-constant thirst. And so Newmarket, Wye, Sandown, Kempton, Windsor, Plumpton, *et id omne genus*, as you say in the classics, never want for patrons, when a sensible man, if not basking on the Riviera, would be warming his toes before one of those sea-coal fires, which I have found no cheaper since the City dues were removed by Act of Parliament. And yet there are some Absolute Gifts to be picked up for the asking, such, for instance, as supporting such a performer as the *Midshipmite* in the Newmarket Grand Military. It was shelling peas to plank

down one's doubloons in favour of the Nautical Nag, even though laying the slight odds of 6 to 5 on Mr. A. LAWSON'S mount.

Reverting to things personal and delicate, I am glad to believe, Sir, that, obedient, perhaps, to a fine Sense of Honour, you have made no attempt to make acquaintance with the Lovely Lady, and I have set such a watch on her correspondence that I am sure you will never receive the admiring Christmas Card, which no doubt you are expecting. I am not Jealous, but there is no man more Conservative of Property than

Your lynx-eyed Servitor,
DARBY JONES.

[We expect no Christmas Card from any lady, lovely or otherwise. As an amateur detective D. J. is simply ridiculous.—Ed.]

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Bachelor visits a Lifetime Friend, who has married a fair Lady.

I'm staying with my old friend BROWN.
His country house is on the Down
That stretches to the sea;
A pleasant nook it holds between
The pines, that never lose their green,
But ever young shall be.

I've known old BROWN since he and I
At Eton met, and by and by
From Oxford sallied forth
To travel on the Continent—
No matter where—I think we went
East, West, and South and North.

I'm sure we got into disgrace,
And ran like madcaps many a race
We could not hope to win;
But that's the eager fault of Youth—
It never knows the pungent truth
Of Waiting to Begin.

Old BROWN and I for many a day
Would let Time roll—we loved the play!
'Twas like a football match,
When at the Wall or in the Field
We resolutely would not yield
Till forced our breath to catch.

And so we mixed our cares and joys,
A pair of very foolish boys,
And kicked the ball of Life;
And then we parted. Now I find
Old sympathies are left behind,
For BROWN has got a wife!

A charming creature, fair to view,
With amber hair and eyes of blue,
And such a winning smile!
The sort of goddess one might deem
To be begot by painter's dream
Of perfect woman-style.

And yet somehow I do not care
To waste my glances on her hair
That shines like liquid gold.
Nor do I seek her eyes divine
Nor care to hear her voice with mine
Blend in the stories told.

No better hostess could there be;
She's always looking after me
Like some well-cherished gown.
I think that my dislike is due
To Something that is all too new—
The awful change in BROWN!

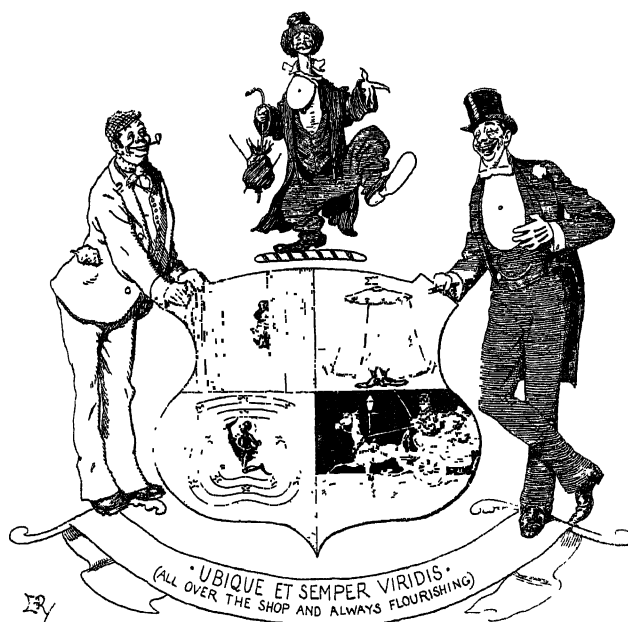
VERY APPROPRIATE.—MR. BEERBOHM TREE opened, at the Knickerbocker Theatre in America, with *Seats of the Mighty*.

READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



Arms: Quarterly; 1st, a pyrotechnic carnival displayed proper; 2nd, three tropical cocoa-nuts statant sable (three shies a penny); 3rd, an ancient British barrow, supposed to be charged with body of Queen BOADICHA; 4th, an arry issuant from three bars blatant on a field dotty. *Crest:* An ass's head regardant reproachful, probably charged on the body with a juggins rampant. *Supporters:* Dexter, an arriet plumed and garnished somethink like, I tell yer; sinister, a coster arrayed pearly to the nines, charged with a concertina all proper. *Second motto:* A regular beno.

["It has been decided that arms shall be devised for Hampstead."—*Daily Paper.*]



LORD L-NO.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, three bars wait fretty in the wings; 2nd, an heraldic pavilion, or changing-tent proper, outside a pair of heraldic dancing-pumps also fairly accurate; 3rd, inside three 'alls a (k)night; 4th, a professional's brougham passant between two 'alls 'eraced. *Crest:* A lion comique rampant in garb base to the last degree, holding in dexter hand an heraldic parapluie slightly out of repair all proper. *Supporters:* Dexter, one of the "gods" regardant, inclined to repartee; sinister, a denizen of the fauteuils d'orchestre cachinnatory to the last, charged on the breast for distinction with a solitaire of the first water.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

G. A. HENTY, of the marvellous pen, fights one of our great battles over again *At Agincourt*, where "the one jolly Englishman" knocked the bloom of the flower of French chivalry "into a cocked hat," as our interested and very British schoolboy remarks. Especially as the hero had to encounter the "White Hoods" of Paris. In his other book, the young naval adventurer is launched with *Cochrane the Dauntless* on the troubled waters of South American seas. Then there is *The Loss of John Humble*, by G. Norway, and it will be that boy's loss who does not read it. Lastly comes *Violet Vereker's Vanity*, in which ANNIE E. ARMSTRONG ("more power to her elbow!") tells a charming story of a girlish folly. All the above-mentioned are to be found in the stores of BLACKIE & Son's Book Cellars, whose address must of course be sought in a Directory of Darkest London.

Horn Book Jingles. By Mrs. ARTHUR GASKIN. (Leadenhall Press; SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co.) Another illustrated book for smaller folk, though the idea of what our great-great-grandmother's Horn Book was might be a trifle beyond the grasp of even our modern babies. These dainty jingles may enlighten them, for the nineteenth-century babies are generally well advanced, and the Horn Book should get on well if it can only blow its own trumpet.

In Bohemia with Du Maurier enshrines Mr. FELIX MOSCHELES's recollections of happy days spent in Belgium with our lost "Kicky." It shows him, as in intimate company he was up to the last, lighthearted, full of fun and good fellowship. It was his early manner—this also preserved unto the last—of drawing sketches at the head, tail, or on the margin of letters to his friends. Mr. MOSCHELES has preserved over three-score, which are reproduced, and add greatly to the pleasure and interest of the simple annals of student life in the fifties. Whilst DU MAURIER was studying and larking at Malines, there came a time when, literally, a shadow fell upon his life. He had lost the sight of one eye, and a cheerful doctor told him the other must needs follow. It seemed the end of all his hopes and ambition. But he bore the trial with unabated cheerfulness. "If one can't paint," he said, "one must do something else—write perhaps," he added, in a flash of unconscious prophecy. One cannot know

too much of DU MAURIER, and my Baronite finds in this volume many pleasant echoes of a voice that is still.

In *The Herb Moon* (FISHER UNWIN), JOHN OLIVER HOBBS's latest story-book, my Baronite finds all that cynical mood, rapid insight into character, carefully-polished and sharply-barbed sentences, that attracted him in early days to *Some Emotions and a Moral*. Here, as there, plot is not the authoress' chief stand-by. She tells again the old, old story, how two young people love each other; how misunderstanding comes about, and how they part. He becomes a soldier. She might have married—not a market-gardener, but a baronet. She resisted the temptation, and he, coming back from the wars with the Victoria Cross, marries her, retires from the army, goes into Parliament, and "it is said will be in the next Cabinet"—a very happy chance for a retired colonel, who, apparently, has not yet been even a Junior Lord of the Treasury. But *The Herb Moon* is avowedly a fantasia, and all things may happen under it. Mrs. HARROBY, who nearly marries Rose to the Baronet, is an entertaining person, reminiscent of *Ethel Newcome's* protectress, *Lady Kew*. The volume is enriched by a charming sketch of the authoress.

Mr. ASHBY STERRY's *Tale of the Thames*, brought out by BLISS, SANDS & Co. (what happiness in the name of this firm of publishers! Do not BLISS and SANDS suggest a series of, say, *Beatitude at Broadstairs*, *Merriment at Margate*, and *Rapture at Ramsgate*?), will be found a charming companion by the winter fireside, when it delights the gallant young watermen and waterwomen to recall the adventures of their happy summertime on the River Thames. Likewise will the book be invaluable as an entertaining guide to water-parties who love to take their pleasure "down 'Henley' way." Mr. STERRY knows the ropes and how to work the lines. Take him as your guide, trust to him to show you the river, and consider him as Mr. Ashby Steery. The illustrations, by W. HATHERELL, are delightful. Pity they could not have been, appropriately, in water colours.

Of prettily-got-up books, suitable to most times, and to Christmas time in particular, JOHN LANE, the active brain of the Bodley Head, produces not a few. Among his latest is *The Children*, by ALICE MEYNELL. Its natural simplicity is its great charm. All who are interested in children at Christmas time—and who is not?—will have their pleasure enhanced by reading this little book.

THE BARON.



A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

Friend (running down for a day or two to Brown's "little place"). "RATHER A PITY YOU HAVEN'T ANY CABS OR 'BUSES HERE, ISN'T IT?"
Brown. "PITY? NOT A BIT! WHY, WE HAVE A GRAND THREE-MILE WALK BEFORE US; BUT IF YOU'RE NOT A GOOD WALKER, WE CAN SAVE A GOOD MILE OR SO BY CUTTING ACROSS THESE FIELDS!"
[Friend rather wishes he hadn't come.]

ECONOMICAL REFRESHMENTS.

(At a Dance in aid of a Dispensary.)

TOUCH not that fatal lemonade!
 That claret-cup, I have a notion,
 Is like the drinks the BORGIA made—
 A healthy, hospitable potion!

That sherry is an English wine;
 They give us drinks they "didn't
 ougher."
 Perhaps to suit some tastes—not mine;
 I'll take a glass of simple water.

And ices, too, like those are sold
 On any barrow for a penny;
 Small boys survive them, I am told.
 No, thank you, I will not take any!

Oh, doctors, did you plan this dance
 That to this fact we might awaken—
 There comes to all of us by chance
 A time when physic must be taken;

Dispensaries are needful, so
 We, having made a contribution,
 Should after such refreshment go
 Ourselves to test your institution?

As we Live now.

Go-ahead Squire (to rector's factotum).
 Well, RINGWELL, what can I do for you?
Ringwell. Master's compliments, and
 could you oblige him, Sir, with your motor-
 car to try the ice on the parish pond?

THE "NEW BOY."

(His Rules for Parents during the Holidays.)

1. ALL parents must get up early in the morning, in order to see that the house is made perfectly comfortable before the children come down—fires in full swing, prayers over, newspapers aired, and breakfast laid.

2. Bread and milk, and porridge are forbidden as articles of food. The daily bill of fare to be submitted to a committee of children.

3. Bikes to be supplied to all children, with, when space permits, at least one motor-car.

4. Smoking cigarettes *everywhere* to be permitted.

5. Late dinner every night, but no grown-up parties.

6. List of amusements, theatres, dances, &c., to be arranged by the children on the first day of the vacation.

7. No holiday tasks, and no lectures.

8. No fixed time for going to bed or rising in the morning.

9. Pocket-money, as settled by abitra-tion, to be served out every day after breakfast or lunch.

10. All rooms to be free for romps or games.

11. All servants to obey orders from the children, without heeding the habits or wishes of parents.

12. No slops to be served out. Cham-pagne every night.

13. Noise must never be objected to. Football, when desired, in all the passages.

14. It is distinctly to be understood that any breach of the above regulations will entitle the children to GO ON STRIKE, and remain out till a handsome indemnity has been paid and apologies offered.

15. It is also understood that the word "parents" includes grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins (grown up), guardians, and all other tyrannical persons whatsoever.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—Booklets and calen-dars of most subtle daintiness come from those artistic firms of MARCUS WARD and RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS, who have politely left their Christmas cards on us at our office. MISCH & STOCK evidently decided that "it's humour we want," and so, on a good Christmas Mischion, they have set out with a Stock of quaint novelties.

A NEW GAME.—There is an uncompro-mising sound about "Table Football," which, being brought out by "WOOLF & SON," sounds suggestive of "bear-fighting" in the dining-room. But it's a quiet game. Don't keep the Woolf from the door. Let him in.

ADVICE TO A DEMAGOGUE.—Remember that it isn't Mann who disposes of both land and sea.



HINTS FROM OUR INVENTOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE INFANT-CARRIER. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED FOR TWINS.

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

A MARRIAGE.

DEAR MISTER,—During that I write the notes for my guide, in visiting the english towns, I am alldays very content of to have the occasion of to observe the manners and the habitudes of your compatriots. I have spoken there is some time of a "croquetparty"; at present I go to describe a marriage.

He goes without to say that, after to have received the invitation, I expedite a little *cadeau de nocces*, a little gift of nuptials, to the charming miss. That it is precisely as in France, and one cannot mistake himself. But I wanted, *je manquai*, of to mistake myself otherwise.

Naturally I have the intention of to go to the church in black habit and white cravat, also as in France. For not to mistake myself I ask to one of my friends, also invited, if one carries his habit, his *frac*, at the church, and he responds that yes, one carries his *frac* coat. Therefore I dress myself after the *déjeuner*, and I attend this friend, because I go with him to the church. He arrives a little in delay, *en retard*, and the instant that he perceives me he cries himself, "Bijove, my dear fellow, did not I tell you that at a wedding one wears a *frac* coat?" "Eh, well," I respond, "I have put my *frac* coat. Why have you not done of same?" "You mean," says he, "you are going to put on your *frac* coat? But you cannot wear it with an evening waistcoat and a white tie." We say all this very quick, being so pressed. "For why not?" I demand, "and also why are not you ready?" "I am," responds he. "*Tiens!* How that? You wish to say that one goes to a marriage *en redingote*?" "In a *frac* coat, of course." Then I comprehend that in english a *frac* is a *redingote*, and also that I have not one instant to lose.

Aided by my friend, I throw my *gibus*, my *frac*, my white cravat, my white gloves, and my other habits, I put a grey cravat in marine knot, a *redingote*, &c., I seize my hat high form, we descend to the carriage, and as quick as possible we go to the church, where we arrive much in delay.

The church is filled of world. Not only all the parents of the charming *fiancée*, the female affianced one, and all the parents of the male affianced one, and all the inviteds, but also of other persons, some women, even some childs, who are entered for to see the marriage. As in France, it is a spectacle for them. By consequence we are obliged of to rest all at the end of the nave, and I see not anything of the marriage. In effect the women hold themselves unright all the time, and the childs are even on the benches, all regarding the ceremony. However

at the fine, between the heads of my neighbours, I see to pass the nuptial *cortège*—the new marrieds, the misses of honour, and the witnesses. Then all the world precipitates himself in the street, and after some time we find our carriage, and we go at, *chez*, the mother of the young spouse.

There also much of world, for that which we call in France "*un fivoclock*" or "*un lunch de cinq heures*." The new marrieds receive in the saloon the felicitations of their friends, and me also I give to each one a shake-hands, and I say, "All my felicitations." Then I am presented to some ones of the ladys and to the charming misses of honour. And all the world goes to see the beautiful gifts of nuptials, exposed in the hall of billiards. As in France the friends have given enormously of *théières*, tea-pots, of *salières*, salt-pots, and of *bonbonnières*, goodies-pots, but there is much of objects of more great value, in jewellery and in goldsmithery, as well as in silvery, and also some cheques. Ah, the charming cheques—not of Panama!

During all this time one can not to seat himself in any room, at cause of the number of the assistants, and all simply also because he wants, *il manque*, absolutely of chair. It is very fatiguing. However, in fine the new marrieds go themselves away to the station, and me also I can to part for to repose myself at the hotel, where I put my black habit and my white cravat, without fear of to mistake myself this time here, for the ball of the evening.

It is a ball of the most ravishings. Me I dance with the charming english misses just to the fine. That they are adorable! So gay, so animated! And all the time that I speak they have the air so amiable, so smiling, from the moment where I say, "Will you accord me a valse, miss?" And I conduct of them someones to the buffet for to take a gaseous lemonade—ah no, it is a squash of lemon!—or an ice, and more late all the world goes to the supper. Then we dance still; there is the Dance of the Barn, and a dance all new, the "Washington's Post," very droll in effect. At three of clock and half of the morning it is finished, I give a shake-hands to the amiable hostess, and I part with thousand thanks of her gracious hospitality.

Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

AT NAZARETH HOUSE.

A very practical Christmas Carol.

God bless you, merry gentlemen! Does misery you dismay?
Remember Charity, like Love, will always find a way.
And as the Christmastide draws nigh when Charity, at least,
Would bid the sufferer's soul rejoice, and let the poorest feast,
Let grateful thoughts of Nazareth, and all the boon and bliss
That name still brings to bruised hearts in so sad world as this,
Rouse you to service of your kind, the spirit's best response
To the Great Service done by One for all!

He who but once
Has passed the threshold of that door wide open unto all
At Nazareth House at Hammersmith, is evermore the thrall
Of tender, loving memories. Spontaneous there hath sprung,
In service of the very old and of the very young,
Needs bitterest extremes, a spring of charity and love
As pure as inexhaustible. From sources high above
The dusty level of our days such streams must ever flow;
But rains that fall on loftiest heights enrich the plains below.
And piety and passionate humanity combine
To perfect Charity's best work. Wouldst have such work be
thine,

Not in devoted hermitage, but as a quickening gleam
Amidst life's daily battle-task? Then help to swell that stream
Which freely flows for old and young, for every class and creed.
From Nazareth's nurturing ministry. Great ever is the need
Of rills auxiliar, for the wastes of London's life are wide;
Poverty's parching thirst is sore, sorrow on every side
Pleads mutely for compassionate aid that overtaxes still
The scant resource of Christian love, the coffers of goodwill
Help swell them! 'Tis a Christian task that brings a double
boon

To self and to the suffering poor. Send freely and send soon!
Go, see the sisterhood's good work, sick children taught to
smile,

And old folk in safe hermitage. It shall be worth your while,
And leave sweet recollection. Nought will be rejected there,
The modest dole, the cast-off garb, the broken food, the prayer!
All who would mark at Christmastide, love, grateful heart,
glad hope.

At Nazareth House in Hammersmith shall find most fitting
scope.



A MODERN PEGASUS.

Purchaser. "CAN HE JUMP?"
 Irish Dealer. "JUMP? BEDAD, IF YE WAS TO PUT HIM IN A FIELD, YE'D HAVE TO PUT
 A LID ON UR TO KAPE HIM IN!"

SALLY, OUR SALLY!

(English Version sung by an Ecstatic Frenchman
 on the Great Day of Sarah Bernhardt's Art-
 Apotheosis.)

AIR—"Sally in our Alley."

OF all the artistes svelte and smart
 There's none like our SALLY.
 She is the crown of Gallic Art,
 And to her shrine we'll rally.
 No actress born, however grand,
 Is half so great as SALLY;
 She is the darling of our land,
 Beloved ex-cep-tion-ally!

Of all the days in this great week
 Fame will red-letter one day,
 And that's the day that came between
 This Wednesday and last Monday.
 For "Toute France," drest in all its best,
 Crowded to worship SALLY,
 And see her canonised by Art
 Most alle-gori-cally!

What was the Excitement about?

ONLY that just as Madame CAMEL (of the famous *bonbon* dealers, NOUGAT et CAMEL) of Bond Street, was serving the Duchess of HYPERION with a pound of sugared orchids, a burly stranger, evidently an agriculturist up for the Cattle Show, entered and exclaimed, "I say, missus, put us oop a crown's worth o' brandy balls and mint drops to take whoam ta the youngsters." No wonder that the Duchess and Madame simultaneously fainted, that Sir REGINALD CARBEAU upset his fragrant chocolate over his irreproachable pantaloons, that the exquisite Hebes cried "Murder! Police!" and that the burly stranger beat a hasty retreat, muttering, "Well, I'm danged if this bain't a sweet-stoof shop for loonatics!"

A VAGABOND FIELD-MARSHAL.

[At the New Vagabonds' Christmas Dinner, on December 9, Lord ROBERTS (who is about to publish his reminiscences) claimed, as a soldier, to be an old vagabond—a father of vagabonds among the New Vagabonds.]

COME, Vagabonds, and divagate,
 Vagarious and various,
 Extravagantly up-to-date,
 Gregarious, hilarious!

We've gained last week a new recruit,
 A vagrant like the rest of us,
 A V.C. and a peer to boot,
 Who soon will prove the best of us.

A veteran and a hero, too,
 Has joined the ranks of vagrancy;
 A yagrom old before he's New,
 Is Bobs in fine full flagrancy!

He's of the stuff that's made our race
 E'er readier through the centuries
 To rove and roam from place to place
 Where fighting and adventure is.

Bohemia's latest denizen
 We toast with free festivity,
 Here's to his sword, here's to his pen—
 More power to their activity!

At the "Nut," Portsmouth.

First Midshipmite (reading from paper).
 "The French fleet is avowedly the least
 fast in the world."

Second ditto. By George! What a bad
 chance the poor devils will have when they
 have to run away!

AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.

Evangeline. Why is this called the dress
 circle, mamma?

Mamma. Because the stalls are the un-
 dress circle, dear.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Bachelor of none too large fortune, living in
 Chambers, having distributed Christmas
 largesse, himself receives a "Tip" of great
 value.

THE Time of Tips is drawing nigh,
 Each varlet is alert;
 The open hand, the eager eye,
 The love for eating dirt,
 Proclaim that he awaits the prey
 That he has long marked down—
 He will not have me say him nay,
 He'd take my last half-crown.

The crossing-sweeper holds his broom
 Like pistol at my head,
 And in the thick December gloom
 Proclaims I must be bled.
 The waiters at the Club prepare
 For coming showers of pelf.
 I must subscribe—the list is there
 Upon the mantel-shelf!

The dustman, heedless of neglect
 That laid me up for weeks,
 Develops now a smirk respect
 Proclaiming what he seeks.
 Yon postman, whom I know too well
 As harbinger of ills,
 Asks ransom, while he wields the spell
 Of countless unpaid bills!

That paper boy, who always knocks
 With fierce and fiendish cry,
 Anticipates a Christmas box—
 He knows I cannot fly!
 His comrades, imps who love to pick
 The paint from off my door,
 Will get, not any vengeful kick,
 But halfpence, as before!

Our housekeeper, a wily soul,
 (I'm sure, with double keys,) who on my
 cellar levies toll,
 Must have her double fees!
 Our porter, such a surly beast,
 Who will not touch his cap,
 Shall have a sovereign at least,
 Though I have not a rap!

Their satellites, a ravening band—
 I do not know their names.
 Indeed, I cannot understand
 Why they on me have claims.
 But all of them, I'm gravely told,
 Have for me done much work—
 Pour out the coppers, silver, gold,
 My duty I'll not shirk!

A heggar for the nonce I sit,
 But by no care oppress.
 The Yule-log burns, the lamp is lit,
 The whiskey's of the best.
 I too have got a tip at last,
 The happiest of my life.
 You give it! Hang the Present, Past!
 Next year I'll have a wife!

In a Birmingham Smoke-room.

Young Roseleaf (to histrionic stranger,
 who says that he was at Oxford). Of
 course you keep up the traditions of Alma
 Mater?

Histrionic Stranger (slightly fuddled).
 Alma Mater! Rather! You should have
 seen her in burlesque, my boy!

In the Billiard Room.

Major Carambole. I never give any
 bribes to the club servants, on principle.
 Captain Hazard. Then I suppose the
 marker looks on the tip of your cue with-
 out interest.



ANXIOUS TO SELL.

Dealer (to Hunting Man, whose mount has NOT answered expectations). "HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR THAT NAG O' YOURS, SIR?"
Hunting Man. "WELL, I'LL TAKE A HUNDRED GUINEAS." *Dealer. "MAKE IT SHILLINGS."* *H. M. (delighted). "HE'S YOURS!"*

WHAT MR. BULL THINKS.

CONCERNING SOME WHO TALK ABOUT HIM.

(With apologies to Hosea Biglow.)

SOME say if J. B. were a sensible man,
 He would just stay at home and look after his folk;
 Of his tight little island make all that he can,
 And into no foreign potato-patch poke.
 But J. B.,
 Boss of the sea,
 Says that foreign palaver's all fiddle-de-dee!
 "My! ain't it terrible? What shall we do?
 We can't block his road on the billows—that's flat.
 Guess we shall have to combine, do not you?
 And go in for big fleets, great guns, and all that!"
 But J. B.
 Has some L. S. D.,
 And says, "For their two ships I'm game to build three!"
 Uncle SAM is "a drefle smart man":
 He calls JOHN a "Gold Bug," a piler of pelf.
 If consistency now were a part of SAM's plan,
 Spite of BRYAN's tall talk, he would look to—*himself!*
 And J. B.
 Says that L. S. D.
 Can be worshipped as well put in dollars, says he.
 Count POSADOWSKY declares that the Strike
 At Hamburg is bossed by BULL's capitalists;
 And that German leaders and workmen alike
 Are seduced by our Traders, whom TOM MANN assists!!
 But J. B.
 Says the Teuton Count P.
 Spyeth "English Shippers" where no shippers be.

The Frenchman hints that the murder and pillage
 Which still the sick air of Armenia taint,
 Are stirred up—for gain—in our big British village!
 Well, BULL in the market won't pose as a saint,
 But J. B.
 (Though he loves L. S. D.),
 To stop them but waits till his censors agree.
 The Northern Bear growls, "BULL is still on the make!"
 Now Bruin, of course, is an innocent beast,
 Who Constantinople would scorn for to take,
 And has not an eye on the Chinese far East.
 But J. B.
 Says a view of the sea
 And "warm water" might suit travelling Bears—to a T!
 Plain English would dub these wild statements as lies!
 They are nothing on earth but *fee, faw, fum!*
 The "Vampire," the "Gold Bug," who blood-sucks or buys
 His way to the front, is a bogey, a hum.
 And J. B.
 Says, smiling, says he,
 "It may amuse them, and it doesn't hurt me!"
 "Young BRYAN—he's scarce learned the lesson of life—
 Thinks me the Gold Calf in top-boots and tight coat.
 Young WILHELM, whose music is *all* drum and fife,
 Deems me a mere slave to the democrat vote.
 But though they're so free
 In their pictures of me,
 They do not know much of the *real* J. B.
 "Perhaps it's a mercy I've many to tell me
 The greedy, perfidious fellow I am!
 But though they may chivey they will not compel me
 To take angry chaff for the truth's real jam.
 For J. B.,
 While he's healthy and free,
 Won't budge every time someone holloas out 'Gee!'"

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXXI.

Mankletow v. Jabberjee (continued). The Defendant brings his Speech to a somewhat unexpected conclusion, and Mr. Witherington, Q.C., addresses the Jury in reply.

My aforesaid shorthanded acquaintance has very fortunately preserved the literal transcript of my concluding oration, which



"Jabberjee's face gradually lengthens."

will afford a feeble idea of the grandiloquence of my loquacity.
—H. B. J.

VERBATIM REPORT (unofficial).

Baboo Jab. May it please your mighty honour and great notorious gentlemen on the jury, it must present a strange and funny appearance to behold a young Indian B.A., provided with a big education and the *locus standi* of barrister-at-law, crawling humbly towards your footstools as a suppliant, and already I perceive from your benevolent and smirking visages that your hearts are favourably inclined towards your unfortunate son, and that you are too deeply imbued with serpentine wisdom to be at all bamboozled by the *ad captandum* charms of feminine cajoleries. Indeed, I am a poor penniless chap, if not almost completely dead for want of funds, and if I had only been able to call my revered and fatherly benefactor, Hon'ble Sir CUMMERBUND, he would infallibly have testified—

The Judge. As you did not think proper—no doubt for excellent reasons—to put Sir CHETWYND in the box when you could have done so, Mr. JABBERJEE, I shall most certainly not allow you to make any comments now upon the evidence he might or might not have given.

Baboo J. I beg to knuckle very submissively to your lordship's argument. The fact is, that the said Sir CUMMERBUND, on

hearing my answers when I was acting in the capacity of a harrowed toad under my friend WITHERINGTON's cross-examination, very handsomely stated that I had left nothing for him to say, and begged modestly that he might be excused. But indeed, Mist'ers, I occupy but a very beggarly apartment in this Fools' Hotel of a world, and it is the moral impossibility for me to pay any damages whatever! Moreover, it is a well-authenticated fact that I am a shocking coward, and was induced to become affianced by haunting apprehensions of receiving a succession of severe kicks. For how, being suddenly put to my choice between being barbarously kicked and punched or acquiring a spruce and blooming bride, could I hesitate for a moment to accept the lesser of two evils? Nevertheless, I did remain uninterruptedly devoted to the plaintiff for many weeks—until I encountered a still younger and more bewitching lady, who became the Polar Star to my compass-like heart. But, lackadaisy, Sirs! though I left no stones unturned to be off with my Old Love, I did not get on very fortunately with the New, seeing that she preferred an affluent young Scotch, whereby I am reduced to shedding tears in silence and solicitude between two stools! (*Roars of laughter.*) Mist'ers, like the frog that was being lapidated by thoughtless juveniles, I reply:—"For you it may be facetious; but to myself it is a devilishly serious affair!" For, after beholding the plaintiff here and discovering that she had advanced rather than retrograded in physical attractiveness, I made cordial approaches to her, but she passed me by with a superciliously exalted nose! Gentlemen, it is a terrific piece of humbug for her to allege that her heart has been infernally lacerated by my unfaithfulness, when, at this very moment, instead of lending her ears to my brief and rambling oration, she is entirely engrossed in flirtatious conduct with her curly-pated juvenile solicitor! (*Sensation.*)

Witherington, Q.C. (rising). My lord, I really must protest. There is absolutely no justification for the defendant's outrageous insinuation. I am informed by Miss MANKLETOW that she simply asked the gentleman sitting next to her whether he had seen her smelling-salts!

The Judge. I fail to see, Mr. JABBERJEE, what advantage you can hope to gain by these highly irregular digressions. The plaintiff is under my immediate observation, and I have seen nothing in her conduct during the trial of which you have the smallest right to complain.

Baboo J. I am highly satisfied by your lordship's *obiter dictum*. Not being in such a coign of vantage as your honour's excellency, I was misled by the propinquity of heads viewed from the rear. Now, before again becoming a sedentary, I am to propose a decisive test of plaintiff's *bona fides* in desiring my insignificant self as a spouse. Herewith I beg humbly to have the honour of renewing my formal proposal of marriage, and moreover will pledge myself in most solemn and business-like style never on any account, whether so permitted by laws of country or *vice versa*, to take to myself a single additional native wife in her lifetime. This handsome offer is genuine and without prejudice. (*Great laughter, and some sensation in Court as JABBERJEE sits down.*)

Witherington, Q.C. Your lordship will see that this—ah—rather unforeseen development renders it necessary that I should ascertain the plaintiff's views before proceeding to reply. (*The Judge nods; breathless excitement in Court while the plaintiff's solicitor carries on an animated conversation with Mr. W. in undertones.*)

Witherington (rising once more). Gentlemen, I have, as it was my duty to do, consulted the plaintiff respecting the unusual course which the defendant has thought proper to take. Her answer to his proposal is the answer which I am sure you will feel is the only possible one in the circumstances. (*JAB. beams.*) The plaintiff, gentlemen, has undergone the severest ordeal a young woman of delicacy and refinement can be called upon to endure (*"Hear, hear!" from JAB.*), and out of that ordeal I think you will all agree she has come absolutely unscathed.

I need hardly say that she is incapable now of harbouring any unworthy sentiments of rancour or revenge. (*JAB. beams more effulgently still.*)

But, gentlemen, there are some injuries which, as you know, a woman may find herself able to excuse, to palliate, even to condone; but which she feels nevertheless operate as an insuperable and impassable barrier between herself and the individual who could be capable of them! (*JAB.'s smile becomes a trifle less assured.*)

After the disgraceful and unmanly attempts the defendant has made to evade his obligations; his disingenuous defences; his insulting innuendoes; after the deplorable exhibition he has made of himself in that box; and especially after the sombre picture he himself has painted of the domestic future he has to offer; after all this, I ask you, gentlemen, is it likely, is it possible, is it even conceivable that the plaintiff can retain any

respect or affection for him, or have sufficient courage and confidence to entrust her happiness to such hands? (JAB.'s face gradually lengthens.)

Once, it is true, under the glamour of her own girlish illusions, she was ready to expatriate herself, to endure an alien existence, and strange manners and customs for his beloved sake; but now, now that her ideal is shattered, her dream dispelled,—now, it is too late! Gentlemen, my client's answer is—and it is one which will only command your increased respect:—"No. He has broken my heart, undermined my belief in human nature, cast a blight upon my existence. (Miss M. sobs audibly here, and JAB. is visibly affected.) Much as I should like to recover my old belief in him, much as it would be to my worldly advantage to marry a wealthy Bengali barrister with talents and influence which are certain to lead to rapid promotion in his native land (JAB. bows, and then shakes his head in protest), he has made me suffer too much, I cannot accept him now!"

(The learned Counsel then dealt exhaustively with various portions of the case, and concluded thus.) Well, gentlemen, I shall not have to trouble you with many further remarks, but I will just say this before I sit down:—The defendant, amongst innumerable other ingenious excuses, has pleaded for your indulgence on the score of poverty. He has the brazen effrontery to plead poverty, forsooth! after complacently admitting, in that box, that he is earning at this very moment an income by his pen alone that might be envied by many a hardworking English journalist! I do not say this by way of making any reflection upon the defendant; on the contrary, gentlemen, I consider it does credit to his ability and enterprise. (JAB. bows again.) But at the same time it disposes effectually of his allegation that he is without means, and indeed, leaving his literary gains entirely out of the question, it must have been obvious from what you have heard and seen of his manner of living in this country that he is amply provided with pecuniary resources. Bearing this in mind, gentlemen, I ask you to mark your sense of his heartless treatment of the plaintiff, and the mental and social injury she has suffered on his account, by awarding her substantial damages; not, I need scarcely say, in any spirit of vindictiveness, but as some compensation (however inadequate) for all she has gone through, and also as a warning to other ingratiating but unprincipled Orientals that they cannot expect to trifle with the artless affection of our generous, warmhearted English maidens without paying—aye, and paying dearly, too! for the amusement. (He sits down amidst applause.)

NOTE BY MR. JABBERJEE.—Hon'ble Judge is to sum up after lunch. I am highly pained and disappointed that my friend WITHERINGTON should have shown himself a perfidious, and have taken the liberty as he quitted the Court to murmur the plaintive remonstrance of "*Et tu, Brute!*" into the cavity of his left ear.

My solicitor, SIDNEY SMARTLE, is of the opinion that my case is looking "a bit rocky," but that much will depend upon how the Judge sums up. What a pity that, owing to judicial red-tapery, I am prohibited from popping in upon him at lunch and importuning him to pronounce a decree in my favour!

THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE NAVY.

(Fragment of a Nautical Romance à la Charles Beresford.)

It was, indeed, a magnificent sight. The whole of the ship's company were beat to quarters and waiting the signal for departure. The fine old admiral stood on the modern equivalent for the quarter-deck, surrounded by the senior officers. He and his captain, his navigating lieutenant, and a score of other subordinates. He had reason to glance proudly at the apology of a mast from which gaily flew his pennant.

"My lads," he cried through a speaking-trumpet, "and under this title I salute both bluejackets and redcoats, remember that the eyes of the world are fixed upon you. And now, Sir, give my favourite signal."

Upon this the well-known combination was run up, and the fleet in general, and the crew of the *Stupendous* in particular, were desired to recollect that "England expected every man to do his duty." The familiar token provoked the customary applause.

"And now, my lads, one word more," continued the veteran Admiral of the Fleet, still using his speaking-trumpet. "You see before you the enemy—come to close quarters with him, grapple with him and defeat him. Bear in mind that no commander can go wrong who, without further direction from me, crushes his nearest opponent. And now three cheers for Queen and country, and away with ye."

The shouts were deafening, and then the men, responding to the whistles of the boatswains, flew hither and thither in all directions. But, strange to say, the *Stupendous* did not move.



THE NEW HANSOM CAB-GIRL

(A Suggestion for the Railway Companies.)

"In the name of NELSON," shouted the admiral, using an invocation reserved for moments of the fiercest excitement, "what is the meaning of this? Have I not commanded my beloved vessel to grapple with the enemy, and here she floats like a log of wood on the restricted surface of a landlubber's water-butt! What is the meaning of this strange inaction?"

The old sailor used a stronger epithet than "strange," but the word chosen must stand as a substitute. But for all the cries of the admiral, the commands of his officers, and the activity of his crew the good ship made no progress. She rode the waves like a painted ship upon a painted ocean.

Then there was a hurried consultation, and the junior cadet was chosen by his seniors to give the required explanation.

"If you please, Sir," began the young gentleman, in faltering tones, "it is not our fault."

"Not your fault!" thundered the admiral. "Here you are, six hundred strong, and you can't move a foot! Not your fault, indeed! Why isn't it your fault, Sirrah?"

Then came the explanation, uttered in broken accents, by the trembling youngster.

"Because, Sir, in spite of all our men, we can't cause the engines to move. The fact is, Sir, we haven't got a stoker!"

An Ancient Irish Missile.

WE take the following extract from the *Daily Chronicle's* report of a lecture on "The Life of an Old Irish Hero," delivered recently at the Workmen's College:—

"CUCHULINN was a type of all the heroes of Ireland. In all his conflicts he displayed a high sense of honour and of chivalry. Being opposed by a great number of foes, he was called upon to cast away his spear. His sense of honour was so great that he threw it at his foes, and it went through the heads of nine men."

It must have been an exceptionally keen sense of honour.



HOPELESS CASE.

Hostess. "WHY DIDN'T YOU COME TO US ON SATURDAY? I SUPPOSE YOU HAD SOMETHING BETTER TO DO?"
Admiring Visitor (nervously). "NO, I ASSURE YOU ON THE CONTRARY, IT WAS SOMETHING MUCH WORSE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE are, my Baronite complains, few phenomena more tiresome than a clever child when trotted out by a fond parent or an affectionate, though unmarried aunt. In *W. V. Her Book* (ISBISTER) Mr. W. CANTON has adventured the apparently impossible, and has accomplished it. He has made a charming book about an infant prodigy. *W. V.* has the soul of a poet. Once, all unconsciously, she commenced to supplement one of the most beautiful passages in WORDSWORTH by communicating reminiscences of what had happened "before she came here." Her remark was proffered with comprehensive wave of tiny hand round our poor planet. Being here, walking in spring-time through the garden, she notices that "the bushes have their hands quite full of flowers," and wants to know "whether the buds are the trees' little girls?" This and much else is simply told at length not too extreme. Occasionally the ecstatic father, emulous of the habit of *Mr. Silas Wegg*, drops into poetry. Here, also, the influence of the child is predominant. The verses entitled "Crying Abba Father," written about the little maid, are incomparably the best of the collection.

Just a simple story is *The Oriel Window*, told in her charming way by Mrs. MOLESWORTH, for quite young people. The pictures are by LESLIE BROOKE. It is published by MACMILLAN & Co., who give us also an exquisite edition of SHERIDAN'S *Rivals* and *School for Scandal*, delightfully illustrated by EDMUND J. SULLIVAN.

FISHER UNWIN, whose name suggests some Waltonian piscatorial work, publishes a collection of *Oat and Bird Stories from the Spectator*, showing how the harmless, necessary domestic animal is, above all things, a humourist! Doubtless the *Spectator* has heard many a good thing of "cat-and-dog life."

From F. WARNE & Co. we have *The Riders; or, Through Forest and Savannah*, by A. RUSSAN and FREDERICK BOYLE. "I'm a-going to the Sawannahs," were dear old John Willett's last words. How he would have enjoyed this book! A capital story.

Catalina: Art Student, by L. T. MEADE. A first-class heroine with nothing in her character that might be suggested by the first syllable of her name. It is very brightly

told. *Young Denys*, by ELEANOR C. PRICE. An interesting tale of an Englishman with the great NAPOLEON before the turn of the tide that bought Waterloo. He went "Nap" and lost. Another romance of more subdued historical surrounding is *The Black Tor*, by G. MANVILLE FENN, which takes us into rural merrie England in the time of JAMES THE FIRST. Go and get these books from your Chambers (Messrs. W. and R. "of that ilk"). They will be most acceptable gifts at Christmas.

Of the "greenery gallery," but much more of the decadent "gallery" school are the fantastic pictures by Mrs. PERCY DEARMER which adorn *Wymys, and other Fairy Tales*, by EVELYN SHARP. (Published by JOHN LANE, the Bodley Head.) The simple brilliancy of the cover alone reveals something of the hidden delights of these charming new stories. Such extravagance in yellow and green ought to pique the most jaded appetite of any nursery pessimist who is *fin de siècle au bout des ongles*.

With the muster of so good a company as JOHN OLIVER HOBBS, MAX BEERBOHM, RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, BARRY PAIN, Mrs. MOLESWORTH, &c., *The Parade*, 1897, edited by GLEESON WHITE (H. HENRY & Co.), is a magnificent gift-book for some more than ordinary girl or boy. The illustrations are numerous, and delightfully quaint.

Greatly doth the Baron's artistic heart delight in the first part of the enlarged series of *The Magazine of Art* brought out by CASSELL & Co. The frontispiece, which is a reproduction of ALMA-TADEMA's picture, "In my Studio," would look better were it mounted and framed. A portrait of ALMA-TADEMA in the biographical sketch by Mr. SPIELMANN is about as unlike the ALMA-TADEMA himself as any picture professedly a portrait could well be. But the photographs of the interior of the TADEMA house are charming. The article on the Art Movement induces us to hope that Beardsleyisms or Bellisms will never be applied to playing-cards. Under the heading of "Notes and Queries" an inquirer is informed as to SIR JOHN TENNIEL's contributions in water colours to the Royal Institution, and of his "Leonardo da Vinci" in mosaic, on the west wall of South Kensington Museum.

"Everybody," writes KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, "is at his or her best in the presence of children." That depends upon individual cases on both sides. But there is no doubt that KATE



“SEASIDE LODGINGS.”

RUSSIAN BEAR. “NICE VIEW OF THE SEA! JUST WHAT I WANTED! THINK I’LL TAKE ’EM!”

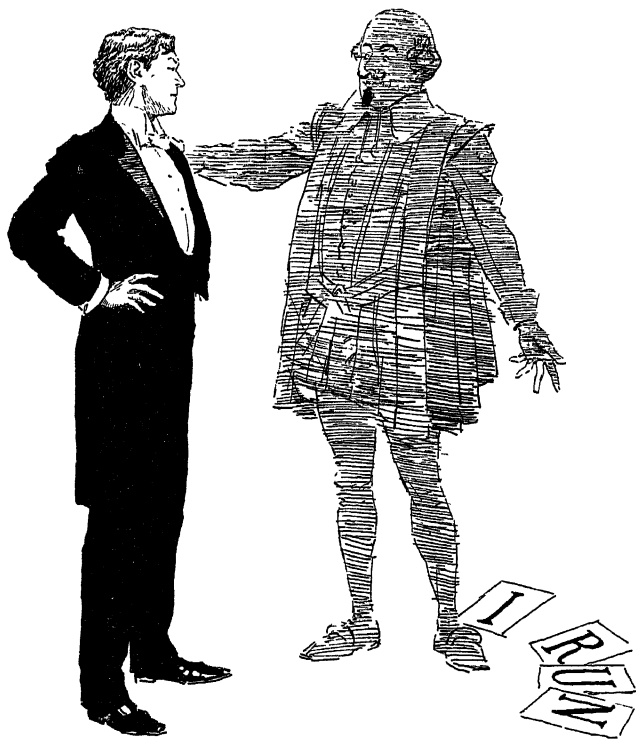
[“The scheme,” embodied in the new Treaty reported as having been quite recently concluded between Russia and China, gives the former maritime outlets, “Chinese ports in the warm water, and even allows her to plant her garrisons in Chinese territory.”]

DOUGLAS (my Baronite cannot away with WIGGIN) is at her very best when she takes a child by either hand, or sits beaming in their abundant company. *Marm Lisa*, her latest book, published by GAY AND BIRD, is the story of a waif and stray, mentally, morally, and—not least important—physically warmed into life by sisterly hands. *Lisa* was the self-appointed guardian of Twins, less Heavenly than any known in modern literature. *Atlantic* and *Pacific* they were christened, and the combined ocean space is scarcely sufficient to cover their iniquity. How little *Marm Lisa*, “having all the sorrows and cares of maternity with none of its compensating joys,” tended these Satanic imps, what pranks they played, and how finally she found rest, is a story told by KATE DOUGLAS with that rare combination of humour and pathos that is genius.

THE BARON.

IN THE ST. JAMES'S WOODS AND FORESTS.

EXCELLENTLY well has Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER placed on the stage the *As You Like it* of Divine WILLIAM. Out of the London fog and damp into the sunny forest of Arden. “Arden” is the cockney unspirited pronunciation of “Hawarden,” and



AN INTERVIEW.

Mr. George Alexander (to Immortal Actor-Manager-Dramatist). I hope, Mr. Shakspeare, this play is “As you like it”?

Immortal William. I’ faith, good Master George, ’tis something “like it.” Marry, they say I spell RUIN; but, look you, ’tis but transposing the old letters, and here is new matter: aye, and “matter most attractive,” methinks; how say you?

the thoughtful manager has certainly lost one point in not emphasising this by insisting on Mr. GEORGE HAWTREY, as *William*, making up so as to suggest the only WILLIAM who, in our time, has been associated with “Arden.” By the way, Mr. HAWTREY’s *William* is very droll. Some great comedians have been cast for these two parts of *William* and *Audrey*—the latter is taken by Miss KATE PHILLIPS—and scored enormously.

Except in the wrestling scene, which is carried out with great spirit, there is nothing for Mr. ALEXANDER as *Orlando* to do; in fact, as far as acting goes, it is a one-woman piece, and the one woman is *Rosalind*. Miss JULIA NEILSON is most fascinating in appearance, and exceptionally good in her singing, gaining a double encore for the cuckoo song. When *Orlando* first sees her in boy’s attire, he is struck by her resemblance to *Rosalind*. But had the real *Rosalind* been only so sparsely disguised about the neck as is Miss NEILSON when impersonating *Ganymede*, *Orlando* could have had no doubt about the sex of the pretended boy; and this criticism applies also to her hands.

The two best *Rosalinds* I remember were high-necked doublets, and buff, untanned, rough-looking gloves. Miss NEILSON’s fault is perpetual motion; she would effect so much more by doing so

much less. Yet will her *Rosalind* remain in the minds of players as a pleasant memory. Mr. W. H. VERNON is perfect as *Jaques*, his only error being, in my humble judgment, that he looks too pleased with the song which he has demanded only to sneer at it. A most artistic performance is that of Miss FAY DAVIS as *Celia*. The way in which Mr. JAMES FERNANDEZ, as the exiled duke, thoroughly enjoys the property boar’s head and real apples, furnished at the Arden picnic, and how he, in dumb show, his mouth being too full for speaking, presses everybody to follow his example, is a lesson to all histrionic beginners. The wicked brother *Oliver*, played by Mr. H. B. IRVING, who repents, and falls in love with the Fay (Davis) of the Forest, loses a chance of “good business”; for when *Rosalind*, hearing of her lover’s hurts, turns pale and faints, there is close at hand a babbling brook of real water, which will run as long as the piece does, and its proximity would at once suggest that a handful of it gathered in a dock-leaf and sprinkled over *Rosalind*’s pallid brow, would help to restore her to consciousness. But, strange to say, this idea never occurs to the crafty *Oliver*, nor even to *Celia*, and certainly not to SHAKSPEARE, who had never contemplated the immediate proximity of a running stream of real water on the stage where his forest of Arden was located. Altogether a delightful evening’s entertainment, with quite an Elizabethan, Christmassy, finish of masque, revel, and epilogue to send the audience away rejoicing.

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

LA CÔTE D’AZUR DU SUSSEXSHIRE.

DEAR MISTER,—At Brighton, of who I have already spoken you several times, one finds a great town, absolutely without commerce, absolutely occupied to receive the voyagers—town of hotels, of *pensions*, of furnished houses, at little near, *à peu près*, as Nice. And of more one finds at Brighton enormously of new riches, of financiers, of lenders of money, often making display of an ostentation and of a vulgarity absolutely insupportable, also at Nice. Hasting, more sheltered and frequented by the olds and by the ills, resembles to Menton. Eastburn, with her gardens, her trees and her villas, resembles perhaps a little to Cannes.

But Monte Carlo? Ah no! He wants absolutely in the Sussexshire a town as Monte Carlo, the town who is—as would say some parisian journalists, writing the french language of a fashion ignored of our great writers—“*le féérique rendez-vous de nos plus élégants mondains, la merveilleuse principauté de la Côte d’Azur, où règne une délicieuse et printanière température.*” In effect a site of the most beautifuls, and a temperature truly springy, but a vulgar and pretentious little town, frequented by a crowd still more vulgar and pretentious, a crowd of persons the most “flashing,” as one says in english. Very amusing to see, without doubt, but not a terrestrial paradise, as pretend those parisian journalists who are subventioned by the direction.

Naturally there is not of Monte Carlo in England, because the game is there absolutely defended and absolutely unknown. In some circles, or clubs, the English play to the “wist” for the pieces of six pennys, and in the houses of the particulars, *des particuliers*, without silver—“for love,” as they say. But the *baccarat*, the *roulette*, the thirty and forty, and the poker are entirely unknown in your country, *n’est-ce pas?* You are so serious, so correct, you play to the chesses, *aux échecs*, or, if you desire a game more gay, more *léger*, you play to the ladies, *aux dames*. Eh well, the brave burgess of my country plays all the days to the dominoes, that which is enough sad, I avow him!

It is curious that one finds not in the Sussexshire a town as Monte Carlo, with a house of game. Would it be possible of to establish a house of game—only for the english games, the “wist for love,” the chesses, and the ladies, well heard, *bien entendu*—and of to have a “fairyish render-yourself of our most elegant worlders” on the english Coast of Azure? Figure to yourself, *Mister Punch*, the gaiety, the vivacity, the intrain of a such town! Figure to yourself the innocent gamers searching a party of chesses, or walking themselves to the border of the sea after to have played to the ladies! *Voilà*, see there, a true terrestrial paradise, that all the world would praise, without subvention!

And me, AUGUSTE, I have found her, this town so delicious! She is at the border of the sea, not too much far from London, at one half hour from Brighton, as Monte Carlo from Nice, and enjoying of a climate soft and agreeable, and relatively springy. I have visited her, at present all deserted, and I have peopled her in imagination of the cosmopolitan crowds, and of the elegant worlders, rendering themselves to the english Monte Carlo. Among the innumerable new companies, of who the announces fill your journals, it wants at present but this one, “The Anonymous Society of the Casino of Worthing.”

Agree, &c.

AUGUSTE.



ZOOLOGY.

"THAT'S A PORKYPINE, SARAH." "NO, IT AIN'T, BILL. IT'S A ORSTRIDGE!"

CAVE CANEM.

SIR,—Some little time since, the *Spectator* published a letter purporting to be from a Balliol undergraduate, and recounting how his fox-terrier has formed a friendship with a Cochon-China hen and a kitten, which belong to a man who keeps his terrier for him out of college. The hen and the kitten, according to the letter, walk down with the terrier to the college every day, saying good-bye to him at the porter's lodge, where they are, of course, refused admittance. The next number of the *Spectator* contained an angry little notice to the effect that the above letter was a "forgery." They used to do these things more artistically in Oxford some few years ago. The legend runs that certain undergrads., perceiving a clear demand for dog-stories, and the ability of an esteemed contemporary to swallow statements which might almost astonish even the Natural History editor of the *Field* (if that be possible), determined, with the usual kindness and good nature of undergrads., to satisfy the demand with an appropriate supply. They accordingly formed a select little club which met once a week in a member's rooms, the only condition of membership being the production of an "original" dog-story every week. The stories were read at the weekly meeting, and the one agreed to be the best despatched by its author to a friend in the country to be posted. By this simple process a series of the most amazing true tales was given to the world, to the satisfaction of the editor of the esteemed contemporary, the exceeding glee of the club, the great glorification of canine intelligence, and the mighty increase of the gaiety of nations. "CAVE CANEM."

'Tis best to Give and Receive.

Little Chris. Daddy, if you were to give me five shillings, just think what a nice Christmas present I could buy you!

[Daddy stumps up.]

"BITS" FROM BRIGHTON. — Suitable motto for Volks' Electric Railway, which was destroyed in the recent gale: "*Volks, et præterea nihil.*"

INVENTED BY OUR OWN ORNITHOLOGIST.
—The motor car-rier pigeon.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

(Letters from Mr. R. to his Nephew at Cambridge, and to Others.)

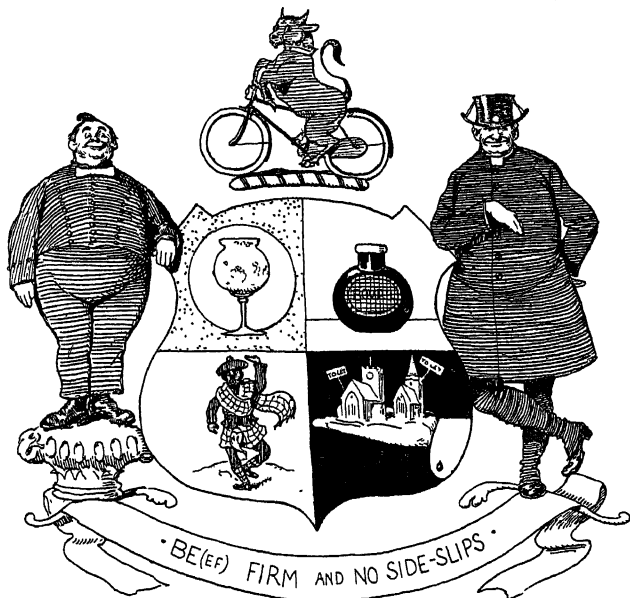
NO. IV.—OF THE GENERAL KNOWLEDGE OF UNDERGRADUATES—OF THE SOCIETY OF YOUNG MEN, AND THE PROPER EXPENDITURE OF TEN POUNDS.

MY DEAR JACK,—I highly appreciate the honour you bestow upon me when you refer to me for advice as to the best manner of expending the £10 which you say you have just received from your Aunt SARAH for the purchase of books. She is your godmother, and in every respect an excellent lady, and she still cherishes the memory of the learned and amiable man who became her husband in the only interval which he is known to have spared from his profound investigations into the state of manners existing amongst the inhabitants of these islands before the Roman invasion. In her innocent, widowed retirement she doubtless imagines that the University of Cambridge, of which you have recently become so distinguished a member, is a home of calm and studious culture, where young men spend their days in the laborious pursuit of knowledge and the acquisition of all the intellectual graces. There—in her mind's eye at least—they sit, each in his little monastic cell, scantily furnished, save for its rich lining of varied books, and scorn delights in order that somewhere in the coming years they may step forth the HOOKERS, the BUTLERS, the MILLS, the

BENTHAMS, the FARADAYS, the PITTS, the ERSKINES of their age. I know nothing in the world so attractive as a pure delusion. May it please Heaven to keep your godmother constant in hers. At any rate, I trust that her godson, whose library she has so nobly desired to increase, has made a suitably grateful acknowledgment of her kindness.

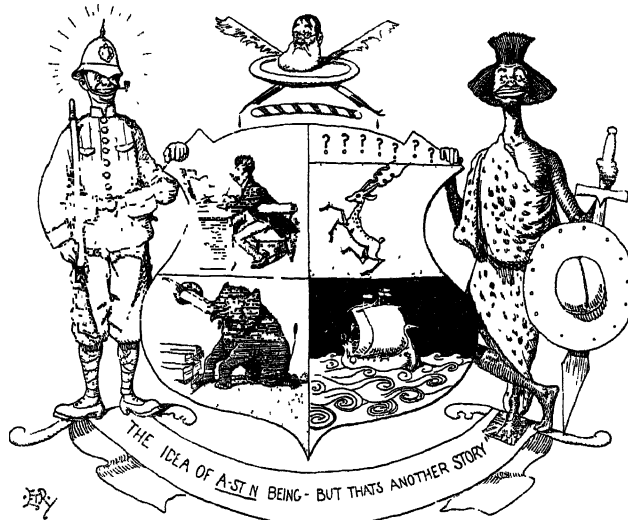
And now I am going to indulge myself in a growl. Your good nature will pardon it, and if my views seem calculated to offend you, pray ascribe them to the crusty prejudices and the blindness engendered by advancing years. I shall state the facts as they appear to me. You can treat them as fancies if you like. Stated broadly, then, my first fact is that young Englishmen, far from desiring to cultivate their minds, abhor the very notion. They are barbarians—pleasant barbarians, I concede, but still barbarians. Some of them can turn out Latin hexameters with accuracy, or Greek iambs both with accuracy and accents; some are admirable in the higher mathematics, others stain their fingers hideously yellow with chemicals, or talk with an impassive calm of their gruesome experiences in the dissecting room; others, again, employ their vast backs in the "screwing of scrummages" (pardon a possible incorrectness of phraseology), or in the propulsion of an eight-oared boat, or, like swift CAMILLA, scour the plain, by which I mean the cinder-path, in search of cups and renown. Each of these estimable young fellows could talk for hours at a stretch on his own special subject, but his mental equipment, and therefore

READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



THE MARQUIS OF H-L-Y.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, an ecclesiastical service of plate richly chased and displayed or; 2nd, a gratuitous advertisement under editorial protest erased quite improper; 3rd, a Scotch moor sable dancetté, the ballet H-L-y or hieland Hoolichan; 4th, two rural advowsons legally acquired over the counter on a human hand proper. *Crest*: an heraldic bovricycle urgent, tyred and inflated all proper, except driving-wheel sinister, which shows signs of puncture on a flint passé. *Supporters*: Dexter, a full page puff in advance announcing new company on a capital of two millions; sinister, a dean complaisant and recipient sable.



LORD K-PL-NG OF MANDALAY.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, a review laudatory richly deserved quite proper; 2nd, an heraldic jungle-bok rampant under several deodars or mem-sahibs or words to that effect; 3rd, a lordly elephant a pillin' teak; 4th, an argot-nautil vessel (in verse) in full sale, classed A1 at Lloyds, charged with a cargo of technicalities all warranted genuine. *Crest*: On a charger argent the head of a publisher urgent. *Supporters*: Dexter, a tommy Atkins in all his glory, arrayed proper by a plain tailor from the hills; sinister, a first-class fighting man or fuzzy wuzzy of the Soudan, regardant sable on a British square charged with an élan effrontée.

his conversation, are summed up in the word "shop," and "shop" is to a mind what the protecting stick, that is run through the front of its little chair, is to a child. It saves a fall, but it also impedes movement.

But take an assembly of some of these, the fine flower of the University, and start—if you can—a conversation on some subject of general interest, and I warrant no collection of ruminating cows could appear more stolid. I remember once, in the presence of some young men, making a remark about TITIAN, and being brought up with a round turn by one of them with the observation that he didn't know much about "these old Roman Emperor Johnnies." This is typical, and if you mention a character out of DICKENS, a book by SCOTT, by THACKERAY, by GEORGE ELIOT, the title of an opera or the name of its composer, anything or anybody in fact that a decently intelligent man might be expected to know about (I make a possible exception in favour of Mr. JORROCKS in the past, and Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS in the present), I'll wager a modest competence that you will be met by a blank stare of perfect ignorance. Heaven knows I don't want youngsters to be prigs. I loathe a prig as the Western American of a former day loathed Indians; but there is a difference between the prig who uses his lack of total ignorance as a bully might use his bludgeon—to prove his superiority and to overawe his shrinking fellows, there is a difference, I say, between this pert nuisance and the man who keeps his mind open and his intelligence alert, who makes it his business to know something not only about the great names and the great deeds of the past, but also about what is going on around him, the movements, the enthusiasms, the art, the literature of the world in which he lives. Such a man will be able to hold his own in any company, and that, too, without abandoning the modest reserve that should mark a youngster. Why, if a man will only consent to read a good review of politics, literature, and the fine arts once a week he must learn something that will enlarge his mind. In any case he'll be better off than the clod who confines his reading to the cricket averages and the League matches, with an occasional and probably inaccurate excursus into such humour as he can recollect from the back-numbers of his favourite sporting paper. Don't mistake me, my dear JACK. I don't propose that you should be a groaning mass of encyclopædic knowledge—indeed, nature has, I fancy, guaranteed you against any such danger—but I should like you to keep a curious mind, and to satisfy its curiosity by reading

something beyond the mere books that you must wade through in order that at the end of your career at Cambridge the Vice-Chancellor may place his hands upon your head and declare you to be a Bachelor of Arts. Again, don't charge me with wanting to make you a niminy-piminy dilettante with a soul only for aesthetics. You are going to be a rowing-man. Well then row with all your might, and talk about rowing to your heart's content, about your chance of getting a place in this or that boat, the latest theory of the sliding-seat, the proper method of combining leg-work with body-swing, or the marvellous deeds of some blue hero of the Cam. It is a noble exercise, a grand school of the simple, manly virtues, and if, as I hope, you are heartily interested in it, why you must and will talk about it heartily. But every now and then you might let your intelligence stray beyond these limits and refresh itself at more enduring fountains.

And yet, and yet (I must sing my palinode) is there anything in the world so pleasant, so stimulating as the society of young men. One's old jokes and time-tried stories, with what a full-souled appreciation are they greeted, with what a zest does the company laugh—but that is nothing. What attracts is the freshness of the youngsters, their enthusiasm, their hearty, honest love for what is of good repute, their outspoken contempt for meanness in thought and action. They have hearts—not the dried-up, leathery, dingy apologies for hearts, that swing feebly in many a mature breast, but full hearts, beating sturdily—and they are not afraid of showing that they have them. And oh, FRED, CHARLES, and FRANK, friends of my early years, and you, WALTER, REGGIE, and DICK, you and others, younger friends of a later day, think not that I have done you and yours a wrong in writing thus, but reflect and tell me if, speaking of the mass, I have spoken inaccurately, or with a wanton malice.

But there, my dear JACK, lyrical outbursts are very well in their way, but as FRED and the rest of them will never see these lines there is no use in prolonging this particular lyric. And I find that I haven't said a word about the books you are to buy with your dear aunt's £10. But your patience must be at an end. I reserve the books for another letter.

Your affectionate uncle, ROBERT ROUNDABOUT.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE OF CONSTITUTION.—England suffers from the Poor laws and the Transvaal from the Boer laws.



Dreary Counsel (in the course of an hour's oration). "GENTLEMEN, YOU CANNOT CLOSE YOUR EYES—MY LORD CANNOT CLOSE HIS—TO THIS IMPORTANT FACT!"

DARBY JONES ON HORSE SALES—WITH VARIATIONS.

HONOURED SIR,—It cannot be said that those Noblemen and Gentlemen who made Newmarket the mart for the disposal of their equine treasures were as a rule rewarded by high prices for their four-legged wares. I suppose that the days are no more when hundreds would fly about the Ring with the ease and agility of a ball on a lawn-tennis court. We need not beg the God of Memory to carry us back to the palmy era of the Marquis of HASTINGS and the Duke of HAMILTON in order to recall some glorious instances of speculation in that Horseflesh which I am given to understand the Parisians prefer to Beefsteaks. And how many of the high-priced Yearling Darlings of the Hammer have we not seen, as Time wings on, disappear with forgotten or dishonoured names, and vanish into that Siberian Gloom which shrouds unfortunate quadrupeds and unlucky bipeds alike? And even the Winner of the Azure Ribbon of the Turf may in his old age earn a precarious livelihood between the shafts of a "showful" or "growler," just as it would not surprise me, in these Radical decades, to come across a once proud Prime Minister dispensing cups of dubious Mocha in the early morning at the top of St. Martin's Lane to vagrants who could not muster up a Parliamentary Vote among them.

Well, Sir, I am the owner of a Cat, whose ancestors once sported in the Palace of the Shah. His coat is as splendid as the garments of that Potentate, his voice is as musical as that of the bard who hymned Lalla Rookh, and his food is the choicest meat procurable on a skewer. It so happened that the long-time purveyor of these viands recently disposed of his business, and retired to a pretty marine villa—after leaving a card begging his customers to patronise his successor. It so happened that I was looking out of the window when this Ambulant Purveyor called for the first time. Great Wizard of the North! I knew him in a minute. It was the Man who was to have been Premier at St. Stephen's and Conqueror at Epsom! This was his only connection with horseflesh now. I have since always

avoided harrowing the Past, and preserved a strict Incognito, but Liberal Treatment and Pints of Ale when he calls are and ever shall be His.

But to return to my Southdowns or Sales. I fancy that the indifferent barter of Racers for Cash at Newmarket must not be ascribed to want of either native principal or interest. Uneasy moments in the Realm of King BARNEY BARNATO, the scattering of myriad Greenbacks over "Sound Money" across the whale pond, the ceaseless victories of General WEYLER in the Isle of Partagas, the absence of speculators from the Land of the Cornstalk and the Kangaroo, the closing of Count I. EHNDORFF's purse strings, and, may I add, the present sway of the all-absorbing Bike and the Coming of the Motor—all combined to reduce the hopes of the Seller to the desires of the Buyer. Sir J. B. MAPLE, M.P., has certainly picked up one bargain from Blankney in the daughter of the ever-illustrious Hermit. No one knows better, I take it, than Sir J. B. the value of an Alarming Sacrifice. But without Foreigners or Colonials such gatherings are always devoid of the sensation so dear to the Master of the Ceremonies. A rouble-glutted Russian or a mark-laden German produces the same effect as do the ardent glances of Phœbus Apollo on the lively quicksilver of a Thermometer. Therefore a specimen or two should always be secured, even if their travelling expenses be paid, in the opinion of

Your loyal and humble adviser,
DARBY JONES.

P.S.—You are perfectly Ovidian in your disguises. The Lovely Lady, despite the rich Lyons silk muffler wrapped about your mouth, recognised you at once in the Intruder who on Wednesday night thrust his head into the *Cabinet Particulier* at a certain restaurant, where we were enjoying supper for two. Beware, honoured Sir, beware!

D. J.

[DARBY JONES is evidently qualifying himself for Hanwell, while dissipating the proceeds of his successful wagering. We do not know to what he refers, but we may tell him that a gentleman with a thick stick has anxiously inquired more than once for his address. If he continue his folly we shall give it.—Ed.]

QUITE THE CHEESE.

[“Stilton cheese will shortly celebrate its centenary.”—*Weekly Paper*.]

We understand that on the Earl of Stilton attaining his hundredth year, this joyous event will be celebrated by a Caseine Congress, which will be attended by the venerable Marquis of Double Gloucester, the Duc de Roquefort, Prince Gorgonzola, Sir North Wilts, Viscount Cheddar, Lord Cheshire, Lord Cotherstone, Comte de Camembert, M. Brie, M. Gruyère, Sir Blue Dorset, Vicomte Port du Salut, M. Bondon, Baron Wensleydale, Graf Pommes, Count Edam, M. de Neufchâtel, Baron van Gouda, Prince Parmesano, several American and Canadian cousins, and last, but not least, his Highness the Grand Duke of Limburger.

TO SOME “DESIGNING” PERSONS.—The inventors and makers of a “Mr. Punch's ink-stand”—a design attractive as well by its subject as by its novelty, ornamentally, and by its utility, practically—hereby receive the expression of Mr. Punch's approbation—and “approbation from Sir HUBERT STANLEY is praise indeed!”—coupled with a note of well-intentioned criticism. “*The arms of the chair*,” says the card in explanation, “*form an excellent pen-rest*.” Now, this is all very well for occasional writers, or more or less idle persons, but Mr. Punch never even wishes for “a pen-rest.” Sometimes, indeed, he has his pen “in rest,” but that is when, as a chivalric knight, he is about to bear down upon whatever has aroused his righteous anger. The ink-stand should hold more ink. Knights of the pen are, so to speak, three-bottle men, as regards ink, and not to be put off with a thimble-full. Messrs. SAUNDERS AND SHEPHERD will see to this.

At the Zoo.

Professor (to small boys gathered round the brown bear's pit). This, you must understand, my young friends, is not the *ursus arcturus* to which the great explorer NANSEN refers. Do you understand?

Irrepressible Youngster (shouting with joy). Yes! Yes; he's NANSEN himself, and got to the top of the pole at last!

THE DISTRESSFUL COUNTRY.—“The Present State of Ireland; slightly wormed.” This is neither a newspaper report nor a confidential despatch from the Lord Lieutenant. It is merely the description, italics included, of Lot 351 in the catalogue of a sale of books by those unconscious humorists Messrs. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON, of Wellington Street, W.C.

At the Ascot Ball in the Grand Stand.

Captain Splasher. 'Krect card full up, Lady HILARY?

Lady Hilary. No. I can accommodate you with a gallop up to the Royal Inclosure.

A SCOTCH BULL.—The learned but not very lucid book-reviewer of *Blackwood* says Archbishop MAGEE “was born two years younger than the Queen.” At what age does he suppose Her Majesty was born?

SUGGESTION TO MR. FRANKFORT MOORE.—A new novel entitled *A Bird in the Hand*, by the author of *Two in the Bush*. So evident, that most likely he has the matter in hand already.



NEW SPORTING DICTIONARY OF FAMILIAR LATIN PHRASES.

EXEUNT OMNES. (THEY ALL GO OFF.)

HARRY'S OWN HOLIDAY LETTER.

DEAR PARENTS,

I'm happy to tell you (*I am!*)
 And "happiness" here is my own "real
 jam,"
 And not old McWollupum's annual treacle.
 Or mawkish molasses of clammy old
 Creakle!)
 That term's at an end! (*Ah! and ain't*
I just glad!)
 My progress this half has been—well,
 not half bad,
 Considering what an exacting old beast
 McWollupum is! (*Oh! the wind's in the*
East,
And our fire is gone out, and my fingers
are numb,
And I'm "joggled" by Juniper Minor
(my chum),
So please excuse blunders and blots!) I do
 trust
 You will deem I have tried (*And oh!*
haven't I just?)
 To do honour to you, and myself and the
 school
 Of McWollupum, M.A. (*Conceited old*
fool!
He will stick the alfabet after his name!)
 My average is top one (*I mean at the*
game
Of cricket, in batting; and as for the ball,
I have made all but Sloggerson Major
look small)
 And if I'm not top of my form, (*which I*
ain't,
But tenth,) I do hope (*though the hope's*
precious faint)
 To do better next term. (*This one has*
been a twister.
But Bolderson says that his beautiful
sister—
Oh, isn't she scrumptious?—declares that
my "form"

As bow in our boat is A 1.) It will warm
 Your parental buzzums. (*Oh well, scratch*
that out!
Saps so fuss about spellin' and style!) But
 no doubt
 You will mark much improvement in—oh,
 lots o' ways,
 In your dutiful son, but you know that
 self praise
 Is no recommendation. (*Should that have*
two c's,
Or two m's? English spellin's a horrible
tease.
It's just like playing cricket without any
laws!)
 Hope this weather will last, and that no
 beastly thaws
 Will bunnick up skating! (*That word's*
from the Greek.
Ju says give the root! But what thunderin'
cheek!
As if you didn't know, dear papa! Well,
I think
 I need not scribble more, and this bother-
 ing ink
 Is as thick as old boots. Oh! the holidays
 last
 (*If you must call it lasting, they do go so*
fast!)
 Till the fourteenth of Feb. when we boys
 must resume
 Our studies (*wuss luck!*). I feel quite in
 a fume
 To see your dear faces, and "Spot," the
 new colt,
 And Mary, and mother's mince-pies. I
 could bolt
 To-night, but for Wollupum's watchfulness.
 Well!
 Hooray for the holidays! I've lots to tell,
 But oh! bother writing it. Good news
 will tarry,
 So au reservoir! Your affectionate
 HARRY.

ON Y REVIENT TOUJOURS.

(A Christmas Letter—with reflections.)

DEAR NANCY, as in days of old,
 I'm sending you a Christmas-box—
 If you will let me make so bold—
 Containing French assorted "chocs."
 All girls are fond of chocs, they say,
 And sweets and such unwholesome
 messes—
 (How many boxes, in my day,
 I've sent to—various addresses!)
 "Sweets to the sweet"—you know the
 rule—
 I think it's been applied before
 By me (and many another fool)
 To you (and other girls galore).
 Sweet tooth sweet temper, too, you know,
 So don't be cross or supercilious,
 Sweets never used to make you so,
 Or anything but pleased. (Or bilious.)
 So please accept my Christmas gift—
 I think you will—for Auld Lang Syne!
 (That dear old tag! It's given a lift
 To similar appeals of mine!)
 For years our friendship we have nursed
 (Love's dangerous pitfall lightly skirt-
 ing),
 And I am grateful. (NANCY first
 Taught me the gentle art of flirting.)
 I've not forgotten yet—have you?—
 One jolly Christmas at the Hall,
 Those old charades, the skating, too,
 And Twelfth Night and the servants'
 ball;
 The holly wreaths—we made a pile,
 I helped you with the decorations,
 And pricked my fingers with a smile—
 (And sotto voce objurgations).

Ah, well, since then we've had our fling,
 (Perhaps we've neither taken hurt),
 But, NANCY, was it quite the thing
 To accuse me now of being a flirt?
 It may be so (it is, by Jove!)
 But I confess, it raised my mettle
 To hear you say so! (On the stove
 The pot likewise maligns the kettle.
 Perhaps that's better left unsaid—
 I won't retort!) Of course I know
 You're all that's good, a model maid—
 Whilst I'm a gay Lothario.
 Yet let the butterfly live his day,
 Sweet sips from every flower quaffing—
 Don't break him on the wheel, I pray!
 (I wonder if she'll see I'm chaffing.)
 At any rate, he's sending you
 Good wishes—ill expressed, but still
 His best good wishes (so I do!)—
 With kind regards or—what you will,
 Yours ever—(There's my autograph.
 "Yours ever" might mean much. I fancy
 Just now it means I'm more than half
 In love again with you, dear NANCY!)

An Alphabetical Problem Solved.

I ASKED at this glad season,
 Why your love I once thought true?
 And at last I know the reason
 That I fancied Y was U.

THE TRUE METHOD OF ENJOYING A
 SKATE (*from our own gastronomist*).—*Au*
beurre noir.

TO REJECTED CONTRIBUTORS.—"Chest-
 nuts" are now in season, but Mr. Punch
 declares he is not "taking any."

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL DISH THIS
 CHRISTMAS.—Turkey stuffed with promises.



NEW IRISH DUET

Small Irish Farmer and Noble Landlord sing—

LANDLORD AND TENANT, THOUGH CAT AND DOG, WE
ARE BOTH OF ONE MIND WHEN WE WANT £ S. D."

[Lord CASTLETOWN, at the meeting held in Cork, December 12, to consider the report of the Royal Commission on the Financial Relations between England and Ireland, said, "We have the honour of sounding the keynote in this contest." . . . "We have on our side the right of a nation that has been wronged." . . . "He would ask statesmen, inclined to stand in the way of peace with honour, to pause and think solemnly and seriously of what a nation such as a United Ireland could do when her very life depended upon the result of the contest." Mr. HEALY, M.P., seconded the second resolution.]

SPORTIVE SONGS.

Santa Claus-up-to-date presides at an International Christmas-Tree.

For the Queen here's a Coronal sixty years old,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!
With the jewels of Empire is studded its gold,

With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!
There are pearls in it shining with sorrow and tears,
There are gems that we set with the trials of years,
But the Koh-i-noor-Love makes all joy of our fears,

With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

For a President. Long may he "sound money" ring!
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

And never JOHN BULL try to bait with its ring,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

What! a picture, a drama, a poem, a glee,
A large box of soldiers, a fleet for the sea,
And all labelled, "For WILHELM, who lives on the Spree,"

With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

Here's a true lover's knot, of a Muscovite make,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

Madame France will the delicate offering take,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

And lo! here's another gift lettered "with care,"
The Box of Pandora, I vow and declare!

But of raising the lid let fair Madame beware,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

"For the CZAR!" runs this legend in letters of white,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

On a card that should make European delight,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

'Tis a Dove that has nestled a fierce bear beside,
He surveys her with ardour and courage and pride,
So the Peace of the World is the Autocrat's bride,

With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

It is here! I must give it to whom it belongs,
With no laugh and no lilt and no merry-go-round!

A Chaplet of Horrors, a Garland of Wrongs,
With no laugh and no lilt and no merry-go-round!

It is bound fast with ribbon of funeral black
That betokens the sword, and the scourge, and the rack.

"For the SULTAN!" but with it there's gaping the Sack,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

"For Italy," MENELK's "Peacemaking Rope,"
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

"For Austria," packets of "Bosnian Soap,"
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

"For Spain!" a new brand of Havana cigar,
With a quick, certain cure for Manilla catarrh,

And for Egypt the game of "Be just as we are,"
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

"For our Premier," a glove that's of velvet and steel,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

"For the Hermit of Ha'rden" new lines for his reel,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

Here's a present for "ARTHUR," of "Office Long Lease,"
Here's another for "JOE," "British Empire Increase,"

And for HARCOURT a sauce for both ganders and geese,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

While there're those to be found

Who re-echo the sound

Of this gift to the Mill-i-on—"Plenty and Peace!"

With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

How the Earthquake took Some People.

Mrs. Joskin (at 5.35 A.M., December 17). There you are, HENRY ADOLPHUS, as usual, shaking all the furniture about, coming to bed at these wicked and pernicious hours.

(And although HENRY ADOLPHUS had been slumbering by her side since midnight, Mrs. J., even now, will have none of the English Earthquake theory.)

Short but not Sweet.

Occasionally-Rejected Contributor (to Mr. P-nch's Editor, facetiously). I suppose your occupation is always cutting jokes, eh?

Mr. P.'s Editor. I cut yours. You generally send 'em in too long. [Exit rejected one.]



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. IV.

Carol Singers:—

"OH, REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMAN,
MAY NOTHING YOU DISMAY!"

THE CONUNDRUM OF CORUNDUM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read that corundum has been discovered by Professor W. E. FERRIER in Canada! The *Echo* says:

"The value of corundum depends entirely on its abrasive power, and can be easily determined by taking a piece of plate-glass, previously weighed, placing on it a weighed portion of the sample to be tested, rubbing the material on the glass until the glass ceases to lose in weight: the total loss of weight gives the abrasive power of the sample."

Is "corundum" a new sort of whiskey? Anyway, I know that an exceedingly interesting experiment of a similar nature can be made with the common or Highland liquid and an ordinary tumbler. Having filled the latter with the former, you weigh the same, and then press your lips to the glass until the glass ceases to lose in weight by the abrasion: the total loss of weight gives the abrasive power of the sample as in the case of corundum. This is an excellent Christmas and New Year amusement. Yours for self and corundum, HAMISH McHAGGIS.

Wharup Lodge, Bonnie Blinkie, N.E.

A SEASONABLE REFLECTION AT A PANTOMIME.

Clown (on stage). Here we are a-gain!
Sour Pittite (morosely). But at any other time of year you would be a loss! Yah!

[Leaves the Harlequinade to its own devices.]

THE ADVANTAGE OF CHANCE.—A losing as well as a winning hazard at billiards always replenishes the pocket.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXXII.

Containing the conclusion of the whole matter, and (which many Readers will receive in a spirit of chastened resignation) Mr. Jabberjee's final farewell.

Queen's Bench Court, No. —. 2 P.M.

HON'BLE JUSTICE HONEYGALL is now summing-up, in such very nice, chatty, confidential style that it is impossible to hear one half of his observations, while the remainder is totally inaudible. . . . Nevertheless, I already gather that he regards the affair



with the restricted narrowminded view that it is simply the question of damages. . . . He appears to be now discussing whether my testimony that I am of such excessive natural funkiness as to be intimidated by a few threats into my matrimonial engagement is humanly credible. . . . I cannot at all comprehend why, at his frequent references to my alleged tiger-slaughters—which, with shrewd commonsense sapience, he seems to consider mere ideally fabricated fibs and fanciful yarns—the whole Court should be so convulsed with unmeaning merriment, nor why so stern a Judge does not make any attempt to check such disorderly interruptions. . . .

So far as my imperfect hearing can ascertain, he has been instructing the jury that they may utterly dismiss from their minds my highly ingenious plea of inability to offer any other kind of matrimony than a polygamous union—surely, a very, very slipshod off-hand method of disposing of such a nice sharp quillet of the Law! . . . He is talking to them about my means, and has thrown out a rather apt suggestion that I may have been led by sheer vaingloriousness and Oriental love of hyperbole into exaggerating my resources. . . . However, he “sees no reason to doubt my competence to pay a reasonable amount of damages”—an opinion with which I am not so pleased. “If the jury think me a gay sort of Hindoo deceiver, who has heartlessly trifled with the affections of a simple, unsuspecting English girl, that will lead them to award substantial damages. If, on the other hand, they consider myself an inexperienced Oriental ninnyhammer of a fellow, who has been entrapped into an en-

gagement by an ambitious, artful young woman—why, that may incline them to inflict a merely nominal penalty.” (But why, I should like to know, does a Judge, who is infinitely more capable than a dozen doltish jurymen to express a decided opinion, thus put on the double-faced mask of ambiguity, and run with the hare and halloo with the hounds, like some Lukeworm from Laodicea?) . . . Now he is mentioning “certain circumstances, which he is bound to tell the jury have made a strong impression on his own mind.” . . . Alack, that, owing to the incorrigible mumbling of his diction, I cannot succeed in ascertaining what these said circumstances are! . . . He has begun (I think) to discourse concerning my latest offer of marriage in open Court. What a pity that hon'ble judges should not study to acquire at least ordinary proficiency in such a simple affair as Elocution!

“It may strike you, gentlemen, that if the plaintiff had any genuine affection for the defendant, or any actual intention of linking her lot with his, she would—” (the rest is a severe mumble!) “Or again, you may take into consideration—” (but precisely *what* they are to take is, to myself, a dumb show!). “Still, after making every possible allowance for the idealising effects of the tender passion upon the female judgment, I confess I find it a little difficult to persuade myself that—” (Again I am not in at the finish—but, from the bristling and tossing of JESSIMINA's hat-plumes, I am in great hopes that it contained something complimentary to myself.) . . . He has just concluded with the observation that, “after what they have seen and heard of the defendant during the proceedings, the jury should find little difficulty in arriving at a fairly accurate estimate of the loss which a young lady of British birth and bringing-up would sustain by her failure to secure such a husband.”

From the last it is clear that his hon'ble lordship meant that, in secret, he has the highest opinion of my merits, though he entirely overlooked the obvious fact that he would have better carried out his benevolent and patronising intentions towards me by affecting (just now) to consider me only a worthless poor chap. But even the most subtly-trained European intellects are curiously backward in such elementary chicaneries!

3 P.M.—The jury are assembling their heads. They seem generally agreed—except a couple of stout ones who are lolling back and listening with mulish simpers. If I were certain that they were fellow-colleagues from *Punch*, I would encourage them by secret signs to persevere—but who knows that they may not be partisans of the plaintiff? If so, they deserve to be condignly punished for such obstinate dullheadedness. . . . The foreman has asked that they may retire, whereupon Justice HONEYGALL answers them “certainly,” and retires his own person contemporaneously. . . .

3.15 P.M.—The jury are still absentees. In reply to my questions, my solicitor says that, as far as he can see, the damages can't be under £250, and may amount to a cold “Thou” (or thousand)! Adding that, if I had only let him brief WITHERINGTON, Q.C., I might have got off with £50, or even what is nominally called a farthing. But I say to him, in such a case how could I possibly have acquired any forensic distinction? To which he has no reply ready.

3.30.—The jury are still delayed by the two stouts. I have just attempted to chat over the affair with JESSIMINA and Madame MANKLETOW, and ascertain whether the former will not accept myself at eleventh hour as payment in full of all damages, costs, &c. Mrs. M. replies that the jurymen are notoriously in favour of her daughter, and that she would as soon see her in gates of grave as the bride of a black man. On closer approach to JESSIMINA, I have made the rather disenchanting discovery that she has rendered her nose lilac from too much superfluity of face-powder. Perhaps, after all, the damages may not be so very . . . The jury are coming back. Hon'ble Judge is fetched hurriedly. . . . Mister Associate asks: “Have you agreed upon your verdict?” Answered that they have. “Do they find for plaintiff or defendant?” “For plaintiff.” And the damages? “*Twenty-five Thou!!!*” My stars! O Gemini! Who'd have thought it? My Progenitor will never pay the piper for such an atrociously cacophonous tune. . . . I am a done-for!

3.35.—All right. I was deceived by aural incorrectness. It is not twenty-five *thou*.—but twenty-five *pounds*!

3.45.—Hiphussar! Cockadoodledoo! A mere bite from a flea! . . . The plaintiff has fallen into hysterics from disappointed avariciousness. . . . There is some idle talk about costs following the event, and certifying for a special jury—a luxury for which it seems I am not to fork out. The case is over.

Outside in the corridor and hall I was the cynosure of neighbouring eyes, and vociferously applauded as a “good old nigger,” and told that “now they *shouldn't* be long” though for what else they were waiting I could not learn. Madame MANKLETOW did overtake me near the doors and invite me to tea and

talk in a coffee and bun establishment, hinting that she had recently misunderstood the state of her daughter's heart, and that she had in reality been ardently desirous from the first to accept my offer. To which I replied that the gates of grave were now hermetically closed, and that the plaintiff, like the fabulous canine, had thrown away the meaty bone of a first-class opportunity in exchange for the rather flimsy and shadowy form of a twenty-five pound note. But, as a chivalrous, I refrained from saying that I had been thus totally put off by an over-powdered nose.

Then I proceeded, amidst cheering populaces, up Chancery Lane to a certain Bar, wherein young HOWARD regaled myself and solicitor very handsomely upon anchovy sandwiches and champagne-wine, after which I returned to Hereford Road full of ovation and cheerfulness.

It is practically certain that my sire, the Mooktear, will cock-a-hoop with paternal pride on hearing by telegram of my moral victory, and celebrate same with fireworks and festivities, besides sending ample remittances for all costs out of pocket, &c.

So I am now to return shortly to Calcutta, when my time will be too exclusively taken up with forensic triumphs for any further jotting or titling for *Punch*, or similar periodicals.

After all, for a fellow who is able to enchant multitudes, and persuade their intellects and reasoning faculties by dint of golden verbiage of diction, mere sedentary journalism is a very mediocre and poorly-paid pursuit!

Notwithstanding my cessation as a contributor, I shall, on arriving in India, infallibly recommend *Punch* to all my innumerable aunts, families, and friends, as a highly respectable periodical—provided that the munificent and free-hearted generosity of those Hon'ble Mist'ers, the Editor and Proprietors, shall account me worthy to draw a monthly retiring pension for my distinguished services.

And, with prostrated respects to my honoured readers and their respective relatives, I have the honour to remain, ever and anon,
Their Excellencies most grateful, humble, and
obedient servant,
H. B. J.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SAYS our Critical Baronitess, who has taken in hand *The Flame, Flower, and other Stories*, written and illustrated by JAMES F. SULLIVAN (J. M. DENT & Co.), "Its most amusing story is the 'Lost Idea,' evidently suggested by a well-known song, 'He always came Home to Tea.'"

Prince Boohoo and Little Smuts, by HARRY JONES, is a modern fanciful romance for children. Science has upset our primitive fairies. Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE, who comes out strong in the ever-fascinating story of *Undine*, published by GARDNER, DARTON & Co. *Santram and His Companions* is another exotic from the forcing-house of the above-mentioned Gardner.

Aforesaid Baronitess writes, "I had thought the morals of the naval profession unimpeachable, until, in *Fifty-Two Stories of the British Navy*, edited by ALFRED MILES (HUTCHINSON & Co.), I discovered that our maritime supremacy started with a 'd-mme,' and ended, temporarily, at 'Trafalgar,' when 'Duty,' with a big D, became the watchword of 'Victory.'"

The proverbial "two" used to be "company," but, nowadays, it is considered more exclusive to have an odd number. *Three Girls in a Flat*, by ETHEL F. HEDDLE, might be relatives of our old friends *Three Men in a Boat*.

The Rose of Allandale, by GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N. (DIGBY, LONG & Co.), starts with the startling assertion that it is a sensational story of love and crime. Anticipation fully realised for those who like the undiluted, gory romance. The language is somewhat of the pure Adelphian Academic style, which is a bit out of the author's usual line.

Butter Scotia; or, A Cheap Trip to Fairyland, by His Honour Judge EDWARD ABBOTT PARRY. A sort of Fairy COOKE's personally-conducted tour, following a little in the steps of our dear old friend, *Alice in Wonderland*. The only comparatively new acquaintance is a golfing ogre. Fairyland has had to succumb to the fatal fascination of the niblick and the putter. A giant of Butter-Scotch extraction would hardly be complete without his clubs and links. It is excellently illustrated by ARCHIE MACGREGOR. If offered the book, don't say, "Not for Nuts," but go to NUTT'S (DAVID NUTT'S) and get it.

To those who love a laugh, and who, among the Baron's friends, does not, whether at his own or somebody else's expense, latter for choice, the Baron recommends *Kemble's Coons*, brought out by JOHN LANE, of London. Most of the negro picaninies, and the situations in which they are placed, are extremely droll. The artist is a master of the Black Art. "First rate for Christmas time," says
THE BLITHE BARON DE B.-W.



A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Parlour-maid. "I THINK IT'S SOME GAME FOR YOU, MA'AM."
Bobby. "OH, MUMMY, MAY I PLAY IT TOO?"

CANINE SAGACITY.

A Protest—and a Plea for Rational Correspondence.

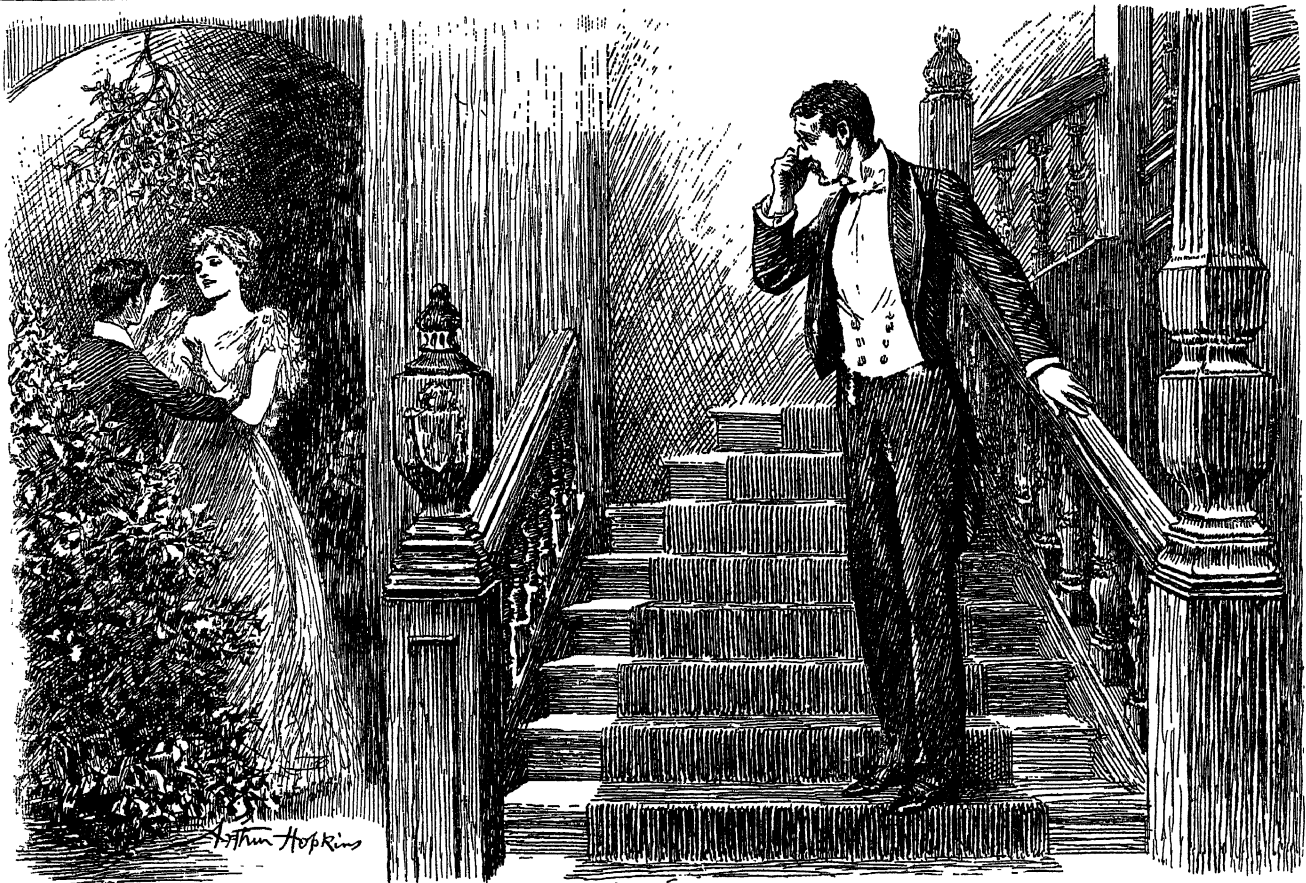
DEAR SIR,—I read with suppressed irritation the letter from "A Thankful Parent," about the doings of his St. Bernard pup; but when it came to the foolish epistle from Brazenface College, I could stand it no longer!

However, my chief object in writing is to ask you to open your columns to matters of proved scientific interest, such as "How to be married, though happy," "What shall we do with our bores," &c. At present I have good reason to be deeply interested in occult science. When my Aunt MARIA died, just three years ago, we had a remarkable premonition of the fatal event. The housemaid was gently wiping with a soft cloth one of a pair of valuable vases, when, without any warning whatsoever, it flew into a thousand pieces. One month later, to the very hour, my Aunt MARIA died!

Now, Sir, two days ago, the warning was repeated. The same housemaid, with the same cloth, was dusting the remaining vase, when, to use her own words, it "exploded," as its fellow had done. The most serious issues are involved for myself and my two surviving aunts, and I should like to appeal to any students of the occult who may be able to enlighten me as to which of us is this time indicated. My own impression is that it is Aunt RACHEL, but she herself believes that her nephew is meant, that is myself. You will see at once that a matter of this kind is of infinitely greater moment than the tricks of animals, however wonderful they may appear upon superficial examination.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully, COMMON SENSE.

[We are sorry to say that the letter signed "A. SOLOMON," of Brazenface College, and containing a dog, hen, and kitten story, is a forgery, and not written by the undergraduate of that name.—ED.]



'AFTER YOU!'

CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

(Old and New.)

["'OLD-FASHIONED' writes a lament about the decay of Christmas. He says, 'Some relatives in South Africa asked me to buy them a bundle of Christmas Numbers "of the good old sort," and send them out, as they always liked to recall in the bush the happy days of childhood, and explain to the youngsters born there what a real English Christmas is like. . . . I have bought all that I have seen published, but, except on the title-page, I can't find anything about Christmas in them.'"]—*Daily Telegraph*.]

OLD lovers of fun, drum this puzzling conundrum

Well into the ears of a cynical age:
What, what has become of that Christmas
which some of

The elderly scanners of picture and page
May haply remember? About mid-December

We used to look forward to frolic and fun,

To holly's red glories, and jolly ghost-stories;

But now all is dismal, and dumpish, and dun.

It used to be rapture the pictures to capture

Of gallant old GILBERT and funny old "Phiz."

Oh, dear days of DICKENS! Now gloom daily thickens

And sentiment's ghoulish, and mirth a sour quiz.

For larks and roast turkey the monstrous and murky,

The horrid, hypnotic, and hideous abound.

For frightened old fat "Ma" a mystic Mahatma,
Or other grim humbug will "flourish around."

For pursy old pater, whose mouth like a crater

Gaped wide with a genial fit of the creeps,

When it was not laughing, or joyfully quaffing,—

Some dim, dreadful demon from Stygian deeps,

Some Beardsleyesque bogey, to scare the old fogey,

From *fin-de-siècle* Fancy's dark vaults will emerge,

And charnel-house creatures, with vague vampire features,

Will drive honest souls to insanity's verge.

And all this as—jollity! Not of such quality

Christmassy "creeps" in the simple old times,

When SAM READ enchanted with Old Granges, Haunted,

And "Boz" gave us genial ghosts in the *Chimes*.

But Christmas, where is it? The annual visit,

As "Old-Fashioned" says, Christmas Numbers record

Alone on their covers. But true Christmas lovers

By horrors plus cynical smartness get bored.

We don't laugh, we snigger! We're better and bigger—

Yes, thanks to Modernity, School Boards, and Art—

Than were the poor creatures whose uncultured features

Would break into grins, or let maudlin tears start

At fun and the pathos we call bleat and bathos,

In old Christmas numbers by DICKENS & Co.,

Mere compounds of snivel and horse-collar drivél—

At least *our* sage oracles label them so.

No, my dear "Old-Fashioned"! your plea so impassioned

For genial, gay Christmas Numbers is vain

In days when the jolly plus holly mean folly

To up-to-date pundits whose heart runs to brain!

Not so Pretty in English.

(Three friends meet at Monte Carlo)

First Friend. No, I'm not staying here. Just run over from Cannes.

Second F. And I from Fat.

Third F. And I'm with my people at Chin.

[We presume the travellers referred to Cannes, Grasse, and Menton.—Ed.]

OLD BUFFER'S BOXING-DAY REFLECTION.

GR-R-R-R! Yesterday I *did* run loose!

To-day pang-wracked, perspiring, puffing,

I feel I am the Christmas goose,

And spoilt by too much *stuffing*.



FATHER CHRISTMAS—"UP-TO-DATE."

THE LOVES OF THE HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.

A HOLLY for several winters, when decked in his finest array of ruddy berries, had sent his most tender regards by means of the blackbirds, missel-thrushes and starlings to the object of his love, a beauteous Mistletoe attached by force of circumstance to a crabbed old Ribston Pippin, but the bird-messengers never brought him any satisfactory reply, so the poor Holly bitterly bewailed that such a coy dependent should be permitted to enslave his fancy with the constant loveliness of her charms. Nevertheless, he was persuaded that the open and undisguised fashion in which he waved kisses to her, whenever the wind blew favourably, would sooner or later result in some encouraging response. Meanwhile the Ribston Pippin regarded him with such undisguised jealousy that one fine autumn he produced no more than a couple of bushels of sour fruit, and was promptly condemned to death in the winter by the Dirtman or common gardener. Soon afterwards the Holly was visited by a chatterbox of a Tomtit, who said, "Miss Mistletoe is quite alive to your passion, but she dares not return it through fear of her foster-parent. You must therefore take her bashfulness at its true worth and hope on, for you have indeed a fair chance." The Holly was so elated with this news that he immediately prepared himself for a grand Christmas display, when he would rival a Highland soldier in the grandeur of his scarlet and green garb. At the same time he begged the Tomtit to convey the assurance of his undying devotion to the Mistletoe. No doubt his message was duly delivered, for never had the Mistletoe shown such chaplets of snowy pearls. It was shortly after this display of mutual feeling that little Tina, the daughter of the Squire, accompanied her father round the gardens.

"Oh! how beautiful that Holly and that Mistletoe look," she exclaimed. "We must have them joined together for Christmas, eh, daddy?"

The Squire readily assented, and gave the necessary instructions to the head of his horticultural department. "I'm glad of that, Sir," said the Dirtman, "because that there Holly spoils the laurels, and as to the Mistletoe, I believe it's killed the apple-tree." The Holly felt a contempt for the gardener which he could not express. But the bitterness of his reflection was, however, effaced by his joy. At last Miss Mistletoe was to be united with himself! He looked forward to Christmas-tide with all expectancy. He winced a little, it is true, when the Dirtman came with an axe and chopped his trunk in twain, but oh! what rapture when he was hung at last, intermingled with his beloved Mistletoe, in the centre of the great hall.

"Darling," he whispered to his bride, "at last we are one!"

"Yes," she murmured, "how thankful I am! Look at that horrid Ribston Pippin glaring at us from the fireplace!"

They were so happy for nearly a fortnight. Little Tina and her friends, especially one friend, who was familiar, came and made merry beneath their branches. "This is seeing life," said the Holly, as he wrapped the Mistletoe in his strong embrace. "Yes," she replied, "but life is the beginning of death." She was right, for, on Twelfth Night, the varlets and maids came and stripped down all the leafy decorations and placed them amid the

ashes of the Pippin's trunk. But the Holly and the Mistletoe were not divided. They flew up the chimney side by side, as a couple of sparks, right into the heaven above. That same night the Astronomer-Royal reported two new stars in the firmament. He gave them names such as would probably crush the understanding of an ordinary Board School teacher, but all children of Earth, no matter what their age, who read these lines, will know them as Holly and Mistletoe, the Ever Constant.



WHAT THE CHILDREN OF THE GOOD OLD TIMES DIDN'T HAVE TO ENDURE:—THIS SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION FOR THEIR PICTURE-BOOKS!

A Fable of Vain-glorious Bipedes.

A TURKEY and a Goose were once disputing as to the superiority of their ancestry.

Quoth the Turkey: "I come from the peerless prairies of the boundless West. There pigs would not be allowed to roam as they are on those wretched English commons, where you pick up your sustenance."

Replied the Goose: "My ancestors were those who saved Rome, furnished pens for sages, and gave arrow-guides to warriors. As to pigs, let me remark that they are known to none of my quality."

In process of time a pig found the truffles, which subsequently enriched the Goose's liver, and also supplied the sausages for adorning the Turkey.

This fable shows that Gastronomy is not appreciated at its true worth by any living being as a factor in the economy of Mankind.

The Morning after the Pantomime.

Magistrate (to prisoner). I understand that you are charged with being drunk, disorderly, and obstructing the police.

Prisoner. Yes, your worship; but I was really only playing at being clown, which the constables misunderstood.

[Discharged without a stain on his character.]

MOTTO OF THE LOG-ROLLER AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE.—Do as Yule be done by. *Vide* topical numbers.

DARBY JONES GOES TO ALGIERS OR—ELSEWHERE.

HONOURED SIR,—The festive season has once more come down like the Assyrian on the Earthly Fold, not, it is true, embellished with much of that Gold which seems as plentiful in the Western Antipodes as are slippers and rice at up-to-date nuptials in England, but nevertheless not lacking in the Scarlet Abundance of the repellent Holly. For my own part, much as I revere Christmas, with its Congratulations, its Cards, its Tips, its Turkeys, Geese, Plum Puddings, Mince Pies, Snapdragons, Hilarity, Inebriation, and Indigestion, without reckoning Mr. S. H. HYDE's ever joyous holiday meeting at Kempton Park (where I trust Master JOHN FROST will not nip the jumpers by the heels), yet I am constrained this year to forego these pleasures collectively and individually, being commanded by my Medical Adviser to seek a more beneficent Atmosphere, less exhilarating scenes, and Meat and Drink of a more butterfly character. Yes, honoured Sir, I fear that my arduous exertions on your behalf, coupled with the fact that I was asinine enough to accompany a friend to Richmond to witness what he called a football match, but which closely resembled my idea of Savage Warfare in the Rainy Season, have necessitated my instant removal to a hotter place. No, Sir, I do not mean what you mean. I refer to the sun-kissed slopes of Algeria, not unknown, I believe, to Mr. GRANT ALLEN, the late Lord EXMOUTH, Marshal MACMAHON, and other hill and water toppers. But for your Mosquito-like Stab of last week, I should forbear to bayonet your feelings by informing you that I do not travel *alone* to the Land of the Turco and the Palm-tree. But now I make no scruple in telling you that the Lovely Lady undertakes the same journey at the same time, taking with her as natural Guardian and Protector her Brother, a youth who has yet to learn the *meum* and *trium* of Life, as applied to spirits, cigars, and petty cash. But no fly ever corrupted the best kind of pomatum. For the nonce, then, not without a quivering cardiac feeling, I leave you, honoured Sir, to the Barbaric Splendours of Insular Hospitality. Sooner or later I shall be *with you again*. Sooner if the Protector-Brother goes on as he has been doing. Meantime, the Bard chortles at Charing Cross station.

Farewell, most honoured Sir, farewell,
I'm ready for the flight,
And wave to Fleet Street and Pall Mall
A well-deserved "Good-night!"
The engine whistles forth "Adieu,"
The night wind telephones
"A Merry Christmas, Sir, to you
And yours!" from DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I do not state my precise destination for *excellent* reasons. Did you ever catch a weasel asleep, &c.?

[We are afraid that our reference to the man with the cudgel has frightened D. J. Whither he has gone we know not, but we certainly should not waste a twopenny-halfpenny stamp in trying to find him at Algiers. Southend is a more likely place of refuge.—Ed.]

At the Bookseller's.

Lady (to proprietor). Good heavens! What's the matter with your assistant? Is he seized with lockjaw?

Proprietor (soothingly). Don't be alarmed, Madam. He's only trying to pronounce the name of Sir EDWIN ARNOLD's new volume of poems!



CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.

THAT the sentiments on the cards come from the heart, and are absolutely genuine.

That every account on its arrival will be promptly settled.

That the annual family gathering will be productive of nothing but peace and goodwill.

That bonnets and mantles will be totally disregarded by the feminine portion of the congregation.

That holiday tasks will be highly popular with the young friends of Dr. BIRCH and his talented assistants.

That gratuities on Boxing day will be given with enthusiastic generosity everywhere.

That indigestible plum-pudding and rich mince pies will be regarded as professional fees by the doctors.

That there will be plenty of cabs for every one after the performances on Boxing night.

That all the Yule-tide entertainments will once more beat the record.

That the toast of the season will be "Long live our rates and taxes."

And lastly (biggest cracker of all) that every one who has arrived at the age of discretion sincerely regrets that "Christmas comes but once a year," and consequently can not be frequently repeated.

GAIT-MONEY.—The price of admission to a running contest.



PREHISTORIC WAITS.

THEIR CAREER WAS, AS A RULE, A SOMEWHAT BRIEF AND CHEQUERED ONE, OWING TO THE FASCINATION THEY HAD FOR THE REPTILE WORLD!

A PROVERB AMENDED BY ONE LETTER FOR THE OCCASION.—Moral drawn from the recent case of *Brooks v. Labouchere*: "Truth is stronger than Fiction." "Brooks of Halesworth" probably wishes that his existence had been as fabulous as that of Mr. Murdstone's "Brooks of Sheffield" in *David Copperfield*.

FROM THE CRACKERY SHOP.—From the glories of the more than "purple East," and the whirling wonders of the go-ahead West, Tom SMITH has evolved such radiant varieties for his Christmas crackers as will produce ineffable delight in the hearts of all youthful Christmas-party goers and givers. Bang! "open Sesame," and "Aladdin's Discoveries" are revealed! Then "Curios from the Cape," and a boom in "The Up-to-date Cycling." Tom is not without a sense of humour when he bestows the title of "Home Comforts" on one set of crackers. Without such "home comforts" where would be the quiet and repose of home? So many and varied are the marvels of our old friend in the crackery department, that, parodying "*The Village Blacksmith*," we may say with truth, "Tom SMITH a mighty man is he!"

And long may he reign as the King of Christmas Crackers.

Had Him There.

Young Teddy. I say, grandpa, are you fond of a round game?

Grandpa. Yes, certainly; very seasonable amusement.

Young Teddy. Then just take me to the circus at the Crystal Palace.

[Ancestor captured, of course.]

VICE VERSA.

Master Harry (whose father is expected on leave from India). When my dad comes home for the holidays, I think I'll treat him to the pantomime.



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